



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

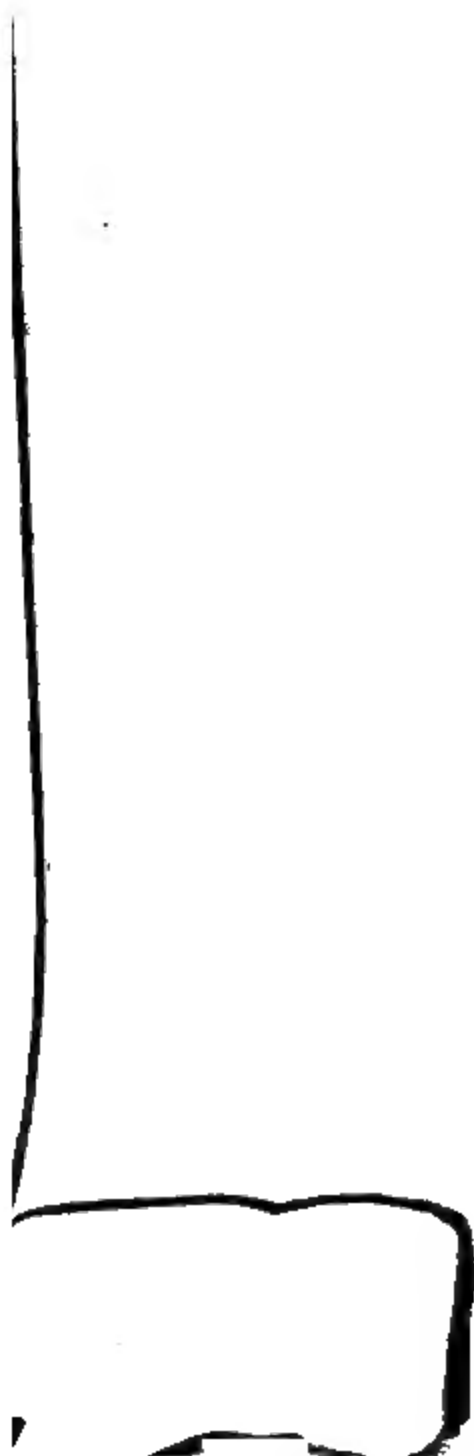
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>




AP
4
M84

M. S. v. 17

F. J. Blake

THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR 

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY THE
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XVII.

PARTS XCVII. TO CII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1874.

LONDON:
JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW;
OXFORD: JAMES PARKER AND Co.

1874.

40

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
A Parable of the Poor Law	101	Poetry :—	
A Few Words about the Vedas	397	‘And Ascended into Heaven’	422
A Plea for the Wasp	576	A Fine Day in Holy Week	305
April Fools	346	Ascension Day	409
A Holiday Shooting Trip in Ceylon	582	A Wreath of ‘Immortelles,’ in Memory of Margaret Gatty	116
Biographical Sketches of Saints of the Mediæval Church :—		Easter Hymn	407
St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany	16	Easter Song	314
Bouddha	572	Ingratitude	200
Cameos from English History	106, 315, 518	My Vocation	1
Christian Art	65, 163, 265	My Babe’s Passion	310
Conversations on the Gospel of Saint Luke	2, 105, 311, 506	Psalm LXXVII.	505
Christmas Eve in an Egyptian Hareem	76	Spring and Autumn	201
Cousin Margaret’s Good Friday Thoughts	307	Sickness	408
Hints on Reading	603	The Hope of Israel	103
House of Rest and Educational Home	406	The Owl and the Ass	503
In the Spring-time	39, 139, 237, 370, 458, 543	Questions of the Day	409
Jottings from a Journal in the East	98	Sketches from Hungarian History	4, 203, 423
Knight-Errantry ; or, The Red Cross Knight and Una	487	St. John’s Hospital, Washington	404
Little Olga’s Story	29, 122, 225, 361, 447	St. Stephen’s Home, Lewisham	85
Later Hindu Myths	477	Summer Days in a Russian Country House	184
Mission Work at Home	495	Scottish Convalescent Home	493
Notices to Correspondents.		Spider Subjects.	
On Dialect :—		The Face of Carlyon	34, 126, 283, 384, 441, 539
Norfolk	482	The Fair Shirin	88
Sussex	171	The Frame of our Mortality	492
		The Pariahs of Europe	276
		The English Raja	57, 154, 255, 334, 554
		The Three Brides	51, 130, 215, 355, 433, 532
		Womankind	24, 118, 251, 390, 470, 564
		Victoria Hospital for Sick Children	100

24.3.34.1.1

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1874.

MY VOCATION.

(BERANGER.)

WASTED, and sickly, and mean,
On this ball of an earth I was flung,
Too little, in fact, to be seen,
I was stifled at once by the throng ;
And there went up a wail
From my lips so pale.
The good God said to me, Sing,
Sing, poor little thing !

Splashed by the rich man's wheel,
As whirling it passed me by,
I was taught to know and to feel
How insolence rides on high ;
It cut like a knife
Into spirit and life.
The good God said to me, Sing,
Sing, poor little thing !

I could not, any more than my betters,
Live either on grief or on joy,
So I put myself into the fetters
Of a small but certain employ ;
A bird's heart I had,
But ate like a lad.
The good God said to me, Sing,
Sing, poor little thing !

Love came to lighten my woe,
 Like a sunbeam in cloudy weather;
 But love and youth, you know;
 Must take their flight together.
 I am old, I am old,
 And my heart is cold;
 The good God says to me, Sing,
 Sing, poor little thing!

To sing, or I do myself wrong,
 Is the task that is set me here;
 I would like, as pay for my song,
 The love of the hearts I cheer.
 When friends unite,
 And the wine is bright,
 The good God says to me, Sing,
 Sing, poor little thing!

M. C.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. LUKE, II. 22—35.

22 And when the days of her purification according to the Law of Moses were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord;

23 (As it is written in the Law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord;)

24 And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the Law of the Lord, A pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons.

25 And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26 And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27 And he came by the Spirit into the Temple: and when the parents brought in the Child Jesus, to do for Him after the custom of the Law,

28 Then took he Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word:

30 For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,

31 Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

82 A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel

83 And Joseph and His mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of Him.

84 And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary His Mother, Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel: and for a sign which shall be spoken against;

85 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

‘How soon after our Saviour’s Birth was He presented in the Temple?’ asked Cecilia.

‘Forty days was the time prescribed by the Law; the offering was a lamb from the rich, or two doves from the poor, offered for each child.’

‘The Song of Simeon we have in our Liturgy,’ said Ellen, ‘but only the first part.’

‘No; the second was spoken to Mary only; there is one point which seems to have been revealed to Simeon, when no other Jew was ripe to receive it.’

‘Do you mean that He should lighten the Gentiles?’ asked Cecilia.

‘Yes; it was a doctrine so hard for the Jews to understand, that in mercy it was long hidden from them, till they had had full opportunity of learning to believe on the Saviour.’

‘This address to Mary was the first word of sadness which had been mixed with the glorious promises made to her,’ said Cecilia.

‘Those words must often have come back into her mind, when she watched her Son through His life and ministry, and saw how He was scorned and rejected, and how many were offended and forsook Him, till that dreadful day when she stood by His Cross, and when only her love and that of one disciple and a few women endured, amidst the treachery, the cowardice, the malice, the spite, and cruelty, which in that hour were revealed in the hearts of men.’

‘I think,’ said Mr. Dalton, ‘that our translation, “fall and rising again,” does not clearly express the meaning of the words; the word is rather resurrection—rising to life; the fall of those who should reject Him, the rising to life of those who should accept Him; the same individuals may do both, but it is not necessary that a fall should go before a rising, as our words imply.’

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXV.

THE CHOSEN OF THE PEOPLE.

A. D. 1458 TO A. D. 1464.

FAR easier was it for Mátyás to ascend the throne than to maintain himself upon it; and scarcely had the shouts which greeted his entry into the capital died away, when he saw himself threatened by danger on all sides. His prestige must suffer so long as his coronation was deferred; and Vitéz, with two nobles, was despatched at once to the Emperor to demand the restoration of St. Stephen's crown. But their mission was fruitless, for Friedrich indulged in the hope of wearing the crown himself, and was secretly doing all in his power to foment the discontents of those among the Hungarian nobles, whose consent to the election of Mátyás had been given only because it could not safely be withheld.

Giskra too had broken the treaty concluded only a month before at Strazsnicz; had re-commenced his plundering in the north, and had even set out for Poland to invite the King and Queen to assert their claims to the throne. But his absence afforded a good opportunity for recovering nearly all the places of which he had possessed himself; and Sebastian Rozgonyi, whom Mátyás had made Captain of Upper Hungary, did not fail to profit by the occasion. Giskra found, on returning from his expedition, that he must limit himself to the defence of Richnó.

One very important advantage, however, Mátyás enjoyed in the cordial recognition of the Pope, Calixtus III., who had before this expressed his warm admiration of Hunyady János, and now ventured to predict that the son would even surpass the father in deeds of heroism, and would prove a blessing not only to Hungary but to Christendom. With Podiebrad* too the young King continued on good terms, notwithstanding that Giskra and his followers were among the Bohemian King's most ardent supporters, and their humiliation could not therefore be pleasing to him. On Podiebrad's election to the throne, the Bohemian states had agreed that he must be crowned according to the ancient rites of the Roman Church; but at the time there was no Archbishop of Prague, and the Bishop-designate of Olmütz had not yet entered upon his office, while the see of Breslau was occupied by a man who was hostile to Podiebrad. Recourse was therefore had to King

* This being the name by which he is generally known, we use it; but he was really George Podiebradski, i. e. of Podiebrad.

Mátyás and Cardinal Carvajal, by whose permission the Bishops of Raab and Vác proceeded to Prague for the ceremony. It is said that he took a secret oath, couched however in ambiguous terms, promising obedience to the Church of Rome and the acceptance of her doctrines. Certain it is that no one objected to his elevation to the throne on the ground of his being a Calixtine, and the Pope not only wrote him an unusually affectionate letter before his election, but afterwards honoured him with a Bull bearing the customary inscription, 'To our most well-beloved son, George, King of Bohemia.'

In raising Mátyás to the throne, Szilágyi and the other nobles had doubtless hoped and expected that they should for many years reign in his stead; but in this they soon found themselves mistaken. Louis the Great had governed for himself at the age of sixteen, and Mátyás speedily shewed that he intended to do likewise. Young as he was, it was already abundantly evident that his mind was manly, that he possessed remarkable natural talents, and was endowed with great acuteness, indomitable strength of will, and unwearied energy. In person he was insignificant, of low stature, but strongly built, with a very expressive countenance, fiery dark eyes, and thick curls of chestnut-coloured hair. There was nothing mean or paltry about him; he was lively and ready-witted, self-educated, and perhaps for that very reason the more disposed to appreciate art and science; and in short, the influence he exercised over men's minds was little short of magical. It was not merely that he wanted to govern, but he clearly shewed that he knew how to govern, and with a firm hand. Without formally setting his uncle aside, he quietly and speedily took all power out of his hands, and made him Count of Bistritz, doubtless hoping thereby to keep him at a distance. He summoned the Diet to meet as appointed at Whitsuntide, and no Szilágyi was present. Quietly, and without any remark, the States seem to have acquiesced in the assumption by Mátyás of the reins of government, and the tacit deposition of Szilágyi. But Szilágyi himself took the matter less quietly. He was impatient at being thus summarily set aside, hurt and annoyed too by the ingratitude of the nephew for whose advancement he had laboured earnestly, if not quite disinterestedly. He vented his vexation on the unfortunate inhabitants of Bistritz, who, having had some previous experience of his character, refused to open their gates till he had confirmed their rights and privileges, and who, when forced after a short siege to yield, were treated by him with great cruelty. His resentment against Mátyás waxed warmer and warmer; he continued to style himself 'Governor,' and to issue commands as such; and at length anger carried him so far, that he even joined his former foes, Gara and Ujlaky, in a league, by which they bound themselves to defend one another against everyone, of whatever rank. This league was evidently directed against Mátyás, and threatened him with the gravest danger. But he was not to be daunted; and instantly making up his mind to use prompt and decisive measures, he proceeded

to Szegedin, summoned his uncle to meet him, and on his arrival sent him prisoner to Világos, where the captains of the castle were ordered to keep him in strict confinement. Somewhat later they received orders, either from Mátyás himself or some officious courtiers, to execute their prisoner. But Lábatlan, one of the captains, thinking it impossible that the King could have issued such a command, instead of blindly obeying it, started off for Buda to learn what the King's wishes really were, intending at the same time, were the order repeated, to resign his post. Mátyás, on learning the interpretation put by his courtiers on the expression of his countenance, entirely repudiated the order, praised Lábatlan for his prudence, and bade him set his prisoner free.

This order proved, however, superfluous; for, while Lábatlan was absent, one night there was a great noise heard outside the castle, and Dóczi, the captain left in charge, thinking it was made by the Turks, went out to investigate, taking the whole garrison with him; whereupon Szilágyi's cook seized the opportunity, and helped his master to escape.

It was not, however, his uncle alone who felt the weight of the young King's arm. Gara and Ujlaky, who could not so readily be imprisoned, were deprived of their offices and dignities, Országh being made Palatine, and Rozgonyi and Pongrácz Vajdas of Transylvania. Mátyás also inspected the fortress of Belgrade, fearing lest the fidelity of the garrison might have been tampered with while under the command of Szilágyi; and he wrote a conciliatory letter to the Saxons of Transylvania, who had risen in revolt on hearing of the ill-treatment of Bistricz.

These stern and prompt measures served as a warning to the rest of the nobles, inspired the people with great respect for their young King, and moreover obliged his foes to throw aside their mask, and come forth in their true colours, now that by the loss of their offices they could no longer boast any legal power.

Meanwhile, Calixtus III. had died, and been succeeded by Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, as Pius II., who at once called upon all Christendom to unite in a crusade against the Turks. Feeling that in an effort of this sort he must rely chiefly upon the Hungarians, he wrote Mátyás a flattering letter, and secretly appeased the Emperor by assuring him of its insincerity.

Looking upon the war with the Turks as Hungary's own peculiar mission, and likewise as an inheritance bequeathed to himself by his father, Mátyás joyfully welcomed the call to arms, and summoned the Diet to meet at Szegedin to consider the preparations needful for a campaign. After the dangers he had so lately escaped, it must have been encouraging to him to note the very evident tokens of his popularity. Never, since the time of Louis, had the Diet responded so liberally to the call for an army. Whenever the King took the field in person, against whatever foe, he might call upon every landed nobleman to follow him, and remain three months under arms, within the frontiers

and might claim one horseman from every ten landless nobles, to be by them maintained at their common expense. In case of need, the whole population might be obliged to take up arms, and to serve so long as the danger lasted. At this Diet appeared the old King of Bosnia, Thomasko, asking to be invested with the fief of Servia. For Lazar, the youngest son of Brankovitsch, after possessing himself of his father's province, and promising tribute to the Turks, had died within two months, leaving no son; and his widow had given their daughter in marriage to the son of the King of Bosnia, advising him to hold Servia as a fief of the Holy See, and to invoke the protection of the Pope against the Turks. Without any respect for the rights of Hungary, Pius II. had accepted the suzerainty; but the King and Diet, taking no notice of this, bestowed Szendrö and its environs upon Thomasko's son, and the rest of Servia upon the King of Bosnia himself.

The King's enemies had all, as might have been expected, stayed away from this Diet; and when it closed, early in 1459, they had already begun to take active measures. Meeting in Güssing on the western frontiers, they agreed to drive Mátyás from the throne, before he had time to establish himself more firmly upon it. From some now unknown cause, the courts of Hungary and Bohemia were no longer on friendly terms, and the conspirators could not only look for help from the latter country, but even entertained the idea of inviting Podiebrad or his son to ascend the Hungarian throne. Ujlaky was especially eager to compass this latter project, for the Bohemian Prince was betrothed to his daughter, and had spent so much time in Hungary as to be well acquainted with its manners, customs, and language. However, after considerable delay and hesitation, Podiebrad rejected the proposal; and the conspirators then, not improbably by his advice, turned to the Emperor, who was certain to accept anything that might be offered him, provided it involved no exertion on his own part. On the 17th of February, four-and-twenty of the malcontents met again at Güssing, elected Friedrich to be King of Hungary, and published a manifesto to the people, announcing what had been done, the gracious acceptance of the honour by Friedrich, and the deep gratitude consequently due to him. The coronation of course ought to have taken place at Stuhlweissenburg, of which Ujlaky was commandant; but, as Friedrich would have had to encounter some stout resistance on the road, he easily contented himself with being crowned, on the 4th of March, in Wienerisch-Neustadt, by the Archbishop of Salzburg. St. Stephen's crown was in his possession, and henceforward he enjoyed the pleasure of calling himself 'King of Hungary.'

And now the still smouldering embers of civil war again blazed up. The insurgents took all that remained of the Bohemian adventurers into their service, and having received a re-inforcement of five thousand men from Friedrich, marched boldly against the army of Mátyás, which they encountered on the 7th of April. The Austrians on the left wing began

the attack, with so much violence that the royal troops wavered, and fell back; but Ujlaky, for some reason best known to himself, followed up the advantage thus gained with so little vigour, that but small loss was inflicted on the King's army, and it was still able to maintain its ground. Meanwhile, the Emperor, having sunk back into his usual state of apathy, shewed himself neither very friendly nor sufficiently liberal to the malcontents, who were exerting themselves so much in his behalf. Mátyás, on the other hand, was acting with all the resolution and wisdom of an experienced and at the same time large-minded statesman. The two Kanizsais, who had but a short time ago been friends of Hunyady, already repented their desertion, and now, making their escape by night from the Imperial camp, came to Mátyás, and threw themselves on his mercy. He received them kindly, and also empowered them to promise to the other malcontents, in his name, complete pardon for all the past. The heads of the conspiracy were, as it happened, the very first to desert the Emperor, and accept the terms offered by their King; but Mátyás kept his promise faithfully, even restoring to Gara the office of Palatine, and promising to Ujlaky the reversion of the throne of Bosnia. The very few Hungarians, whom the Emperor's promises and threats were still powerful enough to retain in his cause, were soon after completely dispersed and defeated. The Pope too, being anxious for the contemplated crusade, however unfriendly he might in his heart be to Mátyás, would yet give Friedrich no help against him; and the latter therefore turned to Podiebrad, making a compact with him, the purport of which, though at the time it remained a secret, was that Podiebrad should assist the Emperor in his designs upon Hungary, and that the Emperor in return should order all his affairs by the advice of Podiebrad. In July a meeting took place between the two at Brünn, when the Emperor solemnly invested Podiebrad with the fief of Bohemia and its dependencies, and Podiebrad made promises, which, whether seriously meant or not, were sufficiently threatening to cause Mátyás serious apprehension. For the present, however, the umpire, for as such he seems to have been regarded both by Mátyás and the Emperor, contented himself with ordering the rivals to enter into a ten months truce. Meanwhile, the young King had troubles enough at home to call forth all his energies. No sooner had the insurrection, short-lived as it was, broken out, than the Bohemian freebooters had sent for re-inforcements from home, and had re-commenced their plundering expeditions. These were scarcely stopped for a time, when more dangerous mischief arose in the south. The King of Bosnia was dead, and his son was so unpopular with the nobles that they had risen against him, and he had been induced to accept help against them at the hands of the Turks. These kind friends of course did not give their help for nothing, and having received the long stoutly-defended castle of Szendrö in payment of their good offices, were now striving to extend their possessions yet further. Nothing less than the loss of all Servia was to be apprehended,

unless some immediate steps were taken. In this extremity the young King's thoughts travelled to the uncle whom he had treated with so little gratitude. Whatever his faults may have been, the old man was generous-hearted, and responded cordially to his nephew's overtures. The reconciliation was thorough and sincere on both sides; and Szilágyi once again set out for Belgrade, bearing with him, we may hope, a pleasant remembrance of what was destined to be his last interview with the nephew for whose advancement he had striven with so much success. Shortly afterwards, while making a raid into Bulgaria, Szilágyi and his former gaoler Lábatlan were taken prisoners by the Turks, and sent to Constantinople, where Szilágyi was beheaded. Lábatlan, who had been taken prisoner at Várna, but had contrived to escape, was on this occasion saved from death by the intercession of a distinguished Turk, and after some time, procured his liberty by means of a ransom.

Meanwhile, the congress of Christian Princes, from which Pius looked for very important results, had opened in a manner anything but satisfactory. None of the great Princes had come in person to Mantua; nor had they sent representatives of any distinction; indeed, those who had first appeared, as messengers from the Emperor Friedrich, were of so mean a standing that the Pope had refused to receive them. The Turks had no need to fear immediate destruction at the hands of the crusaders, notwithstanding that a campaign was unanimously resolved upon, that magnificent promises of money and troops were made, and that several grand resolutions were taken. The army must of course pass through Hungary, but this could not be till friendly relations were established between Mátyás and the Emperor; and a fierce contention arose in the assembly, as soon as it was declared that Friedrich must resign his pretensions to the Hungarian throne. The *coup-de-grâce* was finally given to the whole project by the Pope himself, who placed the crusading army under the command of the unpopular apathetic Emperor. However, when the congress had come to an end, Europe was at least pledged to war with the Turks; and Pius next turned his earnest attention towards healing the breach between Friedrich and Mátyás. All his efforts were however fruitless. Friedrich persisted in offering conditions which it was impossible for Hungary to accept; and when at length, in compliance with the Pope's wish, the German States were summoned to meet in Vienna, they began by raising bitter complaints against the general negligence of the Emperor, and the feuds which prevailed to a greater degree than ever throughout the Empire; and ended by refusing to take any part in the crusade, till order should be restored at home, and peace concluded with Hungary. Thus the Pope had the mortification of seeing his hopes disappointed, and the war with the Turks postponed to a more favourable season.

Fortunately for Hungary, Mohammed was at this time occupied in Asia; but she had already lost great part of Servia through the treachery of Stephen, King of Bosnia; and Mátyás felt it to be more than ever

important for him to bring about his coronation, and make peace with Friedrich, that he might devote all his strength and attention to the warfare with his hereditary foe.

Matters looked somewhat more favourable for him than before, for the Emperor was daily becoming more unpopular, and the Princes of Germany were even contemplating the possibility of deposing him. Podiebrad too had greatly altered his demeanour to the Emperor when once he had been invested with the fief of Bohemia; and had now not only joined the league of the German Princes, but even indulged the hope of one day supplanting Friedrich upon the throne. Under these circumstances he was anxious to resume his former friendly relations with Mátyás, who on his part was very willing to meet his advances half way. Negotiations were opened, and the marriage with Podiebrad's daughter, Katharine Kunigunde, took place in Buda, towards the end of May, with great magnificence. Feeling now quite sure of his father-in-law's support, Mátyás joined him and Albrecht of Austria in their league against the Emperor, but without reaping much benefit from it. Podiebrad drew back, did not send troops; and Friedrich, finding himself hard pressed by the Austrians and Hungarians, again employed the King of Bohemia to negotiate a truce, much to the vexation of Mátyás and Albrecht, who felt that they had him in their power, and might have forced him to grant all they demanded.

Giskra, who had taken service with the Emperor, now returned to Hungary, and renewed his depredations with increased boldness and success, until Mátyás found it expedient to take the field against him in person. The robbers' nest of Lietwa was stormed and cleared of its inmates; the castles of Sáros and Ujvár were taken, and then Mátyás, committing the warfare to the two Zápolyas, hastened to attend the Diet in Buda, and consult with the states upon the terms of a peace to be concluded with Friedrich. Vitéz was entrusted with the mission to the Emperor; and finding himself, on his arrival in Grätz, supported by the new Papal Legate, he at last succeeded in arranging a treaty upon the following conditions. Five places on the frontiers were to remain in possession of the Emperor and his descendants, though they were to take their share with the rest of Hungary in bearing the burthen of any war with the Turks; on the death of Friedrich, they might be redeemed for forty thousand ducats. The Emperor was to retain the title of 'King of Hungary.' The Emperor and King were mutually to adopt one another, as father and son respectively; and in accordance with this close relationship, were to support one another against everyone, the Pope excepted. In proof of his fatherly feelings, the Emperor was to resign the crown, and the town of Oedenburg; and on the other hand, if Mátyás should die without a legitimate male heir, his crown should devolve upon the Emperor and his descendants. These terms were hard enough, but they were supplemented by others still harder, which however were not intended for publication. The crown, and the town

of Oedenburg, were not to be relinquished without the payment of a heavy ransom; and the King was to bind himself not to marry again, if he survived the consumptive Katharine, whose years were evidently not destined to be many.

While these negotiations were going on, the two Zápolyas had been very successful in the north of Hungary, and Giskra, to escape utter destruction, had made his submission to Mátyás, and given up all the castles still in his possession. By the invitation of Mátyás he had come to the court, and there promised everlasting fidelity to the King, who on his part received him graciously, and rewarded him substantially. Giskra afterwards married the daughter of Országh, and till his death remained faithful to Mátyás. The other Bohemian captains followed their great leader's example, were taken with their troops into the pay of the Hungarian King; and after having wasted and harassed Hungary for some twenty years with their guerilla warfare, now atoned for the past, by rendering her very important services.

The treaty with Friedrich was of so important a nature, that Mátyás thought it necessary to consult not merely the Diet, but all the nobility of the country, who were therefore summoned to join the Prelates, Magnates, and county deputies, at Buda; strangely enough, the town deputies seem to have been omitted from the general invitation.

Delight at the prospect of having their precious talisman the crown restored to them, at having their King recognized, peace established, and the independence of their country assured, seems to have overborne all other considerations; and the Diet resolved to accept the hard conditions, and make the required sacrifices. The ransom for the crown was not indeed mentioned in the public document; but there was no concealing the fact of its being demanded, for it could not possibly be paid out of the ordinary revenues. Then the Magnates came forward, offering to contribute in proportion to their means; the nobles promised a ducat apiece; a tax was imposed by the King and Council upon the unrepresented towns, and the three nations of Transylvania agreed among themselves what contribution they would make to the general subscription. The free state of Ragusa, together with thanks for service lately rendered to the Ban of Croatia, received also a request for assistance in raising the ransom for the crown, and likewise the privilege of sealing its despatches with red wax.

Zápolya Imre * was made hereditary Count of the Zips; and Ujlaky, Ban of Slavonia, in compensation for the loss of Bosnia, which had been promised him. Mátyás had fully intended to deprive the King of Bosnia of his possessions, in punishment of his faithlessness; but Stephen had placed himself under the protection of the Pope, who had induced

* The Zápolyas, who subsequently played so important a part in Hungary, were not Croats, in spite of their Croatian name. They were originally called *Dák*, and originated on the upper Tisza, but took the name of Zápolya from their estates in the county of *Pösega*, in modern Slavonia.

Mátyás to pardon him; so that when he sent ambassadors to this Diet, to do homage in his name, Mátyás was obliged to accept his professions, and confirm him in possession of his kingdom. The necessity of providing a field for the ambition of Gara was obviated by his death, which had taken place a short time previously; and Mátyás could now, for the first time since his election, we might almost say since his birth, look round him, and feel that he was safe from enemies at home. (1462.)

Abroad there was still indeed enough to occupy his energy and attention. * For the last six years, Wallachia had been ruled by Vlad IV., son of Drakul, a monster in human form, who had treated his subjects with such unexampled barbarity, that they called him 'Czepes,' i. e. executioner. Killing was his amusement, and the sort of execution he preferred was that by impalement. This afforded him so much pleasure, that he would even have his dinner served where he might enjoy the shrieks and death agonies of his victims. Many a Wallachian bojar had suffered at his hands; but so long as he treated only his own people in this inhuman manner, nothing was said about it. Once, however, it pleased him to impale the Sultan's Effendi, who had come to collect the yearly tribute. In great indignation, the Sultan sent Chamucz Pasha to carry the Vajda prisoner to Stamboul. Instead of this, Vlad imprisoned the Pasha, and impaled all his followers. Somewhat frightened at what he had done, he then hastened to proffer his friendship to Mátyás, and sent messengers, who appeared at the Diet in Buda, swearing fealty to the Hungarian throne in their master's name, and promising co-operation in the war against the Turks. Soon after, Vlad actually did lead an army into Bulgaria, but was defeated by Mohammed, who now placed upon the Wallachian throne Vlad's brother, Radul, who had been living at the Ottoman court. Meanwhile Mátyás had been arming for a campaign, and on hearing of the Sultan's advance into Wallachia, naturally looked upon it as preliminary to an attack upon Hungary.

Vlad had fled into Transylvania, where he met Mátyás hastening to his assistance, and intent on re-instating him. The two advanced together against Radul into Wallachia. Radul's little army at length stood drawn up, face to face with the King and his troops, and Vlad was picturing to himself the tortures he would inflict on the bojars, when they were made prisoners.

Presently a long line of unarmed men advanced from the Wallachian camp, and made straight for the King's tent. They were Radul and the principal bojars, and they came with every appearance of humility to seek an interview with the King.

'See! they are in your hands,' whispered the 'Czepes' gleefully to the King; 'cut them down one after the other.'

Rejecting this advice with a look of angry indignation, Mátyás signed to Radul to speak.

* Jókai.

‘What have you brought, and what do you want?’ questioned he.

‘Homage and fidelity we have brought, my Lord; justice and vengeance we ask.’

‘Upon whom?’

‘Upon Vlad, whose name is Czepes.’

Then, one after another, the bojars stepped forth, pointing at Vlad, and reproaching him with his crimes.

‘It was you who assassinated five hundred noble families, men, women, and children.’

‘It was you who shut up four hundred Saxon merchants from Transylvania in a barn, and then set fire to it, rejoicing while they perished in the flames.’

‘It was you who invaded Fogaras, laid waste the land, impaled the Saxon and Székel prisoners you had made, and then ate your dinner on the scene of execution, laughing aloud, while you drank to the health of your suffering victims.’

Vlad, in a rage at hearing these accusations, drew his sword; but, at a sign from Mátyás, it was taken from him by the guards.

Horried at this revelation of the cruelties committed by Vlad, the King sent him prisoner to Buda, where he remained fourteen years; and although Radul was an avowed friend of Mohammed, he confirmed him in the possession of Wallachia. It was by such acts as these that Mátyás acquired the surname of ‘the Just.’

Returned to Buda, Mátyás pushed forward his preparations for war, and the event shewed that it was not without reason he did so. Early in 1463, the Sultan advanced along the Lower Danube with a large army, whether against Hungary or Bosnia was uncertain; but it was supposed to be, in the first instance at least, against the latter, as the King of Bosnia had refused to pay the yearly tribute. In either case war was unavoidable; and yet the Pope delayed to send the subsidies he had promised, till Mátyás, in just indignation at his breach of faith, recalled his ambassador from Rome. Then, somewhat roused by the King’s reproaches, he promised to maintain one thousand horsemen for a year, and Venice granted twenty thousand ducats.

Again Hungary was left to her own resources. The Diet, summoned expressly to consider the state of affairs, granted an extraordinary levy. But long before the Hungarians could come to her aid, Bosnia had fallen a victim to the cowardice of her king, and had been completely subjugated by the Turks. The Sultan, after appointing Minnet Bég to be governor of the conquered province, had returned to Constantinople; so that, Hungary being for the time freed from the danger of an attack, Mátyás was at liberty to turn his attention towards completing the negotiations with Friedrich. An embassy was despatched with three thousand horsemen to bring home the crown; but the suspicious Emperor, terrified by the appearance of so many armed men, would allow only Bishop Vitéz and two hundred followers to enter the town.

Moreover, he had already changed his mind about giving up the crown, and raised so many fresh difficulties, that four weeks passed before Vitéz could succeed in smoothing them away.

* Then it appeared that dreading to lose the precious crown Friedrich, in the hope of deceiving the ambassadors, had caused another exactly similar to be made. One old man, however, Palóczy László, had often seen the real crown years ago at Gran, under the care of his brother the Archbishop,† and he at once recognized it by a very small flaw in the sapphire at the back.

At last all the difficulties were overcome, and the crown, which had already undergone so many strange vicissitudes, was brought safely back to Buda, with much solemn pomp and loud rejoicing on the part of the people.

But Mátyás, in his zeal against the Turks, postponed his coronation, and hastened to join his troops on the Servian frontier, where they had been fighting with considerable success.

Hitherto, as we have seen, he had fought alone; but just now he might choose between two allies, each of whom hated the other, though ostensibly bent on uniting with him against the Turks. These were Podiebrad and the Pope; who both wished to enter into a league with all the Princes of Europe against the common enemy, but who both also wished to exclude from the league one another. Pius had recognized Podiebrad as King, solely in the hope that he would restore Bohemia to the fold of the Roman Church; but when, on the contrary, he found him still holding to the Calixtines, and still pressing at Rome for the recognition of the *Compactata*, Pius declared against him, formally withdrew the *Compactata*, and, by the mouth of his legate in Prague, publicly, and in most insulting terms, accused Podiebrad of breaking his oath. Beside himself with anger, the King threw the legate into prison, thereby exasperating the Catholics, many of whom rose in open rebellion against him. In vain did he set the legate free, and try all means of reconciling himself with the Pope. Pius demanded unconditional submission, and not only took the insurgents under his protection, but encouraged others to revolt. Irrespective of his convictions, Podiebrad dared not offend the Calixtines, to whom chiefly he owed his throne. He therefore determined to do his best to weaken the power of the Pope; and to this end, endeavoured to unite the Princes of Europe in a league, of which Louis XI. should be the head, and the extermination of the Turks the ostensible object, but which, being independent of the Pope, might, he hoped, be instrumental in accomplishing what he greatly desired, the assembly of a general council of the Church. Pius, however, detected his purpose, and in order to frustrate it, he too proposed a league against the Turks, of which he himself should be the leader, and from which the Bohemian King should be excluded; and Mátyás was too well disposed towards Rome, not to prefer the alliance of the Pope to that

* Jókai.

† Predecessor of Szécsy.

of Podiebrad. Venice too, who had been at war with the Turks since the spring, gladly entered into the league, and a treaty was concluded between the Hungarian King and the Republic.

The Hungarian army at once advanced into Bosnia, the greater part of which it speedily recovered. Vladislav, the son and heir of the Prince of the Herzegowina, proved himself on this occasion a faithful ally of Hungary, and was enrolled by Mátyás among the barons of the kingdom. Early in February, 1464, Mátyás made his triumphal entry into Buda, where, a few days before, his wife Katharine had ended her life. With her death was dissolved the slight bond which had united him to her father. Podiebrad had not treated his son-in-law in such a manner as to inspire him with gratitude; and the difference in their religious opinions was of itself sufficient to form an insurmountable barrier between them; and yet, had they been able to see into the future, would they not have overlooked much, in order to have secured one another's friendship? As it was, however, Mátyás declined the alliance soon after proposed to him by Podiebrad in the name of the French King.

Towards the end of March, after having reigned six years, Mátyás swore, in the Cathedral of Stuhlweissenburg, to respect and maintain the rights and freedoms of the country, and was crowned by the Cardinal-Archbishop Szécsy. Seeing what mischief had been caused by the abstraction of the crown, it was decreed that henceforth the King should be bound to provide for its safe custody.

All grants made by László, and those also hitherto made by himself, were to be held invalid, if not confirmed within a year from this date; for László had made many illegal grants, and whatever he had himself hitherto given away had been the gift of an uncrowned king. The ruler of Hungary, in accordance with her constitution, does not become her true sovereign, solemnly recognized by the nation, and endowed with all lawful rights and powers, till the day of his coronation, when he swears to maintain the constitution, and receives the homage of the people.

After the coronation, Mátyás made Vitéz, Bishop of Nagy-Várad, and his official successors, hereditary Counts of Bihar; and soon after, on the death of Szécsy, raised him to the Archbishopric of Gran.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SAINTS OF THE MEDLÆVAL CHURCH.

IV.—ST. BONIFACE, APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

‘They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
Rich conquests wait them.’ — *Wordsworth.*

‘Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumph’d, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation—Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer’d; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born, and glorified.’—*Holy Year.*

ANOTHER Englishman, another Benedictine, next claims our attention; but one who similar to Bede in these respects differs strangely from him in his life and character; and whose career may be compared to the rush of the mountain-torrent leaping down from the rocks to bring health and beauty to the plains; while that of Bede reminds us of a clear sparkling pool, which among Alpine heights charms the traveller with its stillness and purity.

Few names in the whole range of history are more glorious than his of whom we now speak, one who, foremost among the children of St. Benedict, is enrolled in the yet more illustrious ranks of the noble army of martyrs; and though the scene of his labours was in a foreign country, we rejoice in the thought that England was the native land of Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans.

Winfrid, or Winifred, as Boniface was originally named, was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, in the year 680, and was therefore almost a contemporary of Bede, who was at that time illumining Northumbria with the light of learning. From his childhood, Winfrid shewed an earnest desire to embrace the religious life; but his parents, being noble and wealthy, vehemently opposed their son’s vocation, and it was not until after a dangerous illness had softened his father’s heart, that the boy was allowed to take the vows in the monastery of Exeter, where he was educated from the age of thirteen. The young monk afterwards left Exeter for the monastery of Nutsall, in the diocese of Winchester, which at that time was celebrated for its schools. Here Boniface, as we may as well call him, remained several years, learning and teaching poetry, history, rhetoric, and the Scriptures, in which studies his talent won the admiration of his fellow monks, and obtained repute throughout the country. In 710, he was ordained priest, and shortly afterwards sent on a mission to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on which occasion he attracted the attention of Ina, King of Wessex, who frequently consulted him as to public affairs.

But these occupations were not sufficient for the lofty soul of Boniface; visions of a greater work already filled his mind. The parting words of the risen Lord to His Apostles, commanding them to preach the Gospel to all nations, rang continually in his ears; and the Divine Hand seemed to point to that German land from whence the first Anglo-Saxons came, and where the darkness of idolatry still reigned. Every day seemed to increase this zeal for the salvation of souls, which glowed so warmly in the monk of Nutsall's breast; until at length obtaining his abbot Wimbert's permission, he left his native shores at the age of thirty-six, and embarked for those barbarous regions of which the great Roman historian had spoken as a 'rude ill-favoured country, ungrateful to behold or cultivate, covered with gloomy forests and loathsome marshes.' Such indeed, was very much the character of Friesland, that portion of Germany to which Boniface's steps were directed, and in parts of which English missionaries were already labouring under Willibrod. The moment, however, was an unfortunate one for our apostle's first attempt. Charles Martel, the all-powerful French mayor of the palace, had attacked Radbod, King of Friesland; and while war was being waged on the Frisians by Christians, it was not likely that they would listen to a Christian missionary. Accordingly, after many fruitless attempts to win Radbod's ear, Boniface gave up the task as hopeless, and returned to England in no wise prepared to relinquish his design, but only to bide his time and await a more seasonable opportunity.

Again at Nutsall, Boniface was unanimously elected abbot on the death of Wimbert; but confident in his vocation as a missionary, he steadfastly resisted this elevation, and prevailed on the Bishop of Winchester to annul the election. Thus free to proceed with his work, Boniface left England—this time never to return, in 719, and travelled to Rome in order to obtain from Pope Gregory II. a commission to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of Germany; and having received his blessing, and letters of recommendation to different princes, he crossed the Alps, and began his labours in Thuringia. Here he baptized many heathen tribes; and then, repairing a second time to Friesland, which Charles Martel had now conquered, he joined Willibrod, and during three years shared his work among the pagans. At the end of this time, Willibrod, whose advancing years and failing strength rendered him unfit for his pastoral office, desired to resign the bishopric of Utrecht to Boniface; but our saint, anxious to escape a dignity which would hinder his further missions, and dreading Charles Martel's positive commands to remain in Friesland, left the country, and sought a new sphere for his labours in Hesse and Saxony.

The greatest success here attended his exertions; thousands of infidels, who had never heard the Name of Christ, received baptism; the temples of the false gods were destroyed, and a church and monastery founded at Omenburg.

In the midst of all his labours, the thoughts of Boniface often turned

to his beloved England; and in the lonely wilds of Germany his heart yearned with indescribable sadness and affection over the home of his youth and the friends he had left there. He pours out his deepest feelings in his letters to Daniel, Bishop of Winchester; and while his work was most prosperous, the sighs and complaints that escape his valiant soul reveal the anxieties and dangers with which he had to struggle. The good bishop in return gave him valuable advice as to the arguments to be employed in the conversion of the heathen, urging him especially to shew the utmost gentleness and moderation; and after listening patiently to the reasons of their belief, to point out how greatly superior the Christian faith was to their thousand superstitions.

The fame of Boniface's mission soon reached the ears of the Pope, who on learning these important results, summoned him to Rome to hear an account of his labours from his own lips. Gregory II., pleased with his success, appointed him a bishop *regionary*, that is to say, without a fixed see; and in the last days of November, 723, the great Apostle of the Germans received episcopal consecration at the hands of the Pontiff, who at the same time greeted him with the Latin name of Bonifacius—doer of good—which has superseded his Saxon appellation of Winfrid. The new Bishop was required to take a solemn oath of obedience to St. Peter's chair, an act by which he is generally supposed to have laid the foundations of the Papal power, soon to become so oppressive in Germany, and in blaming him for which, German historians seem to have forgotten all the gratitude they owe to the memory of St. Boniface.

Immediately after his consecration, Boniface set out again for Germany, bearing with him the Book of the Canons, and the Epistles of St. Gregory the Great to Augustine of Canterbury, as well as letters from the Pope to Charles Martel and the barbarian chiefs, in which they were exhorted to receive his beloved brother Boniface, and to hearken to the doctrine he taught, in order that their souls might be saved, and that they might rejoice in an eternity where there is neither tribulation nor ending.

Boniface was now desirous of prosecuting his mission on a grander scale, and for this purpose applied to Charles Martel, who was the true sovereign of Germany, asking his favour and protection. The great mayor of the palace—favourable, like all Carlovingian princes, to the cause of religion when it did not interfere with his interests—readily granted the Bishop's request, and gave him a safe-conduct, which, signed by the dreaded Frank, was of more avail to him than all other recommendations. Re-commencing his work with fresh ardour, Boniface travelled through the whole of Thuringia, Hesse, and Franconia, preaching, and baptizing multitudes of converts, and building churches and monasteries. In one place, imitating the example of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino, he cut down with his own hands a sacred oak devoted to Jupiter, while the barbarians stood around horror-struck at the audacity

of the stranger, and expecting every moment to see him consumed by the fire of the offended deity, till the tree fell beneath the stroke of his axe, and the natives, convinced of their god's powerlessness, listened to the words of the missionary, and beheld the wood of the sacred oak employed in the erection of a chapel to St. Peter.

Everywhere his fearlessness and energy obtained the same happy results. The fields were indeed white with harvest, nor was there any lack of labourers; fresh bands of devoted missionaries came forth from England, answering the call of Boniface; and holy women left their quiet English homes and cloisters to assist in softening and civilizing the fierce German tribes. Among these came Lioba, the cousin of our Saint, a maiden as distinguished for her learning as for her beauty and holiness, and of whom the ancient writers say that her face was that of an angel, while her mind was adorned with a perfect knowledge of the Scriptures and of the Fathers. Boniface entertained the sincerest affection for Lioba, and kept up a constant correspondence with her. It was only at his earnest entreaty that she was allowed to leave her West-Saxon convent to go to Germany, where Boniface appointed her Abbess of Bischofsheim, one of the first nunneries he founded, and which became the parent of many other houses, that rose gradually on the banks of the Rhine. To the end of his long life, Boniface retained his love for Lioba; and when the aged Saint went forth for the last time from his Abbey of Fulda, to meet the martyr's death, he commended her touchingly to his successor Lullus, and besought him to lay her bones in the same sepulchre as his own, in order that having served Christ with one mind in their life-time, they might together await the day of resurrection.

In 782, Gregory III., in recognition of Boniface's great services to the Church, appointed him Archbishop and Primate of all Germany, with power to erect new sees, which he soon made use of, and bishoprics were created in Hesse, Thuringia, and other parts of the country, by means of which the infant Church was consolidated and extended. Six years afterwards, Boniface went to Rome for the third time, on a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles, and was received with great respect by the Pope, who further commissioned him to act as legate in France and Germany, an office which greatly increased his responsibilities and labours. On leaving Rome, Boniface remained some time in Bavaria at the request of Odilo, Duke of that country, correcting abuses, erecting new bishoprics, and reforming the clergy, many of whom, by their sinful lives, retarded the progress of his missionary work.

He then passed into France, where there was yet greater need of reformation. The Franks, with their semi-barbarous manners, had suffered crime and guilt to reign openly in the Church; laymen occupied the sees of the bishops; the clergy were completely demoralized, and Druidical enchantments and idolatrous ceremonies were mingled with the rites of Christian worship, while no council had been held for eighty years. A change had lately taken place in the government of the kingdom:

Charles Martel, the conqueror of the Saracens, who had ruled under the title of Prince of the Franks during the latter part of his life, had died in 741, and been succeeded by his sons, Carloman and Pepin, who shared the dominion of the country, as mayors of the palace of Austrasia and Neustria, while they suffered a Merovingian to retain the empty title of King.

These princes, while following in their father's warlike career, and subduing their unruly vassals of Aquitaine and Germany by force of arms, shewed more respect for the Church than he had always thought fit to pay, and were really anxious to remedy the evils which afflicted their distracted country.

It was chiefly with Carloman, who reigned in Austrasia, the east of France, and was suzerain of a great part of Germany, that Boniface had to deal; and this prince, whose virtues were as conspicuous as his valour, gave him aid and protection in all his measures of Church reform. Two councils were held under his protection: one in Germany, the other at Leptines, a palace of the Austrasian kings in the Ardennes, in the years 742 and 743; and a third at Soissons, in Pepin's dominions, in the year 744. Many useful decrees were passed by these assemblies, for the reform of ecclesiastical discipline, the organization of Church government, and the restoration of Church property, which had been frequently violated by Charles Martel. The Benedictine rule was established in the monasteries throughout the kingdom; metropolitans were appointed for Rheims, Rouen, and Sens; and in order to ensure the election of proper persons, it was resolved that all archbishops should be required to seek the pallium from Rome, an enactment for which Boniface has been often censured, and which certainly greatly contributed to the Papal power, although at the time it seemed the only means by which the choice of fit persons could be guaranteed.

Having thus settled the Church of France, Boniface, whose powers were confirmed and extended by Pope Zachary, the successor of Gregory III., resolved to found a great monastic establishment in the heart of Germany, which might prove a second Monte-Cassino, and a centre from whence the light of civilization and Christianity might penetrate into the yet unconverted provinces. The forest of Boichonia, on the confines of Hesse, Franconia, Thuringia, and Bavaria, seemed a fitting place for such a foundation, and accordingly Boniface sent his disciple Sturm thither in search of a site for the new monastery. This courageous monk alone explored vast regions where no trace of a human creature was to be seen, nothing but the great forest trees and the vault of heaven above, trusting in a Higher Power to guide his steps to some chosen ground. Twice he returned, after a fruitless search, to Boniface, declaring that he could not find a suitable spot; each time our Saint sent him forth again, with an assurance that the destined site was prepared somewhere in those solitudes. Once more Sturm started on his travels, and this time success at length rewarded his perseverance, and on the banks of the river Fulda

he found a fair open plain, which possessed all the natural advantages requisite, and answered in every way to his expectations. Filled with joy, the good monk hastened to tell his Archbishop of the discovery; and Carloman at once made over a large grant of land in that region to Boniface, who, going thither at the head of a numerous colony, laid the foundations of an extensive monastery. Then, in the depths of the thickest forests, arose a stately Benedictine abbey, which, taking the name of Fulda from the river that watered its walls, soon became the most celebrated monastery and the most renowned school of learning in the whole of Germany. By degrees the surrounding country assumed a very different aspect; smiling villages, rich pastures, and abundant harvests, were seen in the place of forests and marshes; every trade was practised, and every art encouraged, in the precincts of the abbey; and fresh colonies went out from its walls to found new monasteries and cultivate other lands. There, indeed, the admirable working of the rule of St. Benedict was seen in its fairest light, and then monks were truly the benefactors of mankind.

The year of the foundation of Fulda, 746 A. D., witnessed a striking example of the inadequacy of earthly grandeur to satisfy the heart, and of the constraining power of that love which is above human ties, in the retreat of Carloman, Prince of the Franks. During his short reign the son of Charles Martel had been distinguished by his endeavours to promote the happiness of his subjects, and to defend the cause of religion; and the teaching and example of Boniface had not been wasted on his generous mind. Every day he became more zealous in good works, and more attracted by the beauty of holiness, until at length, when he seemed at the height of glory and prosperity, he resigned his power to his younger brother, Pepin, and going to Rome, took the monastic vows and received the habit of St. Benedict at Pope Zachary's hands. He first founded a monastery on Mount Soracte; but soon finding that his retirement was disturbed by crowds of visitors who flocked from Rome, drawn by his former celebrity, he retired to Monte-Cassino, and there the Prince who had occupied the proudest position in France, spent the remainder of his life in the discharge of the meanest offices.

Boniface must have rejoiced over his royal disciple, and perhaps, in the multitude of cares which weighed upon him, he envied the peaceful retreat of Carloman. He was now Archbishop of Mentz, which Pope Zachary had appointed Metropolitan Church of Germany, and which, in honour of St. Boniface, ever afterwards retained the first rank among the other German sees.

Besides the care of all the Churches of France and Germany, he often turned his eyes to the dear island-shores which he had left to follow the Divine call, and kept up a constant correspondence with the friends whose well-known faces were still cherished in his memory. In all his epistles we note the same heroic spirit of sacrifice and stern condemnation of evil that marked the whole tenour of his life; and in a famous passage

which occurs in one of his letters to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, he says, speaking of the difficulties that he met with: 'Let us fight for the Lord; for we are in days of bitterness and affliction. Let us die, if it be the Will of God, for the holy laws of our fathers, that with them we may arrive at the eternal inheritance. Let us not be dumb dogs, sleeping sentinels, hirelings that flee at the sight of the wolf; but watchful and diligent pastors, preaching to great and small, rich and poor, to every age and condition, as God shall give us power.' Hearing that Ethelbald, King of Mercia, led a profligate life, he addressed an epistle of severe reproof to him, telling him that even the heathen among whom he laboured were more virtuous in many respects; and though history does not record what effect this letter had on the King, yet as he endowed Croyland and other abbeys before his death, and enacted several laws for the good of the Church, it may fairly be presumed that Boniface's appeal was not fruitless. Our Saint everywhere earnestly asks his English friends to pray for their absent brethren, especially for those whose labours in this world were ended; and on one occasion addressed a circular epistle to all the people of England, entreating them to join in prayer to God that He might pour His blessing on all who were striving to save the souls of the heathen. He also constantly sent to England for books; and late in life we find him asking his old friend, the Bishop of Winchester, to send him a book of the Prophets, written in large characters, saying that he cannot procure a book of the kind in Germany, and that it will be the greatest consolation of his old age, now that his sight is too feeble to allow of his distinguishing small characters. The works of Bede were an especial object of his reverence; and when he founded a library at the Abbey of Fulda, the writings of the Jarrow scholar were among the first books he placed there.

In 752, Boniface was called upon, in his capacity of Primate of Germany, to perform a public act in the coronation of a Carolingian monarch. Pepin, who since his brother's retreat was the sole governor of France, now resolved to remove the feeble Merovingian, who still bore the title of King; and for this purpose, knowing the hold of ecclesiastical authority on the people, he entered into negociation with the Pope, asking to which of the two the name of king rightly belonged; to him who bore the title without the power, or to him who exercised the functions and possessed the authority of king. Zachary gave the desired answer—that he who was in deed and reality king should assume the sovereign title, upon which Pepin convoked an assembly of nobles and clergy, who unanimously deposed the helpless Childeric, and proclaimed the mayor of the palace King.

Boniface is thought by some historians to have conducted the negociation, but there is nothing to warrant this assertion, and the only share he is known to have had in the transaction, was at the coronation of the new King. Pepin declared that he would be crowned by none other than the holiest Bishop of the land; and accordingly, the Arch-

bishop of Mentz anointed him with the holy oil in the Cathedral of Soissons, in presence of the prelates and lords of the realm.

Boniface was now an aged man ; more than thirty years had passed since he had left England to labour in Germany, and toil and age had impaired the vigour of his frame ; but still the same enthusiastic ardour glowed in his breast ; and he who had given his whole life to the missionary work, thought that all his service was as nothing, so long as he had not shed his blood in his Master's cause. He now resolved to lead a fresh mission to the east of Friesland and Saxony, where Christianity had not yet been preached, hoping by the conversion of the fierce inhabitants of these countries, to protect the newly-established civilization of central Germany. Knowing the perils to which he would be exposed among these barbarians, and perhaps overshadowed by a foreboding that his eager desire for the crown of martyrdom was soon to be accomplished, Boniface prepared for his departure as if he were about to take his last farewell of life. By virtue of a special privilege, granted him by Pope Zachary, he resigned the See of Mentz, and appointed the Englishman Lullus, his best-beloved and most worthy follower, in his stead ; and before his departure he himself installed the new Archbishop in the metropolitan chair, and obtained his formal recognition by Pepin. 'The day of liberty for me—the time of my death—draws nigh,' he said to Lullus, as he gave him his last charge : 'I go to finish my course ; to thee, my well-beloved son, I leave my task ; complete the churches I have begun in Thuringia, and apply thyself unceasingly to the conversion of the heathen, finish the Church of Fulda, and lay this worn-out body there.'

We seem to hear the dying words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles to his beloved Timothy : 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. . . .'

Then, commending his disciples to the care of King Pepin, and taking a tender farewell of all his companions, the aged Saint, attended by a band of chosen followers, went forth on his last mission. They reached East Friesland, and commenced their work among the savage inhabitants, overthrowing temples, preaching, and baptizing converts. On the eve of Whit-Sunday, Boniface, desiring to administer the rite of Confirmation to the new converts, had encamped on the banks of a river on the borders of East Friesland, when suddenly the little Christian camp was attacked by a furious band of pagans. The followers of Boniface prepared to defend themselves ; but the Saint, coming out of his tent with a calm face, full of silent joy that the hour of death was at hand, said to those around him, 'Children, cease to fight ; we are told in the Scriptures to render good for evil. The day has come which we have so long sighed after, the day of our deliverance. Be strong and of good heart, brothers ; and fear not those who can kill the body ; they are not able to touch the immortal soul. Rejoice in the Lord, and put the anchor of your hope in Him ; He will richly reward the sacrifice of your life, and in the celestial

courts will give you a seat of honour among the angels.' While Boniface was yet speaking, the barbarians rushed upon the intrepid band of Christians, who fell beneath their swords.

Thus Boniface met his end, and won for ever his martyr's crown. On his corpse, recovered from the heathen, and borne to Utrecht by the care of his disciples, there was found a copy of St. Ambrose's Treatise—*De Bono Mortis*—On the Advantage of Death—a favourite book of his, which he carried with him in all his journeys, concealed in the folds of his black Benedictine habit, and which was now stained with the life-blood of his brave heart. His remains were finally interred, as he desired, in his own Abbey of Fulda, where his shrine has been during ages the object of universal veneration, and where the blood-stained copy of *De Bono Mortis* was long preserved as a precious relic.

Such was the life of the great Apostle of Germany—one of the most remarkable men that have ever lived, whether we regard him as a benefactor of humanity, or as one of those who turning many to righteousness shine as the stars for ever and ever. Not Charlemagne, nor Alfred the Great, nor any other renowned monarch or legislator, rendered greater services to the cause of civilization than this simple Benedictine monk, who by his courage and devotion rescued a whole country from barbarism. Considered as an individual life, it is one that no man can fail to admire—devoted to the noblest task within the reach of mortals, and finally crowned by the most glorious of deaths. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more sublime career; and looking back across the expanse of ages, we thank God that such men have been permitted to live, and gather fresh hope for the future.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMANKIND

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER I.—WOMAN'S STATUS.

A WOMAN can hardly arrive at middle age without having thought over some of the duties and opportunities placed in the hands of her sex. *To think* is in the present day almost equivalent with *to express*; and it is in the hope that the expression of some of my thoughts may be in some degree an assistance to a few readers, that I venture to throw a fresh contribution into the seething cauldron of sayings and opinions with which we are regarded in the present day.

Not that I have anything new to say—only that which is so old that it may seem new. I have no hesitation in declaring my full belief in the inferiority of woman, nor that she brought it upon herself.

I believe—as entirely as any other truth which has been from the beginning—that woman was created as a help meet to man. How far she was then on an equality with him, no one can pretend to guess; but when the test came, whether the two human beings would pay allegiance to God or to the Tempter, it was the woman who was the first to fail, and to draw her husband into the same transgression. Thence her punishment of physical weakness and subordination, mitigated by the promise that she should be the means of bringing the Redeemer to renovate the world, and break the dominion of Satan.

That there is this inequality there is no reasonable doubt. A woman of the highest faculties is of course superior to a man of the lowest; but she never attains to anything like the powers of a man of the highest ability. There is a difficulty, however, in generalizing; because, owing to difference of climate, habit, and constitution, there is less inequality between the sexes in some races than there is in others. The Roman woman was superior to the Greek, the woman of the West to her of the East; and there is far less disproportion between the negro and negress than between the coolie and his wife.

Savage life renders the woman the slave. The man, having to the full the animal instincts of pugnacity and indolence, puts all that is toilsome upon her, multiplies wives in order that he may have more obedient hewers of wood and drawers of water, and, as all other male animals are the handsomer, he lavishes all adornments on himself.

Perhaps the very first stage from savagery to civilization is marked by the preponderance of ornament on the female side. As soon as woman ceases to be the mere squaw, adornment is viewed as primarily her due. Her condition, though, where there is civilization without Christianity, is extremely variable, and chiefly dependent on the national character; and everywhere, in the very lowest classes, there is the tendency to bring her to the squaw level. In the upper ranks, and among classes fairly at ease, the usual tendency has been to regard the splendour and indolence of the chief wife as testimonials to the wealth and grandeur of her lord and master. Thus, African chieftainesses are fattened like pigs for a cattle-show on milk; Chinese ladies cultivate unserviceable fingers and toes; and Persian princesses of old deemed the loom degradation. Seclusion has in these cases a good deal depended on the trustworthiness and understanding of the women. Burmese women, who are of fair average capacity, are not immured, while Hindoo and Chinese ladies are; and before Mahometanism had made the Arabian fashion universal, the Persian ladies do not appear to have been inmates of harems; while European women always went at large, though with less liberty in Greece than among the Romans and more northerly nations.

The state of the Jewish women seems to have varied. Orientalism and imitation of the nations around lowered them at times, but the purity of the standard of faith on the other hand uplifted them. And

in order that Holy Scripture might be truly universal, no maxims enforcing undue subjection have there received the seal of inspiration so as to become permanent, even though the difference between the Eastern and Western minds may be traced every time an English child is taught to say the Tenth Commandment, when it is sure to try to forbid coveting the wife before coveting the house.

It was from these people of Judah that the most beautiful image of dignified and perfect womanhood proceeded. 'The words of King Lemuel, which his mother taught him,' though seasoned with the salt of Inspiration, are clearly a contemporary picture, though typical as well as applicable to all ages; and the nation that produced a Hannah, an Abigail, and a Shunamite, might well be able to conceive such a being as the virtuous woman.

One of the very remarkable points in the history of woman and her position is the absence of any account of how polygamy came to be abolished, or of any direct precept on the subject.

The words of our Lord applying to divorce plainly direct us to understand that 'in the beginning,' when Adam's prophetic command was given, that 'a man should leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they *two* should be *one* flesh,' a single wife was implied, and that a plurality was subsequently only permitted 'because of the hardness of their hearts; while every possible precaution was taken for humanity and consideration towards the inferior wives. The desire to rival other kings in the multitude of female attendants seems to have plunged even the best of the sovereigns of Israel into the harem system, which was directly contrary to the Law; and up to the Babylonish Captivity ordinary Eastern habits prevailed.

But in the New Testament, the duty of monogamy is established, and taken for granted from the first. How was this? Had the Jews learnt it from their licentious Greek and Roman masters? In some degree perhaps they had, for the Roman had a much higher standard of domestic virtue originally than what he practised; but it seems more likely that the great reformation under Ezra and his followers, which cleared away idolatry for ever, and made the Jews exact observers of the Law of Moses, really purified and elevated them so much, that the plurality of wives came to fall into entire disuse and disrepute—this being no doubt assisted by contact with European civilization, even in its corrupted state.

The position of woman was at once recognized in Gospel teaching. The Blessing conferred upon the holy Mother of our Lord became the antidote to the punishment of Eve's transgression; and in proportion to the full reception of the spirit of Christianity, has woman thenceforth been elevated to her rightful position as the help-meet.

There, however, comes in the woman's question of the day—Is she meant to be nothing but the help-meet? If by this is meant the wife, or even the sister or daughter, attached to the aid of some particular

man, I do not think she is. It is her most natural, most obvious, most easy destiny; but one of the greatest incidental benefits that Christianity brought the whole sex was that of rendering marriage no longer the only lot of all, and thus making both the wife and the maiden stand on higher ground.

'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee,' had been said to Eve. Without a husband the woman had hitherto been absolutely nothing. Wife, mother, or slave, were her sole vocations; and if her numbers became superfluous, polygamy or female infanticide were the alternatives.

But the Church did away with this state of things. Wifehood was dignified by becoming a faint type or shadow of the Union of the Church with her Lord. Motherhood was ennobled by the Birth that saves the world; and Maidenhood acquired a glory it had never had before, and which taught the unmarried to regard themselves not as beings who had failed in the purpose of their existence, but as pure creatures, free to devote themselves to the service of their Lord; for if His Birth had consecrated maternity, it had also consecrated virginity.

The dim idea of pure dedicated creatures had, in the ancient days of Rome, suggested the order of Vestal Virgins. Rome had grown so corrupt, that it was almost impossible to keep up even the small number of these priestesses; but there was enough of the notion latent in the minds of the nation to make the consecration of Christian purity congenial; and the high Roman courage now refined, soon produced its whole army of brave Virgin Martyrs. Then it became understood that woman might look to no earthly lord, but might turn all her yearnings for love and protection to Him who has become the Son of Man, 'her celestial Spouse and King,' and that her freedom from other ties enabled her to devote herself wholly to Him. And how? Not only by direct contemplation and devotion, but 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'

So began the vocation of the dedicated Virgin, the Deaconess, the Nun. The life in community became needful when no security could be had save in a fortress; and this, together with the absolute need of the feminine nature for discipline and obedience, led to the monastic life being, with rare exceptions, the only choice of the unwedded throughout the middle ages; but this safe and honourable refuge for the single daughters of families did, to take it on the very lowest grounds, much to enhance the estimation in which their secular sisters were held.

It is not, however, my purpose here to dwell on monasticism. All I want to do is to define what I believe to be the safe and true aspect in which woman ought to regard herself—namely, as the help-meet of man; not necessarily of any individual man, but of the whole Body whom Christ our Lord has left to be waited on as Himself. He is her Lord. He will find her work to do for Him. It may be that it will lie in the ordinary course of nature. It is almost certain that she will

begin as help-meet to her father or brothers; and to many comes the Divinely ordained estate of marriage, and the duties and blessings it entails, all sanctified through Him. It may be, again, that her lot may be the attendance on a parent—still a work of ministry especially blest by Him; and so with all those obvious family claims that Providence marks out by the mere fact of there being no one else to undertake them. And for those who are without such calls, or from whom their tasks have fallen away, what is there left? Nay, not left as a remnant, for He has been there through all. Their Lord is ready for their direct, complete, uneclipsed service in whatever branch seems their vocation. His Church is the visibly present Mother to guide them; and as daughters of the Church, their place and occupation is found.

Previously they had no status, except as appendages to some individual man. Now, as members of one great Body, each has her place and office, whether domestic or in some special outer field. And in proportion as this is recognized, the single woman ceases to be '*manquée*, and enjoys honour and happiness.

The principle makes less visible difference to the married woman; because, by the original Divine ordinance, her husband has always been so much her lord that her duty to him becomes a sort of religion, and her cares as wife and mother occupy her mind and affections. Thus there is no state of society or religion—at least, where the sacredness of the tie of marriage is understood—that does not present examples of the exemplary woman, whose affections have been a law to her, and have trained her in self-denial, patience, meekness, pity, and modesty. History, and the experiences of travellers and of missionaries, alike prove this fact.

But the woman destitute of such a direct object for her obedience, cares, interests, and affections, is apt, when her first youth is over, to crave for something further, unless she have recognized her relation to the universal Body and to its Head. As long as girlhood lasts—and this often is a good way on into life—she has sufficient food for her interests, at home or abroad, in studies or amusements; but let her home break up, or let her not feel herself a necessary wheel in its machinery, she becomes at a loss. The *cui bono* feeling comes over her studies; amusements become weary, or she finds herself looked at by the younger generation as *de trop*: and she either sinks into dull routine in a narrow home, or is an aimless guest at country houses; or, on the other hand, she takes to being one of the equally purposeless travellers and sight-seers—ever roving, ever gazing; or lastly, she struggles for the position and privileges of a man. His independence she has, and a very doleful thing she finds it—vanity and vexation of spirit to herself; and while she strips herself of all grace and softness, she becomes ridiculous and absurd in his sight, and renders him averse to the culture to which he erroneously ascribes her unfeminineness.

But let her feel herself responsible to the one great Society of which

she is a part, and let her look for the services that she can fulfil by head or by hands, by superintendence or by labour, by pen or pencil, by needle or by activity, by voice or by music, by teaching or by nursing—nay, by the gentle sympathy and earnest prayers of an invalid; and the vague discontent is appeased. She has found a vocation, or it has been found for her. It may be an outwardly secular life that she lives, and there is no visible difference between her pursuits and those of others; but they are dedicated, they have their object; and if her heart rests in Him, she is content.

I do not say that she will be in the least a faultless woman, or that she may not expose herself to ridicule—as the lady with a hobby, the clerical woman, the fussy district visitor, or the like. This depends upon tact, and the minor morals and graces of life; nor is it always possible to be as pleasant in looks and ways in advancing life as in youth—at least, not to *mankind*. To women, whose affection is more really valuable to a spinster, it is always possible to become more and more agreeable, as the period of rivalry is outgrown, and there comes

‘The heart at leisure from itself,
With time to sympathize.’

It is only as the daughter of the Church that woman can have her place, or be satisfied as to her vocation. And happily, many who do not in word or heart feel for the Church as their Mother and Queen, yet do her work, looking to her and their Lord and King, and so are ‘blessed in their deed.’

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE OLGA'S STORY.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

PART II.—IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VIII.—CASTING ANCHOR.

‘Thou heaven-honoured child,
Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar;
Wrap it around thy bosom undefiled;
Yet spread it daily in the clear Heaven's sight,
To be new-bathed in its own native Light.’

Kemble.

THAT spring brought a new element to our life, to which I have already alluded—Mr. Noble. He called one day with Mr. Campbell, to offer to Hermann the post of organist at his church of Heslip. The little stipend was welcome to us, and Hermann, who had almost overcome his shyness

about his music now that he felt himself becoming a master of the instrument, was proud to add it to our slender income. If he would undertake to train the choir, the salary would be increased. This required deliberation. Hermann had no experience in this matter, and felt himself too young to win the confidence of the choristers. But finally, in order to throw away no chance of turning the proverbial honest penny, he decided to try the experiment, on condition that Lunia would help him by her voice and steadiness of conduct. This she did gladly; and throughout the summer those two handsome young creatures would start for Heslip with a bright pleasant Good-bye, and come back with wonderful stories of the stupidity of the Heslip natives. However, the experiment was successful, and gave great satisfaction to Mr. Noble, who would sometimes return across the fields in the twilight with Hermann and Lunia, to share the simple supper prepared for them. The potatoes with butter, salad, or thin soup, were all the more relishing from his pleasant friendly company. As I have said before, he was a very earnest man, and we rejoiced at the good influence he was gaining over Hermann. In the month of April, there was a concert at Heslip for the benefit of the schools, and our family must of course assist. Hermann and Lunia sang and played duetts; Lunia sang a German ballad, '*Wenn i' am Fenster steh'*,' and brought tears into my eyes with the yearning of the music, and the longing for 'the days that are no more,' expressed in the sweet and touching words. And then we sang a trio—my first appearance; but I did not feel very shy by Lunia's side. People applauded us much, and a good deal of money was gained for the school. As Lunia was singing, my eyes fell on Mr. Noble, and then I saw that he loved her. At first I felt a shock of confusion at my great discovery, then sorrow for him, then sorrow for our poor lost Count; and gradually a pleasure grew up in the thought of Lunia the mistress of that pretty little parsonage at Heslip, and of us all so happy in the land of our adoption. I said nothing, but quietly waited and watched. Mr. Noble was very quiet; his looks were not fervid like the Count's; he said nothing to embarrass her, and she had no suspicion of his feeling. I myself was often beginning to doubt my own opinion, when some slight circumstance would revive it.

The weather was exquisite that year, and the warmth of our sheltered little house suited me wonderfully well: I was already less of a trial to myself, and of a burden to others. Our lessons were generally carried on in the open air; that tiny but charming garden of ours was delightful to sit in. The little path which, at the back of the house, ran along the bank, half-way up, was shaded by trees and shrubs, and starred with flowers, each in its season—the violet, and primrose, and anemone, the blue periwinkle, and then the May, red and white, and the wild roses and honeysuckle. The scent of the honeysuckle makes me happy: I associate it in my mind with the song of the lark—each is so wild and sweet, and possesses a sense of joy. There was a little bench on this

path, backed by the bank overgrown with periwinkle and ivy; over it roses grew on a trellis-work of boughs which Hermann had put up: in front, one looked from this place down into a large elder-bush growing at the bottom of the bank: a bird had built its nest in the bush, and would come whirring up and down before us without any alarm. Those were pleasant mornings as we sat there in sun and shade, reading the works of great authors, German and English. The plan of education was to take a general course of study in the German language, supplemented by passages (which Mr. Campbell chose for us) from the best English writers. French was taught by my mother, but only grammatically. Mr. Campbell held a very strong opinion that if a girl had learned any one thing thoroughly, she was to that extent a well-educated girl; but that she was in no sense well-educated, if she possessed a mere smattering of many things. The German accent of French is never pure nor agreeable; my mother knew this, and was glad when he said, 'Let my girls be thorough German scholars first; then we can think of French.' And the parents of our other pupils were led by Mr. Campbell's judgement.

The Confirmation was to take place in May. Lunia was now to be confirmed. Mr. Campbell wished me and Dolly to attend the classes, but I refused, though little Lucy Campbell was going. I did not care for such things; I said to myself, in a bitter mood, that there was no life, no truth in them; human life was all chance and darkness.

Because I refused, so did Dolly; but she was restless, and one day, when Lunia and Grace were walking on the little terrace-path, studying, she said suddenly, 'Those girls seem to think Confirmation does one some good.'

'I suppose so,' answered I, carelessly.

'What do they think it does for one?'

'Makes one better, I suppose.'

'Well! we are neither of us so very good, you or I, that we could not be better.'

'Of course not. What do you mean?'

'I mean, that it might not have done us any harm to attend the classes.'

'Probably not.'

'Then why did we not go?'

'Dolly, you have dropped a stitch.'

'Bother the stitches!' she threw her knitting down. 'Tell me why we did not go?'

'I can only tell you why I did not.'

'And why?'

'Because I do not care about it at all.'

'Then, while I was thinking you such a good girl, you are really a very hard-hearted, naughty girl.' She spoke quite angrily, though still low, so that the others might not hear.

I laughed. 'What do you mean, Dolly? Why did you not go, as Mr. Campbell wished?'

'Not for *your* reason.'

'Then why?'

'Because— Oh! it's of no use to tell you.'

'Very well! then you had better talk to Lunia.'

I suppose my tone was cruelly cold, for Dolly took up her knitting with a look of real pain, very different from her usual childish pout.

'You know Lunia is too old, and too good, for me to talk to: I thought you would help me.'

I was sorry; but my heart was so entirely closed to the subject, that I could not talk about it. Some days later, I told Lunia how much Dolly had puzzled and surprised me.

'And you let it rest so?' she asked, with a glance of gentle reproach.

'Yes; I could do nothing to help her.'

Lunia said no more then. She tried afterwards to open the subject with Dolly; but Dolly would not, or could not, speak to her about it. Mr. Campbell, however, (doubtless on a hint from Grace,) stopped the pony-chaise one day when Dolly and I were in it, and holding her hand affectionately, said, 'Dolly, my little woman, I wish you would think better of it, and come to my classes. That does not bind you to be confirmed, if you do not feel that your preparation has been sufficient when the time comes. But I shrewdly suspect your head would bear a good deal of teaching yet.'

She smiled gravely, and simply thanked him; but when Lunia returned from the class that week, she told me that Dolly had been there. Dolly said never a word to me, however; I had chilled and discouraged her. I was really sorry, but in me there was no help for myself or for her; the severer chill which my own overwrought enthusiasm had had to bear, was not yet passed away.

The Confirmation day drew near. On that preceding it, when the cards were given out at the Rectory after the class, Mr. Campbell kept Dolly till the last; and when he was left alone with her, (as she told me afterwards,) he called her seriously but kindly to his desk. 'Dolly, my dear,' he said, 'do you wish me to make out a card for you? I am satisfied with you, and I think that after Confirmation I shall have still more reason to be satisfied.'

She did not answer.

'Do you wish to be confirmed?'

'No, thank you,' was all Dolly's answer.

'No? Yet you have seemed interested in the classes, eh?'

'Yes.'

He then urged upon her the necessity of this help in meeting the work and responsibility of life; he spoke gravely and still very kindly, but at the end Dolly broke out into violent cries and sobs. 'Oh no, I can't, I can't!' she said.

The Rector found it in vain to soothe her; he felt sure that there was some fancied obstacle, and yet he dared urge her no further in her excitable state of mind: so he let her go, with a few affectionate words, and Dolly was not confirmed. It was my fault; I know it now. If my mind had been in a better state, I might have persuaded her. But, after all, it was the awakening sense of sin, of life and its burdens, of inner need, and a seeking blindly after some strength without, with the keen sense of spiritual loneliness, which worked the change that then and there began in that young soul.

We all went to Heslip on the morrow. Lunia went with Mrs. Campbell, Grace, and our mother; Dolly took me. She was very silent, and seemed grave and distressed. It was a singularly late spring. The day was glorious; a tender blue sky, deep and dazzling, that became grey if you tried to look at it; feathery flakes of cloud; all the hedges in new leaf of the purest green; the willows and elms, too, with their new green on; the beech-twigs, still leafless, red against the sky; all the chestnuts covered with the little new leaf-clusters, like umbrellas gradually unfolding, and with the spiky brown caps of still unopened clusters. The larks seemed wild with joy, and there were quiet notes of other birds: we heard the first cuckoo.

'You must wish when you first hear the cuckoo,' said Dolly.

I wished that Lunia might be happy.

At last we reached Heslip, three miles from Hellerburn by the road, but little more than half that distance across the fields. The quaint old church had been lately restored; the lich-gate was new; to-day it was hung with garlands. As we entered the church, a fresh sweet scent of primroses seemed to welcome us; there were primroses everywhere—in clusters, in crosses, in designs, in words. The windows were all coloured, and the dimness made it seem as if the light mainly came from that body of white-robed girls in the centre. I could see Lunia from where I sat; she looked glad, and so was I, for her sake. Once, when the Bishop laid his hand on her head, I felt a thrill of holy joy that seemed to tell me I *could* adore as Lunia and Grace adored; but it passed, and the rest was to me a mere ceremony. A sweet ceremony, with my brother's soft music telling of a *mind* guiding those as yet unskilled fingers, and the children's voices, and all those young girls' and boys' voices singing—

'Let every thought, and word, and work,
To Thee be ever given;
'Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of Heaven.'

After the ceremony we all lunched, with many other guests, in a tent on Mr. Noble's lawn; and later, the village children came to receive prizes and drink tea. Mr. Noble said he liked the Confirmation day to be marked as a happy day among his people. He was very good to me, found me a good seat at luncheon, and during the afternoon came and

talked with me, and took me over his garden. It was an attractive garden, large, and somewhat intricately laid out. We passed through a corridor of lattice-work covered with creeping plants. In the midst of it was a door-way, leading on to a plot of turf enclosed with shrubs; a basket of gay tulips was in the midst. There were people there.

‘Look! what a picture!’ said Mr. Noble softly.

Lunia was there with a group of children round her; she was seated with her profile only towards us, and did not see us, nor did the children. She was telling them the story of Samuel, and how his mother gave him to the Lord, and only kept to herself the one comfort of making him a little coat year by year, and carrying it to him. The children were clustered all about her, on her knees, on the grass before her, on the arms of her garden-seat; their eyes were intently fixed on her. They had dressed her up with flowers, a thick wreath of primroses was around her hair; her white dress had more than one bunch of primroses, and white starry flowers, fastened on it for ornament. A child was even now adding one of these decorations to the very hem. All of a sudden, she saw us, and turned round, laughing and blushing.

‘The children like to have a large doll to play with,’ she said, in smiling apology to Mr. Noble.—‘Are we going home now, Olga? Are you not tired, and the mother?’

‘I think she is rather tired, Lunia, but she will not hurry you.’

‘Oh, I will come; let me only finish my story: I will be at the house as soon as you.’

‘We will wait,’ said Mr. Noble; but she laughingly answered, ‘No, she could only tell stories to children.’

So we left her, finishing the history of Samuel; but she confided to me afterwards that she did not go so far as to the point where poor old Eli breaks his neck.

(To be continued.)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘HAMBURY MILLS.’

CHAPTER III.

CHANGES.

‘A sense of mystery her spirit daunted.’

MAGGIE did not easily recover from the shock she had sustained. Whether the vision were the work of her own imagination, or the effect of external circumstances, it had a lasting and most injurious effect on the delicate and sensitive girl. She lived in dread of the

re-appearance of the spectre. When she awoke in the morning light, after an hour or two of disturbed sleep, it was with the utmost difficulty that Cora could persuade her to look round the room; and neither then nor afterwards was she moved by any arguments against the reality of the apparition. Her strength and spirits failed, and in spite of many dutiful efforts, she seemed unable to occupy herself with any of her old pursuits; while her nerves were so much shaken, that she was shyer than ever, and afraid even of the old familiar animals about the place.

Cora sent for the doctor from Penzance; and he, an old-fashioned country practitioner, gave no positive statement as to the cause of Margaret's illness, but recommended change of scene, which was just then impossible. The kind old Rector of Penwithen came ambling up on his fat pony, and listened with a mysterious shake of the head to the sisters' story. Then he told Maggie to forget all about it, and to say her prayers and read her Bible, and no ghost would come to haunt her.

And Maggie said, 'I do, Sir, indeed I do; but I cannot forget it.'

And then, by way of change of scene, he invited the two sisters to spend a day at the Rectory, and help his wife to sew her dried rose-leaves and lavender into bags, and to assist in the manufacture of plum and apricot preserves, both congenial occupations to the little ghost-seer. But though Maggie went, she was only over-tired, and suffered from a worse fit of terror on her return.

One wild cloudy evening, Maggie was sitting in her old place in the parlour window-seat, looking out on the orchard. Cora, who rarely left her alone, was detained by some household matters, and Maggie sat with her face pressed against the window-pane, looking out on the heavy bar of purple cloud overhanging a broad strip of orange sky. She always suffered most in the gloaming, the time when she most feared a return of her vision. So much had been said to her about self-control, and Cora had imposed such rigid silence on the subject, that a sense of guilt mingled with the sick terror that she could not overcome. She had never found arguments from herself or others help her in the least; the impression she had received was far stronger than any powers of mind that she could bring to combat it. Nor did she wish, as she expressed it, to 'make a fuss;' she would gladly have hidden her fears even from her sister. And now, with a most earnest effort to do what was right, she shut her eyes, and began to say hymns to herself. But the words escaped her memory, her heart beat faster and faster. Would Cora *never* come? Like a child in the dark, she dared not move or speak; she pressed her hands, even her curls, over her eyes; there was a singing in her ears, till a hand touched her shoulder, and she sprang into Cora's arms, hiding her face.

'My darling, how cold you are! Come close to the fire.' And Cora sat down on the hearth-rug in the warm blaze, while Maggie cowered into her arms, clinging with all her strength.

'Cora, hold me closer; I cannot feel your arms round me! Oh, I can't bear it! I *cannot* bear it!'

Cora hushed and soothed her with kisses and soft words, till Maggie subsided into wearied weeping, and sobbed out childishly, 'I never feel safe but when you hold me close! I don't want to be so silly, but I *cannot* help it.'

'Well! there—I *will* hold you close—here in the fire-light. I wish Aunt Carlyon would come home, and that we could go away from here; then you would soon forget this frightful Face!'

'I don't think it was exactly frightful,' said Maggie.

'Not frightful?'

'Sometimes I think it was very beautiful!'

'Then why are you so much afraid of it?'

'Because—if I saw it, I should *die*!'

'Do you think,' said Cora, with rather more respect, 'that it was a sort of angel? You said white and bright.'

'Perhaps,' said Maggie, to whose mind all views of her spectre were familiar.

'But an angel would not hurt you, Maggie.'

'But if I saw it, I should *die*!' repeated Maggie. 'Cora, say some hymns to me. I like to hear them; but when I am frightened, I cannot remember anything. And keep your arm round me; don't let me go; let me have your hand tight, and I will be quiet—I will indeed.' And she lay back in a less constrained attitude, though still with her face hidden.

Cora's list of religious formulas was not much more extensive, nor her mind trained to much more critical distinctions, than that of the poor girl, who comforted her dying sister by perpetual repetitions of the Church Catechism. Whatever was said, sung, or preached in church must be equally good, and she had scarcely realized that it might not always be equally applicable. Still, it did strike her that

'And am I only born to die?
'And must I suddenly comply
With Nature's stern decree?'

which, accompanied by two fiddles and a flute, was one of the flowers of Penwithen psalmody, might not be quite comforting to Maggie; so she said the Evening Hymn, and the Easter hymns at the end of the Prayer Book, and the Christmas hymns about the Angels, thinking them perhaps specially appropriate; while Maggie lay quiet, and held her sister's hand with a less convulsive clasp, till the opening door admitted Lovedy with the tea, and Maggie lifted up her head.

'Dear Cora, thank you; I will be quite good now. I will go and pour out the tea. Oh! how untidy my hair is!' as slowly she stood upright, and twisted up her tumbled curls. Cora did not notice her stealthy glance round the room, nor guess at half the resolution exercised by Maggie as she sat there by herself.

Cora was glad the fit had passed away; but all this trouble made her doubly impatient of her seclusion. She had read all her books twice, and could not think that potato-cakes for tea were at all amusing.

Nothing was very amusing; but for Maggie's sake she proposed an expedition the next morning to the nearest point of the coast. They had often gone there together, Maggie riding a little shaggy white pony, and Cora walking by her side; but of late poor Maggie's courage had hardly been equal even to facing Roughie, nor her strength to long absences from home. To-day, however, she consented to try—they might at any rate reach the point from which the view of the sea was so pretty, and Maggie could sit on the heather and rest.

Perhaps the fresher autumnal air really braced her nerves, or her resolutions had taken a stronger turn. Anyway, she looked about her, admired the view, and professed to enjoy her ride; and it was in a tone of curiosity, not of fear, that she exclaimed, as they reached the garden-gate, 'What can that be?'

A travelling-carriage stood at the door, and Hannibal was assisting the post-boy to take out the horses, while Lovedy rushed up to her mistresses.

Miss Cora, 'tis your aunt—'tis Mrs. Carlyon!

Cora gave a cry of joy. She had no time for misgivings, no thought of shyness, but rushed into the parlour, exclaiming, 'O Aunt Carlyon! How glad I am you have come!'

'My dear child! How glad I am to see my nieces!' And a little stout lady took the tall Cora in her arms, and embraced her warmly.

With an effort Maggie followed her sister, and came up to her aunt with a shyness that might easily have been mistaken for hauteur and reserve, her white face contrasting strangely with Cora's blushing beaming delight. But Mrs. Carlyon kissed her without apparently seeing anything amiss, and after a few hurried words they sat down to contemplate each other. Mrs. Carlyon somewhat disturbed their notions of Anglo-Indians. Her fair complexion was indeed faded; but her hair was still light, pretty, and abundant; her blue eyes had a pleasant twinkle; and her manner had no Eastern languor, but was warm, and what in modern parlance might be termed 'gushing.' She looked at the two handsome girls with admiration, a little surprised, however well pleased at Cora's scarcely restrained ecstasy.

'We have been expecting you all the summer; we thought you would *never* come! We are so tired of staying here by ourselves and of seeing no one. This is such a dull place!'

'And you shall not stay here any longer,' said Mrs. Carlyon. 'We are settled in Plymouth for the present, your uncle has some friends there; we landed about three weeks ago. I was in too great a bustle to write; but yesterday I came to Penzance by boat, and to-day drove over to find you. I left your uncle and cousins at Plymouth; and so, my dears, can you come back to Penzance with me to-day?'

‘Oh yes,’ exclaimed Cora, no wise distressed at the haste, ‘I am sure we can! And,’ a little more timidly, ‘shall we stay with you at Plymouth?’

‘To be sure, my dear; I would as soon take about three girls as one; and your father promised I should have you. It’s high time, I am sure, you should begin to go out. But don’t distress yourself, you are as fresh as a rose. What would our Indian ladies give for those cheeks!—And this little girl,’ drawing Maggie towards her, ‘has she no tongue? My dear, I cannot see you under that great hat.’

‘Maggie has not been well,’ explained Cora; ‘and she is always shy.’

Maggie had obediently taken off her broad black beaver hat, and stood with her delicate face and wide timid eyes fully revealed.

‘What beautiful curls you have, my dear!’ said Mrs. Carlyon, who was enough to fill with vanity the hearts of a dozen nieces. ‘Never mind, we shall be good friends soon, sha’n’t we?’

‘Yes,’ said Maggie, with a little more confidence; and then she hurriedly followed her sister, to make the necessary preparations for their journey.

These were few; for their wardrobes were but scanty, and must be supplied at Plymouth. Cora flew about in a rapture of fulfilled expectation, that left her no regrets of her own, and scarcely time to heed Maggie’s probable fears or fancies. She was not selfish, but was under the influence of one of those overwhelming states of personal experience that in the very young often shut out consideration for others. And both these sisters, though women in years, were utterly childish in growth; the mind of the one and the heart of the other were scarcely developed; and seclusion had produced upon them the two opposite effects often found in children—exceeding shyness, and the entire absence of it.

But to Maggie this sudden uprooting was frightful. She forgot her fears, to look round the house with lingering regret, and a clinging of the heart to all the inanimate objects around her. She would not have remained behind without her sister; but no novelty or pleasure could make this cold plunge anything but painful to her. She clung to old Betsey and cried, infected by the shower of tears which Lovedy shed on hearing of the increased dullness to which Penwithen would be condemned; but almost for the first time in her life she tried to hide her distress from Cora, who indeed was too much absorbed to notice it, and with freshly arranged curls, and her hat low on her eyes, announced herself ready to start.

Their journey—first the drive to Falmouth, the stay at the inn, and start next morning early by boat for Plymouth—contained little worthy of note. Cora advanced rapidly in acquaintance and in favour with her aunt, and was full of pleasurable excitement. Maggie would have felt so much fatigue severely, even in her stronger days; and though both sisters were accustomed to the sea, and endured it as sailors’ daughters should, she had never liked rough weather. Now it was another

element in the sense of fear and discomfort, which nevertheless she endured in silence, accepting the attentions offered her with gentle thanks, but abstaining resolutely from tears and trembling. Both were with difficulty repressed as they came up in the dark evening to Plymouth harbour; and Mrs. Carlyon was looking round for familiar faces, when a voice exclaimed, 'Here I am, Mother, and here is Harewood! Is this Miss Carlyon?' and a tall young man laid his hand on Mrs. Carlyon's shoulder.

Maggie scarcely heeded his approach, though she knew that her aunt had been twice married, and that this son by her first husband, Edward Fletcher, was among the promised cousins.

'My dear Edward, I am glad you have found us out. Yes, these are my nieces.—How d'ye do, Mr. Harewood?'

Maggie made an effort to sit up; there was a little confusion of voices, then someone stooped over her. 'Will you let me help you, Miss Carlyon?' She was so much exhausted that the help was needed; and Mr. Harewood was somewhat disconcerted at finding that the young lady committed to his charge was almost ready to faint. But he lifted her up, and helped her through the crowd, saying, 'Don't be frightened,' in tones which, though somewhat abrupt, reached Maggie's confused ears with consoling power. She was conscious that he carried her up some steps, and put her into a carriage by Cora's side; that her sister held her safely, and that she was again lifted out, and carried up what seemed innumerable stairs, to a room warm, bright, and quiet, where Cora helped her to undress and put her to bed, administering some hot soup and wine, for which she was very thankful.

(To be continued.)

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

Musing by the fire-side one night, with a very favourite book open before me, my eyes fell upon this passage: 'In the friendship of His servants, we have communion with the fragments, as it were, of His brightness, reflected from human lives;' and I was led by these words to ponder the wonderful influence that one life may have over another, being sometimes—like 'the quality of mercy'—blessing him that gives and him that takes.' By an association of ideas, there stood out clearly before my mind's eye two lives—neither of them perfect, neither of them remarkable in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but they were pleasant to look back upon in my idle mood; and so far as I can I will chronicle them here.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

‘Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.’

Keble.

Put me down, Archie—now, please!’ And down she was dropped directly, but so gently—railway rug and everything else, all amongst the orchises and blue-bells, just in the pleasant shade cast by a belt of beeches and firs, which skirted the fir-plantation. She was a small thing of ten or eleven years old, whose great grey eyes looked almost too large for the thin delicate face; but then she had been so ill in the winter—and that was why he had carried her down the steep hill from the Grange, all through the wood, to their favourite resort, ‘the Plantation,’ where they had come to enjoy themselves, as they said.

It was an unusually warm day for the time of year—one of those early spring days that have an indescribable sweetness about them, from the promise they bear of even fairer days and more heavenly skies in the summer to come. Perhaps Archie Middleton’s little cousin felt something of this kind, for as he stretched himself at full length in the grass beside her, she exclaimed, ‘I do love the spring better than any other time of year! What are you laughing at, Archie?’

‘I was only thinking, dear, of an afternoon last December, when I called at a certain house in London, where I found a certain little body wrapped up in shawls on the drawing-room sofa; and there we told each other stories so cosily till tea-time, that she said at last, she really did think winter was the *niciest* time after all.’

‘But I have changed my mind since then; and you went away soon after that, and Geoffrey used to tease me so, and Adela was always eating my jelly, and I got so tired of the winter. Don’t you like this much better than London?’

The little speaker’s tone was as animated in uttering these last words, as it had been grave and rather meditative before. Archie raised himself on his elbow and looked around him.

Imagine a pretty plantation of young firs on gently declining ground, behind them; and spreading right and left, lay woods redolent of last autumn’s leaves, struggling with the scent of early spring flowers; before them, and stretching away till they reached the woods on either side, rose hills not too steep to be climbed, nor too easy to be attempted without some exertion; and over all, such a sky! so softly blue—so near—and yet so infinitely high—so heavenly in its serenity—that the larks were not to be wondered at for flying higher and higher, till at last Nellie thought they must have reached heaven, and wished very much to know how it could be more beautiful than earth.

Archie took it all in; and as he heard the subdued cooing of the wood-pigeons, and then thought of London streets and sounds, with the incessant roar of cabs and omnibuses, he replied, 'Yes, Nell, this is certainly better than London; but you will change your mind some day, and think London much better than being down at the Grange, and sitting in this stupid dull plantation.'

Who would have thought that such a bit of a thing could have answered so vehemently? 'I shall never forget the dear old plantation all my life. I told Mamma the other day, that when I die I mean to be buried here. I do, Archie; don't laugh—I do indeed! It is much prettier than the churchyard. You don't really think I shall forget it when I am grown up?' And there—she was quite calm again, with her arms round his neck, and looking into his face so imploringly, that he felt there was something that touched him very much in spite of his strong inclination to laugh, which he conquered, as he told her that he was very sorry, he had not meant to hurt her feelings.

They might have passed for brother and sister, those two, at the first glance; and yet, when both faces were well known, there was a marked difference. His was not exactly handsome, although sensible and intelligent, with a certain sweet expression in the full grey eyes, according well with a winning courtesy of manner which was habitual to him. Making allowance for the difference in age, the expression of her face was much the same. There were the same expressive grey eyes, but whereas his eye-brows were remarkably arched, 'always looking surprised,' as Nell said—hers were almost straight, and her eyes had the peculiarity of seeming to see through and beyond the object looked at.

He was her childish ideal of perfection. When, as a school-boy, he used to spend his holidays at his aunt's (Lady Matilda Middleton's) house, his little cousin Eleanor would stretch out her arms to him, and would laugh and crow on his knee, though nobody else could please her. And it was the same now. She was quite sure that nobody but Archie could have told her such stories when she was ill last winter—nobody else could have carried her so gently over the stony bit of road between the Grange and the plantation—nor could tell her so much about the early spring flowers, just now in their glory—or of the myriads of insects, come out like themselves to revel in the sunshine of such a morning. And then, what did he not know about every bird that flew over their heads? Even the feeblest little note from the wood behind them could be distinguished directly by Archie, who was only too happy in talking of what interested him so much, to such an ever-ready little listener. Suddenly, he exclaimed, 'Nell! if I haven't popped you down upon an ant's nest!' And in less than a minute, child, wraps, and everything, were lifted and carefully placed higher up on the mossy bank; and then down he went upon his knees, closely investigating what she said had looked such a delicious cushion of moss.

'Yes; but all is not gold that glitters—which means, ant's nests may

look inviting, but experience proves them to be otherwise; you will not live to be nineteen without finding that out.'

Nell interrupted him gravely here, to say that she had found it out already; at which he laughed, and went on, 'Do just look at these wonderful creatures! Here is one off my hand, struggling with a chip of fir-cone—poor little animal! What a weight it must be, and how pluckily he perseveres!'

'But some of the others have just the same, Archie.'

'So they have; but that makes it no better for my friend here; he can carry it no easier for that reason—can he, you wise child?'

'Yes, I should think so. I know if you always had sums to do with me whenever I am puzzling over them, it would help me, for I should just look at you, and see you doing yours so well, that I should feel it a shame not to get on with mine.'

Again the young man laughed at his little cousin's ready answer, as he gently put the little working-ant down again with its companions, saying, 'There! go and do your duty like a man.' And the tiny thing struggled away with what looked such a tiny burden, though it was as much as it could do to carry it; and Nell's eyes, in following it, soon met with some 'very funny things.' Archie must tell her what they are.

'Those things are the same as the others, only they have wings, and that's the difference.'

Nell looked up as if she would like a more lucid explanation, so he went on: 'They have these wings given to them at a certain stage in their existence, when they leave off grubbing about in the dust with the workers.'

'Nasty idle little things!' was the indignant reply.

'No, it is their nature. They have these wings given to them, so why need they crawl in the dust any longer? I don't suppose they are idle either. Each order of ants has its appointed duty: some must work hard all day; some have to fight to defend their homes and people; and no doubt these winged ones fulfil some purpose beyond our ken, though they only seem just to be flitting about in this sweet air and sunshine.'

Nell was looking at him with wondering eyes, thinking that it did not sound like him speaking, but more like a favourite little book of hers, called 'Parables from Nature;' however, she kept her thoughts to herself, and only said, 'How nice it would be if we might have wings some time or other!'

'How do you know that we may not?' was the grave answer. But he was not thinking of his youthful companion, nor of what her reply would be. Something in their conversation, whilst watching those working-ants and the happy winged ones above them—something, too, in looking at the distant hills melting into the soft blue sky, seeming to touch, yet never meeting—never to meet—had carried him in thought to the very borders of the unseen, with that strange suddenness and rapidity, which happens sometimes even when our surroundings are what

we should consider of the commonest—and yet, when again we look at them, after such ‘a flight of fancy,’ as some would call it, they appear no longer common, but glorified by God, Who makes the ‘invisible things’ of creation to be ‘clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.’

So Archie said, ‘How do you know that we do not take wings and fly up to Heaven when we die?’ Possibly this was a foolish surmise, but he was only nineteen, and it was such a heavenly morning—far too lovely for him to be practical, logical, or even reasonable. Nell compared him still more with her ‘Parables,’ and the silly little thing thought the idea so beautiful, that she never forgot it all her life long, whereas he had forgotten it by bed-time that night.

And yet that one morning, spent in the plantation, was worth remembering for a life-time—away from everybody and everything else, with just a glimpse of the work-a-day world; for there was a man ploughing on the opposite hill; and were not the little ants working as hard as they could? It was one of those bright days in a life which we look back upon many years afterwards, smiling at some of the recollections that come crowding in, sighing too, after *l’ardeur de la première jeunesse*, which left us only too soon. Left us? or was it thrown away—which?

It remained always so fresh in Nell’s memory, that long afterwards the scent of wild hyacinths would bring all back again before her eyes, and with it the same feeling that a little child might have, were it to know that its guardian-angel was close by. Most assuredly would Archie have called her a little goose, had he only known what thoughts were chasing each other through her mind, as she sat there very quietly, with the far-away look in her deep grey eyes, which gave such an unchildlike expression to a face generally so full of life and merriment. It was just like her to start up, and clapping her hands, to cry out, ‘Archie! Archie! Mamma said luncheon was to be early to-day. What o’clock is it? Oughtn’t we to go? There is gooseberry-tart, too—the first gooseberries!’

Roused from his reverie in so startling a manner, her cousin pulled out his watch, raised his eye-brows to more than their usual height, and set off running towards the entrance of the wood, clearing a fallen fir-tree which lay in his path. What Archie did, Nellie must needs try and do; besides, it was but a tiny tree after all. So, as he turned round, on the point of forbidding her to make any such attempt, he beheld her just alighting—certainly on the other side of the prickly little branches; but not being gifted with his cat-like faculties, instead of finding herself on her feet, she did not feel sure that she had any feet at all—she only felt that one of her elbows was bleeding from coming into such sudden contact with the rough ground. In a moment she was on his knee, and he was wiping away the tears that *would* run down the frightened pale face, as she said humbly, ‘I thought I must try, as you could do it; but indeed I am very sorry—and if you must bind it up, will you, please, just whistle like a blackbird whilst you are doing it, because it hurts so.’

And thus he was obliged to feign himself a doctor and a blackbird at the same time, bandaging the deep scratch, and soothing the poor little maid as well as either of the originals could have done. 'There!' the operation over, and the whistling, too; 'now, if I carry you home, I don't think you will feel it.' And he took her up in his arms, so tenderly and gently, making nothing of the small burthen as he walked lightly along the wood-path, and asked what else there was to be for dinner, by way of diverting her thoughts.

'I only know of gooseberry-tart,' was the answer, in such subdued tones, as if fractured bones might be the consequence of a louder voice; 'and I mean to look forward to it all the way home; and then I don't think I shall feel my wounds so sore. I do love looking forward—don't you, Archie?'

'Yes, Nell; never give it up, it's a capital plan!'

And by dint of prolonging the gooseberry-tart question, and with admirable diplomacy launching into arguments about the respective merits of that, and cherry-pie, or currant and raspberry pudding, Archie deposited her in the Grange hall, long before she knew that they were so near home.

A confusion of voices from the dining-room, and a sort of early-dinner aroma, above the scent of cowslips and wild-hyacinths arranged in a china bowl on the hall-table, told them that it was luncheon-time.

That dear old hall—not grand, nor in any way imposing—loved, because of the many pleasant associations in every corner of it—respected, because it was the oldest part of the house, for the two very ugly arches, with their quaint dark-green pillars, as well as the oak staircase, with its broad bannisters, were said to have been built in Queen Anne's time; not that *that* was so very ancient, but old enough in the children's minds to entitle it to great veneration.

Nothing could be in simpler style than the Grange itself. Once upon a time it had been the rectory, and had never been altered since; and it was just as well not to touch it, for no pulling down nor adding of rooms could make it more comfortable or picturesque. Dining-room, drawing-room, and library, were all connected in a delightfully unmodern way; indeed, the library was also the school-room, breakfast-room, and morning-room, just as it was wanted. The exquisite view from the French window, fringed with Virginian-creeper, and opening on two steps down to the garden, with the carved high-backed chairs ranged against the walls, looking as if they strove to inspire decorum, were the great attractions of that little room.

That Lady Matilda had ever been induced to spend any part of the year in such a quiet out-of-the-world spot, was a matter of astonishment to some people; but then Mr. Middleton had indulged her in almost every wish, so entirely, that it was but fair he should have his own way for once.

'Let me forget for some months in the year that we have a large

establishment, my dear, and then I shall be happy.' So he said; and therefore he bought Fernleigh Grange, with its five-and-twenty acres of land. But the anticipated result had not yet come, because he was a man who looked at every little mole-hill of a grievance till it grew into a mountain. People said that he must be a happy man, because he had succeeded in everything—never failed in anything he had undertaken—all had prospered with him. Now, with his brother Michael it was different. He *was* a disappointed man—disappointed in his efforts to attain what would have been the making of him for life, socially and morally—so they said. Disappointed in love—this they said for him, too, because he had never been known to say it himself. But he had lived through it all; was living it all down in his solitary bachelor home at Thamesleigh, where he enjoyed the reputation of being 'the doctor,' and 'Uncle Michael,' to everybody.

His was a grave kindly face, rugged and worn, with lines innumerable—faint traces of a struggle against a burden almost too heavy to bear—a struggle long ago over; for the burden had been borne so long that it had ceased to be felt; and the calm enduring expression in the eyes, and the brave decision about the mouth, were now habitual to him.

It was a very pleasant scene, that luncheon-table at the Grange. Uncle Michael was there, of course; and Mr. Finch, the Rector, was there too that day—a timid, inoffensive gentleman, who scarcely knew whether he should laugh or not at the Eton boy's incessant rattle, and occasional sparring with his sisters. Three sisters there were then. Pretty Blanche, just out of the school-room, found Mr. Finch's small flow of very small talk less wearisome, now that Archie was sitting opposite. Then came that handsome Geoffrey, who could turn his mother any way he liked, and had an unhappy knack of continually putting his father on the defensive. That stout girl of thirteen, with the sun in her eyes, is Adela—always fancying herself snubbed by everyone but Archie—so she welcomed him gladly, too. The little lady with smooth grey hair, sitting by Mr. Middleton, who notices everything with her quiet brown eyes, and loves those three girls as if they were her own children, is Miss Modus, the governess, and she too greets Archie with a smile. And Lady Matilda—was it possible for her to speak gravely to either of the delinquents for being so late, when Archie, with his easy and deferential manner, seated himself by her, and quietly relieving guard over the one-o'clock joint, apologized for their want of punctuality so charmingly, as to make her regret for the hundredth time that he was only a Middleton. That the Middletons were 'nobodies' was a well-known fact; she herself being of Norman descent, for everyone knew that the Grundys came over with William the Conqueror, though what the pretty French name had been, of which their present cognomen was a base corruption, no one knew, but it was taken upon trust to be a corruption all the same. At any rate, the surname of Middleton was a much more desirable addition than that of Grundy would have been to

her children's Christian names, though perhaps it had not been handed down from father to son for quite so many generations.

There had been an argument before the last arrivals, as to whether it would be advisable to 'plant' the croquet ground that very afternoon. Of course the juveniles were for, elders against; and of course Archie was eagerly enlisted by Geoffrey on their side.

'Most dangerous game!' observed Mr. Finch gravely, turning to Uncle Michael.

'Very, in many respects,' was the reply, quite as gravely made; but there was a curious twinkle in his eyes, which made the Rector hasten to explain himself. 'I was alluding to a statistical account I saw the other day, of the increase of consumption and pulmonary complaints since croquet was introduced.'

If looks could kill, poor Mr. Finch might then and there have been annihilated; and Uncle Michael only made matters worse by saying he could quite believe it. 'So long as young ladies will play in pretty but thin boots on wet grass,' he went on to say, 'what can you expect?'

'Some rules of the game prohibit galoshes,' said Blanche, 'and so does Aunt Theodora; four players out of eight caught cold last summer at her croquet party, because the grass was damp, and they might not wear galoshes.'

Geoffrey pinched Blanche under the table; whilst Adela muttered, 'Of course it doesn't matter to you, Blanche; *you* drive over to Huntling this afternoon, and will have croquet parties all the summer.'

'Poor Adela! you and I will have a game in pattens to-morrow, when the sun is at its hottest,' said Archie compassionately; 'that is to say, if we must not play this afternoon. I don't really think it could hurt a fly to do so on such a day. Blanche, back me!' he whispered imploringly, leaning across the table, taking advantage of a sensation down by his uncle, caused by an earwig scuttling across the table-cloth; 'those poor children will be hard at work next week in London.'

'Try Mamma, it won't do to persuade Papa now—he has just burnt his mouth, besides struggling with an earwig. If you can bring Mamma round, it will be all right.'

So Archie tried his powers of persuasion, and had not to try long. In a sudden lull between the first and second course, Lady Matilda's voice rose clearly and decidedly, 'My dear, I think we must let them have their game; it is Archie's last afternoon;' and with a smile at Geoffrey's involuntary cheer, and his sisters' relieved expression, not waiting for Mr. Middleton's answer, she continued, turning to her nephew again, 'We hope to be back in Town next week; it has been rather hard on poor Blanche, staying here so much later than usual, this being her first season; but it is impossible to please everybody.'

'Besides, the country is surely preferable to Town in such weather!' exclaimed Archie. 'Who would care even to dream of balls and operas,

sitting here with such a view before one's eyes as I have now! A London season ought to be in November.'

'You are young yet, Archie,' replied his aunt; 'in a few years you will sing another song. As for Blanche, I believe she does not much care one way or the other; she can make herself happy anywhere.'

'Except in the school-room,' said Blanche, laughing. 'I have never wished myself there again, in spite of all Miss Modus's prophecies.'

'My dear, you only left me three weeks back; we shall miss you sadly this summer.'

'Yes; and ever since you left, we have had you held up to us as a model,' grumbled Adela, 'twenty times a day! Nell and I wish you had not kept your books so clean.'

'Or that yours were not quite so dirty—which?' inquired her mother. 'My dear Adela, do not frown so; you have contracted such bad habits of late, that the sooner you return to the school-room the better, for there is no method nor strictness here.'

'The school-room' meant the London school-room, in contradistinction to the pleasant nondescript room at the Grange.

'Adela is like the young lady in "Punch," who was so industrious, that when she had nothing else to do, she knitted her brows,' remarked Archie. 'I used to do it when I was a small boy, but Uncle Michael always threatened me with a dose of castor-oil; and living in constant dread of such a remedy, brought them up to their present pitch.'

'And would they never come down again?' asked Nell, in a tone of much interest.

'No, never;—I beg your pardon, Sir; were you speaking to me?'

'It is very strange that nobody ever attends to me,' complained Mr. Middleton; 'there has been such a Babel of tongues, and you children make so much noise with your knives and forks, that there is no making oneself heard.—I was merely asking you, Archibald, whether you intend going to Marseilles?'

'I must just do what I am told. I cannot help myself.'

'How will your mother spare you?' inquired Lady Matilda.

'My mother looks to the end, like a sensible woman. She knows what is best for me.'

'I am not so sure of that, with all due deference to her opinion and yours too,' replied his aunt. 'I always say that you ought to be a barrister, Archie—she should have sent you to Oxford a year ago.'

'Ah! but a university education costs something,' he said, honestly enough; 'and where was that something to come from?'

'We all know where it would have come from, at one word from your mother,' replied his aunt, in a lower tone, glancing at Uncle Michael.

Archie flushed, and there was a slight change in his voice as he made answer, very quietly, 'That would not have been like her;' and then he was silent. No, indeed! and Lady Matilda would have thought twice

before she made that speech, could she only have been transported into a pretty little drawing-room in Archie's sea-side home, where a delicate looking pretty little widow lady was seated at the table, copying off sheet after sheet of manuscript in a most determined manner, quite angry with her head for aching so, as it always did now; but all the same, work for Archie she would, in spite of any pain, so long as he would work for her; or rather she was working for herself, in order that he might not have to work for her. Perhaps her son was gifted with second-sight for a minute or two, and saw that home scene, and the face he loved almost to idolatry; for his tone was more natural when he spoke again. 'I am very happy where I am, although office work is rather slow sometimes; and it is decidedly slow being kept in this suspense about Marseilles. I have set my heart upon going, and I believe that I shall go if it is the right place for me; so I must just remember our motto, and "bide my time."' "

Nell's hand slid into his; but he was too much absorbed in the subject of conversation to notice it. Uncle Michael, too, having concluded his discussion with Mr. Finch about consumption, croquet, and hospitals, turned to him and asked what he thought of coming down to Thames-leigh for the Regatta? Then the pudding made its appearance, in company with *the* gooseberry-tart, on which Nell had been building her hopes ever since her tumble. Only those, whose memory still carries them back to that stage in their existence when pudding-time was an exciting moment, and fit matter for much speculation and many guesses, can sympathize with Nell, when she beheld a plate of baked rice placed before her, and saw, with indignant eyes, that the tart was no more! It was unfortunately a very small one; but then she thought it was too bad of Blanche to take any, when it was only her luncheon, and *she* always had so many good things at late dinner. Her mamma was talking so earnestly with Archie, that she saw nothing of what was going on. He was saying, 'There is a bright side to everything; I always try to see it, and to make the best of the worst.'

And his poor little cousin, with a rueful countenance, tried to find the bright side of her rice-pudding, which she felt quite sure could not be the brown outside, for that was her particular aversion; but she resolved to make the best of it, though it was very difficult to do so, and the sense of injury almost choked her. If only Archie had witnessed the sacrifice, it would have been easier. Most unconscious Archie! who never knew how he had helped a little girl to eat plain pudding, when she had longed so exceedingly for gooseberry-tart! Moreover, Nell did not console herself by taking for granted that the forbidden fruit was sour, but simply made the best of plainer fare. And bravely she did it too—laugh as you will—you who never passed through such an ordeal in your childhood, and never had to deny yourself in tarts and take the pudding, as she did then, and often in after years looking on the bright side, and making the best of the worst.

Dinner was over at last, and they all flocked out of the window on to the lawn to their croquet, except Miss Modus, who preferred watching them from a high-backed chair in the library. Nell had been one of the warmest advocates for the game, but she did not seem to care now. The day was really just as lovely, but it seemed different, and the others were all so provokingly merry, which made it ten times worse. She found it so hard to try and laugh when her throat was aching with suppressed sobs; and when they said, 'What is the matter with Nell? she must be dreaming; that is the second time she has missed her turn!' she literally burst into tears, whereupon Uncle Michael pronounced her to be over-tired, and carried her off to the drawing-room, where he settled her comfortably on the sofa, and commanded her not to move till tea-time. It was very soothing to her sore little heart, to find herself all amongst the sofa-cushions in that pleasant window, where the croquet players would peep in occasionally to see how she was; particularly Archie, who was always coming up, either to say something funny or comforting. In one of these little visits she said, 'Archie, what do you do when you want to see a bright side and there is none?'

He was rather puzzled, and stood balancing his mallet on his finger for a minute or two, till at last it tumbled down, and made Nell jump, as she pleaded, 'Please tell me.'

So he said, 'Well, dear, I suppose we must believe that there is one somewhere, and then it comes at last.'

Here the carriage drove round, and he went off to see that the gate was open; and then he paced up and down the shady apple-tree walk, arm-in-arm with his uncle Michael; and as they passed and re-passed her window, little puffs of their conversation came in with little puffs of their cigars. Strangers never dreamt of the strong sympathy existing between 'that stern silent man,' as they called him, and 'that very pleasant lively young Middleton.' With the uncle, it was living over again his own young days, seeing them all once more in Archie's keen enjoyment of everything enjoyable—and something else besides. With the nephew, it was an almost reverential looking-up to the most intense earnestness and firmness of purpose he had ever known. Dr. Middleton might think that his early life had been like Archie's; but Archie, at his uncle's age, would never be what *he* was. It was a different nature altogether.

So the afternoon crept away, and the shadows were lengthening, when the party from Huntling came home; and Nell made her mother sit down by her side and tell her some of her favourite stories, about when she was a little girl; and Adela seated herself on a stool near them, wondering if her mother were much younger than thirteen at that time. The window was still open, for that sweet spring day was as fair at its close as it had been throughout; and the air was full of such delicious scents, that it would have been a shame to shut it out. Birds were twittering to rest; now and then a thrush sang out loudly, as if

determined to have the last of it; and a quiet was settling down over everything, till at last they felt it, and left off talking, and then there was not a sound, save the occasional deep breath of the cows as they cropped the dewy grass in the meadow close by, or when a remark was made now and then by Uncle Michael or Archie standing on the path outside.

The last tints of the sunset glory had faded away, stars were peeping out as if they had been afraid of shewing themselves before; and Nell said that it seemed as though it were 'all sky.' She could not have explained it logically, but she could feel it nevertheless, and sometimes feeling is better than logic. At last the silence was broken by Blanche, who wondered what they were all thinking about.

"Thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men," perhaps," answered Archie; 'or building castles in the air. Uncle Michael's thoughts are worth something, I know.'

There was a look almost of suffering on Dr. Middleton's face, as Archie spoke. 'I was thinking of castles in the air,' he said gravely.

'What about them? Don't you approve of them?'

'Yes; if only they are high enough. I mean if they lose themselves in Heaven;' and he turned away abruptly, and left them.

Soon afterwards, Archie was carrying Nell up-stairs to bed. As he bent down to say 'good-night' before leaving her, she said, 'This has not been such a happy day as I meant it to be, but it was my fault—all of it, and I won't cry any more, because I must look at the bright side always. Good-night.'

'Good-night, you strange little mortal!' and he walked rather thoughtfully down the oak-panelled passage, the window at the end of which admitted the light from the western sky but dimly, intercepted as it was by the wide-spreading cedar outside. Thoughtful, not because he was musing over his little cousin's rather confusing complication of ideas—for indeed he had hardly heard what she said, or at least had not understood—but because he was thinking of his uncle's words, and wondering what his castles had been.

Nell, meanwhile, said her prayers at the chair in the window, with the blind drawn up, so that she might look straight up to Heaven; and she thought 'how nice' it must be for the angels, not having to look for the bright side of everything, because where they were everything was always bright. And then her thoughts wandered to the fir-plantation; and she wished very much to know if the ants were still moving busily—whether some were always working, some always fighting, and others flying above them in the air, not soiling their pretty wings in the dust—or whether they all rested at night, and began again the next morning in the same way that she began lessons? Archie would know, and she would ask him.

What was there in this one day at the Grange worth chronicling in so many words? What has been said or done, that hundreds are not saying

and doing every day? Nothing; but just because there are so many talking and doing, it is worth while here and there to take an individual life, and to try and find out whether something does not often grow out of 'nothing.'

So I muse by my fire-side once more, and look back again—not quite so far—not quite so pleasantly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MODEL AND HER COPIES.

'There is sure another Flood toward, that so many couples are coming to the Ark.'

As You Like It.

'AH! it is a pitiable case!'

'What case, boys?'

'Yours, Mother, with such an influx of daughters-in-law.'

'I suspect the daughters-in-law think themselves more to be pitied.'

'As too many suns in one sphere?'

'As daughters-in-law at all.'

'There's a ready cure for that. Eh, Charlie?'

'The sight of the mother-in-law.'

'Safe up on the shelf? Ha, you flattering boys!'

'Well, each of the three bridegrooms has severally told us that his bride was a strong likeness of the mother, so she will have the advantage of three mirrors!'

'Ay, and each married solely for her benefit. I wonder which is the truest!'

'Come, Baby Charles, don't *you* take to being cynical and satirical,' said the mother. 'It would be more to the purpose to consider of the bringing them home. Let me see, Raymond and his Cecil will be at Holford's Gate at 5.30. They must have the carriage in full state. I suppose Brewer knows.'

'Trust the ringers for scenting it out.'

'Julius and Rosamond by the down train at Willansborough, at 4.50. One of you must drive old Snapdragon in the van for them. They will not mind when they understand; but there's that poor wife of Miles's, I wish she could have come a few days earlier. Her friend, Mrs. Johnstone, is to drop her by the express at Backsworth, at 3.30.'

'Inconvenient woman!'

'I imagine that she cannot help it; Mrs. Johnstone is going far north,

and was very good in staying with her at Southampton till she could move. Poor little thing! alone in a strange country! I'll tell you what! One of you must run down by train, meet her, and either bring her home in a fly, or wait to be picked up by Raymond's train. Take her Miles's letter.'

The two young men glanced at one another in dismay, and the elder said, 'Wouldn't Nurse do better?'

'No, no, Frank,' said the younger, catching a distressed look on their mother's face, 'I'll look up Miles's little African. I've rather a curiosity that way. Only don't let them start the bells, under the impression that we are a pair of the victims. If so, I shall bolt.'

'Julius must be the nearest bolting,' said Frank. 'How he accomplished it passes my comprehension. I shall not believe in it till I see him. There then, I'll give orders. Barouche for the squire, van for the rector, and the rattling fly for the sailor's wife. So wags the course of human life,' chanted Frank Charnock, as he strolled out of the room.

'Thanks, Charlie,' whispered his mother. 'I am grieved for that poor young thing. I wish I could go myself. And, Charlie, would you cast an eye round, and see how things look in their rooms? You have always been my daughter.'

'Ah! my vocation is gone! Three in one day! I wonder which is the best of the lot. I bet upon Miles's Cape Gooseberry.—Tired, Mother darling? Shall I send in Nurse? I must be off, if I am to catch the 12.30 train.'

He bent to kiss the face, which was too delicately shaped and tinted to look old enough to be in expectation of three daughters-in-law. No, prostrate as she was upon pillows, Mrs. Charnock Poyndsett did not look as if she had attained fifty years. She was lady of Compton Poyndsett in her own right; and had been so early married and widowed, as to have been the most efficient parental influence her five sons had ever known; and their beautiful young mother had been the object of their adoration from the nursery upwards, so that she laughed at people who talked of the trouble and anxiety of rearing sons.

They had all taken their cue from their senior, who had always been more to his mother than all the world besides. For several years, he being as old of his age as she was young, Mr. and Mrs. Charnock Poyndsett, with scarcely eighteen years between their ages, had often been taken by strangers for husband and wife rather than son and mother. And though she knew she ought to wish for his marriage, she could not but be secretly relieved that there were no symptoms of any such event impending.

At last, during the first spring after Raymond Charnock Poyndsett, Esquire, had been elected member for the little borough of Willansborough, his mother, while riding with her two youngest boys, met with an accident so severe, that in two years she had never quitted the

morning-room, whither she had at first been carried. She was daily lifted to a couch, but she could endure no further motion, though her general health had become good, and her cheerfulness made her room pleasant to her sons when the rest of the house was very dreary to them.

Raymond, always the home son, would never have absented himself but for his parliamentary duties, and vibrated between London and home, until, when his mother had settled into a condition that seemed likely to be permanent, and his two youngest brothers were at home, reading each for his examination, the one for a government clerkship, the other for the army, he yielded to the general recommendation, and set out for a journey on the Continent.

A few weeks later came the electrifying news of his engagement to his second cousin, Cecil Charnock. It was precisely the most obvious and suitable of connections. She was the only child of the head of the family of which his father had been a cadet, and there were complications of inheritance thus happily disposed of. Mrs. Poyndsett had not seen her since her earliest childhood; but she was known to have been educated with elaborate care, and had been taken to the Continent as the completion of her education, and there Raymond had met her, and sped so rapidly with his wooing, that he had been married at Venice just four weeks previously.

Somewhat less recent was the wedding of the second son, Commander Miles Charnock. (The younger sons bore their patronymic alone.) His ship had been stationed at the Cape, and there, on a hunting expedition up the country, he had been detained by a severe illness at a settler's house; and this had resulted in his marrying the eldest daughter, Anne Fraser. She had spent some months at Simon's Bay while his ship was there, and when he found himself under orders for the eastern coast of Africa, she would fain have awaited him at Glen Fraser; but he preferred sending her home to fulfil the mission of daughterhood to his own mother.

The passage had been long and unfavourable, and the consequences to her had been so serious, that when she landed she could not travel until after a few days rest.

The marriage of the third son had been a much greater surprise. Compton Poyndsett was not a family living; but the patron, hearing of Julius Charnock as a hard-working curate in a distant sea-port, wrote to offer it to him; and the same letter to Mrs. Poyndsett which conveyed this gratifying intelligence, also informed her of his having proposed to the daughter of the commanding officer of the regiment stationed at the town where lay his present charge. Her father enjoyed the barren honours of the Earldom of Rathforlane, an unimprovable estate in a remote corner of Ireland, burthened with successive families of numerous daughters, so that he was forced to continue in the service, and the marriage had been hastened by the embarkation of the regiment for India only two days later. The Rectory had, however, been found in

such a state of dilapidation, that demolition was the only cure; and thus the Reverend Julius and Lady Rosamond Charnock were to begin their married life in the family home.

The two younger sons, Francis and Charles, stood on the other side of a gap made by the loss of two infants, and were only twenty-one and nineteen. Frank had passed through Oxford with credit, and had been promised a Government office; while Charles was intended for the army; and both had been reading with a tutor who lived at Willansborough, and was continually employed in cramming, being reported of as the best 'coach' in the country. Charlie, however, had passed a week previously, and was to repair to Sandhurst in another fortnight.

At half-past four there was a light tap at Mrs. Poyndsett's door, and Charlie announced, 'Here's the first, Mother!' as he brought in a grey-cloaked figure; and Mrs. Poyndsett took a trembling hand, and bestowed a kiss on a cheek which had languor and exhaustion in the very touch.

'She was tired to death, Mother,' said Charlie, 'so we did not wait for the train.'

'Quite right!' and as the new comer sank into the chair he offered—'My dear, you are sadly knocked up! You were hardly fit to come.'

'Thank you, I am quite well,' answered the fagged timid voice.

'Hark!' as the crash of a peal of bells came up. 'Dear child, you will like to rest before any fresh introductions. You shall go to your room and have some tea there.'

'Thank you.'

'Charlie, call Susan.—She is my boy's old nurse, now mine. Only tell me you have good accounts from my boy Miles.'

'Oh yes;' and the hand tightly clasped the closely-written letter for which the mother's eyes felt hungry. 'He sent you his love, and he will write to you next time. He was so busy, his first lieutenant was down in fever.'

'Where was he?'

'Off Zanzibar—otherwise the crew was healthy—the 12th of August,' she answered, squeezing out the sentences as if constrained by the mother's anxious gaze.

'And he was quite well when you parted with him?'

'Quite.'

'Ah! you nursed my boy, and we must nurse you for him.'

'Thank you, I am quite well.' But she bit her lip, and spoke constrainedly, as if too shy and reserved to give way to the rush of emotion; but the coldness pained Mrs. Poyndsett, whose expansiveness was easily checked; and a brief silence was followed by Charlie's return to report that he could not find Nurse, and thought she was out with the other servants, watching for the arrival; in another moment, the approaching cheers caused him to rush out; and after many more noises, shewing the excitement of the multitude and the advance of the bridal pair, during which Mrs. Poyndsett lay with deepening colour and clasped

hands, her nostrils dilating with anxiety and suppressed eagerness, there entered a tall, dark, sunburnt man, bringing on his arm a little, trim, upright, girlish figure; and bending down, he exclaimed, 'There, Mother, I've brought her—here's your daughter!'

Two little gloved hands were put into hers, and a kiss exchanged, while Raymond anxiously inquired for his mother's health; and she broke in by saying, 'And here is Anne—Miles's Anne, just arrived.'

'Ah, I did not see you in the dark,' said Raymond. 'There, Cecil, is a sister for you—you never had one.'

Cecil was readier with greeting hand and cheek than was Anne, but at the same moment the tea equipage was brought in, and Cecil, quite naturally, and as a matter of course, began to preside over the low table, while Raymond took his accustomed chair on the further side of his mother's sofa, where he could lean over the arm and study her countenance, while she fondled the hand that he had hung over the back. He was describing the welcome at the station, and all through the village—the triumphal arches and shouts.

'But how they *did* miss you, Mother,' said Charlie. 'Old Gurnet wrung my hand in tears as he said, 'Yes, Sir, 'tis very fine, but it beats the heart out of it that Madam baint here to see.'

'Good old Gurnet!' responded Raymond. 'They are famously loyal. The J. C. P. crowned all, above all the Cs and Rs, I was happy to see.'

'J was for Julius—not Julia,' said the mother.

'No; J. H. C. and R. C. had a separate device of roses all to themselves. Hark! is that a cheer beginning again? Had we not better go into the drawing-room, Mother? it will be so many for you all together.'

'Oh no, I must see you all.'

The brothers hurried out with their welcome; and in another minute, a plump soft cheek was pressed to the mother's, devouring kisses were hailed on her, and a fuller sweeter tone than had yet been heard, answered the welcome.

'Thank you. So kind! Here's Julius! I'll not be in your way.'

'Dearest Mother, how is it with you?' as her son embraced her. 'Rose has been longing to be with you.'

'And we've all come together! How delicious!' cried Rosamond, enfolding Anne in her embrace; 'I didn't know you were come!—See, Julius!'

But as Julius turned, a startled look came over Anne's face; and she turned so white, that Rosamond exclaimed, 'My dear—what—she's faint!' And while Cecil stood looking puzzled, Rosamond had her arm round the trembling form, and disappeared with her, guided and assisted by Nurse Susan.

'Isn't she?' exclaimed Julius, in a voice of triumph, that made all smile.

'Full of sweet kindness,' said Mrs. Poyntsett, 'but I have only seen and heard her yet, my dear Julius. Susan will take her to her room—my old one.'

'Oh, thank you, Mother,' said Julius, 'but I hardly like that; it seems like your giving it up.'

'On the contrary, it proves that I do not give it up, since I put in temporary lodgers like you.—Now Cecil is housed as you preferred, Raymond—in the wainscot-rooms.'

'And where have you put that poor Mrs. Miles?' asked Raymond. 'She looks quite knocked up.'

'Yes, she has been very ill on the voyage, and waited at Southampton to gather strength for the journey.—I am so grateful to your good Rose, Julius.—Why, where is the boy? Vanished in her wake, I declare!'

'His venerable head is quite turned,' said Frank. 'I had to get inside alone, and let them drive home outside together to avoid separation.'

Raymond repeated his question as to the quarters of Miles's wife.

'I had the old school-room and the bed-room adjoining newly fitted up,' answered Mrs. Poyntsett. 'Jenny Bowater was here yesterday, and gave the finishing touches. She tells me the rooms look very nice.—Cecil, my dear, you must excuse deficiencies; I shall look to you in future.'

'I hope to manage well,' said Cecil. 'Had I not better go up now? Will you shew me the way, Raymond?'

The mother and her two younger sons remained.

'Haven't I brought you home a splendid article?' was Frank's exclamation. 'Julius has got the best of it.'

'I back my Cape Gooseberry,' returned Charles. 'She has eyes and hair and skin that my Lady can't match, and is a fine figure of a woman besides.'

'Much you know of Rosamond's eyes!'

'Or you either, boxed up in the van.'

'Anyway, they have made roast meat of his Reverence's heart! The other two take it much more easily.'

'She's a mere chicken,' said Charlie. 'Who would have thought of Raymond being caught by a callow nestling?'

'And so uncommonly cool!' added Frank.

'It would take much to transform Raymond,' interposed the mother. 'Now, boys, away with you; I must have a little quiet, to repair myself for company after dinner.'

Charlie settled her cushions with womanly skill, and followed his brother. 'Well, Frank, which is the White Cat? Ah, I thought so—she's yet to come.'

'Not one is fit to hold a candle to *her*. You saw that as plain as I did, Charlie; Eleonora beats them all.'

'Ah, you're not the youngest brother, remember. It was he who brought her home at last. Come, you need not knock me down; I shall never see anyone to surpass the mother, and I'll have no one till I do.'

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in January, 1842, Raja Brooke made public the laws and regulations of his kingdom. They were printed in Malay at Singapore, and ran as follows :—

‘James Brooke, Esq., Governor (Raja) of the country of Saráwak, makes known to all men the following regulations—

‘1st. That murder, robbery, and other heinous crimes will be punished according to the *ondong-ondong*, (i. e. the written law of Borneo ;) and no person committing such offences will escape if after fair inquiry he be proved guilty.

‘2nd. In order to ensure the good of the country, all men, whether Malays, Chinese, or Dyaks, are permitted to trade or labour according to their pleasure, and to enjoy their gains.

‘3rd. All roads will be open, that the inhabitants at large may seek profit both by sea and land; and all boats coming from other parts are free to enter the river and depart without let or hindrance.

‘4th. Trade in all its branches will be free, with the exception of antimony ore, which the Governor holds in his own hands, but which no person is forced to work, and which will be paid for at a proper price when obtained. The people are encouraged to trade and labour, and to enjoy the profits which are to be made by fair and honest dealing.

‘5th. It is ordered that no person going amongst the Dyaks shall disturb them, or gain their goods under false pretences. It must be clearly explained to the different Dyak tribes that the revenue will be collected by the three Datus bearing the seal of the Governor, and, except this yearly demand from the Government, they are to give nothing to any other person; nor are they obliged to sell their goods except when they please, and at their own prices.

‘6th. The Governor will shortly inquire into the revenue, and fix it at a proper rate; so that everyone may know certainly how much he has to contribute yearly to support the Government.

‘7th. It will be necessary likewise to settle the weights, measures, and money current in the country, and to introduce doits that the poor may purchase food cheaply.

‘8th. The Governor issues these commands, and will enforce obedience to them; and whilst he gives all protection and assistance to the persons who act rightly, he will not fail to punish those who seek to disturb the public peace or commit crimes; and he warns all such persons to seek their safety, and find some other country where they may be permitted to break the laws of God and man.’

With reference to the promulgation of the above, Brooke writes :—

To a people who, if they know what justice is, have never obeyed its dictates, its impartial administration in the mildest manner is a high offence; and amongst the Pangerans each desires to claim an exemption for himself and his followers, and takes little concern about the rest. At all hazards, however, I am resolved to enforce justice, and to protect property; and whatever the results may be, to leave them in God's hands. Without this there can be no stability and no ultimate prosperity to the country; and my own character would be that of a mere adventurer, rather than what I hope it has been, is, and shall be—that of a man of honour and integrity, who is willing to suffer in a good cause.

Every change will not come immediately; and in the meantime I shall be strengthened by in-comers, especially Chinese, so that the parties may be balanced, and each look to me as the link which holds them together. The Government must be a patch-work between good and evil, abolishing only so much of the latter as is consistent with safety. But never must I appear in the light of a reformer, political or religious; for to the introduction of new customs, apparently trivial, and the institution of new forms, however beneficial, the disgust of the semi-barbarous races may be traced. People settled like myself too often try to create a Utopia, and end with a general confusion. The feeling of the native which binds him to his chief is destroyed, and no other principle is substituted in its stead; and as the human mind more easily learns ill than good, they pick up the vices of their governors without their virtues, and their own good qualities disappear, the bad of both races remaining without the good of either.

Extracts from the journal, slightly condensed, will now best carry on the story.

Feb. 1.—The Sakarran chief Matari, or 'the Sun,' arrived and paid me several visits. He assured me he wanted to enter into an agreement to the effect that neither should injure the other. To this treaty I was obliged to add that he was neither to pirate by sea or land, and not to go under any pretence into the interior of the country. He inquired, if a tribe pirated on my territory what I intended to do. My answer was, 'To enter their country and lay it waste. 'But,' he asked me again, 'You will give me, your friend, leave to steal a few heads occasionally?' 'No,' I replied; 'you cannot take a single head; you cannot enter the country; and if you or your countrymen do, I will have a hundred Sakarran heads for every one you take here! He recurred to this request several times, 'Just to steal one or two!' as a school-boy asks for apples.

Other chiefs besides 'the Sun' came every now and then to beg that they might go head-hunting *somewhere*; on which they were granted a laughing permission to go to Singapore and attack the English! 'The Sun,' with his companion 'the Moon,' had been joint commanders of the piratical expedition which by Brooke's influence was prevented from ascending Saráwak river; but notwithstanding this thwarting of his plans, the Sun was amiably disposed towards the Englishman. The latter describes him as being 'as fine a young man as the eye could wish to rest upon, straight, elegantly yet strongly made, with a chest and neck and head set on them which might serve Apollo, legs far better than his of Belvedere, and a countenance mild and intelligent. 'I became very

good friends,' he adds, 'with both Sun and Moon, and gave them a great deal of good advice about piracy, which of course was thrown away.'

The journal continues—

Santah Cottage, Feb. 4.—I am here on my first visit to my farm at this place. The cottage is situated at the junction of the Santah stream with the left-hand river. The latter is highly picturesque the whole way from Ledah Tanneh, with high banks, clear water, occasional rocks, and a varied and abundant vegetation; and at Santah are all these characters, and the landscape one of sylvan beauty. The small stream of Santah, however, is yet more beautiful in my eyes, rushing along its pebbly bed, and overarching with melancholy boughs that admit the tropical sun only in flickering rays. The scene resembles the Dargle in County Wicklow, but is far more luxuriant in foliage. Santah Cottage stands on a slight eminence on the river's edge, and the farm as yet presents only about three acres covered with brushwood and huge trees felled, but numerous fruit-trees, durien and landseh, have been spared. A second cottage, to be called Fairy Knoll, is in progress, and there is to be the diamond mine. The Santah river is famous for its diamonds. The workers seem jealous and superstitious, dislike noise, particularly laughter, as it is highly offensive to the spirit who presides over the diamonds, and these cannot be found if the abode of quiet is disturbed. It is surprising to see people calling themselves Mahomedans presenting offerings to the spirit of the mine; fowls, rice, eggs, are weekly offered, but I was pleased to hear that they were sensible enough to eat up these good things afterwards. Hajee Ibrahim, a Chinese Mahomedan, with the most solemn face requested me to give him an old letter; and he engraved some Chinese characters, which being translated signify, 'Raja Muda Hassim, James Brooke, and Hajee Ibrahim, present their compliments to the spirit, and request his permission to work at the mine.'

This Hajee is a most extraordinary character, most industrious, with a tongue like an alarum-bell, and the most blunt speech I have heard eastward of the Cape. Yet is he honest? I have some hopes he is moderately so, but it is not always the frank and open manner that denotes the virtuous and candid mind. My honest Iago may steal the diamonds if I look not after him. But if he is cunning he is a master of his art, for his language is the most unguarded, and certainly dangerous to himself. Sitting near two pirates one day, before many witnesses, he exclaimed that pirates and Illanuns were the most wicked of men, and ought all to be put to death. To the Pangerans he holds the same language, and pronounces the Malays unfit for nothing but eating and sleeping. In fact, he is an original, my diamond; and certainly, if I can trust one word he says, I shall have no reason to complain. On the whole, I am delighted with Santah; it is picturesque and beautiful, and a place where I can retire with pleasure to enjoy solitude and nature.

Feb. 9.—The lamentable account came of the death of eight more Dyaks, cut off by the Sakarrans. It frets me dreadfully; however, on the whole I see a vast improvement, and a degree of confidence in me arising amongst the Dyaks greater than I expected. . . . I have now on hand a serious matter of robbery to a large extent, and three of the Raja's followers are implicated. Would it were over and well! but done it must be. . . . As long as my laws are applied to the people of the country (the Dyaks) there is no trouble; but directly *equal* justice is administered it causes heart-burn and evasion; the Rajas and Pangerans are surrounded by a gang of followers who heretofore have robbed, plundered, and even murdered, without inquiry being made. It was enough that a follower of the Raja was concerned, to hush up all wrongs; and any of the oppressed who were bold enough to lodge a complaint were sure to rue it. All the rascals and ruffians who follow the great men find this species of protection the best and the only reward; and as the slaves are looked upon as personal property, any punishment inflicted upon them is considered as likewise inflicted upon their masters.

March 13.—The Chinese kungsi (company) of the San Ti Qu formerly made an agreement with Muda Hassim that they were to work gold or ore in the right-hand river. I could see that they were very jealous of any other kungsi being brought here, and if sufficiently strong would resist its location in the province. I was resolved, however, on the step; one company requires to be counterpoised by another, both for the purpose of government and trade. One would soon take the bit in its mouth and run away with an infant government on its back, for there is no combined interest to oppose them if once established. At present they are few in number, poor, and dependent on me for food and every necessary. The agreement allowed them the right-hand river, and the permission to work the ore, but forbade the exportation of it without leave, and made no mention of any exclusive right in the kungsi to close the country against other Chinese. It was written in Malay translated into Chinese, and signed by the kungsi and the Raja. This was all done before my coming; but the agreement had not long been in my hands when, some suspicion arising, I got the Chinese translation read by a disinterested party, and found that instead of being a translation, it declared the gift of the entire country, 'whether far or near,' to the San Ti Qu kungsi, and that no other kungsi could settle in the country! Secondly, that none but the San Ti Qu kungsi could work the antimony ore! The Raja, when the plot was explained to him, was horrified and indignant; and without the presence of mind and judgement of white men, it was a most likely circumstance to have produced a massacre of the Chinese, in which case the world would have been edified by the report of Malay blood-thirstiness, but would have continued ignorant of the deceit and treachery on the part of the Chinese, which occasioned it. This *en passant* We had a great conference; all the Chinese head men, with a crowd of inferiors, four or five brothers of the Raja with their followers, a few Siniawans, and lastly myself and my attendants. On opening the conference, (which was held in Malay and translated into Chinese,) I explained how despicably low their name would become from such a deceit, hoped that it had not been intentional, called upon them as honest men to disavow it, and concluded by propounding to them a fresh agreement. They, in reply, accepted the terms I proposed, expressed their willingness to receive any number of men in addition to their body of the San Ti Qu kungsi and called upon me to declare whether it was my intention to place any and what kungsi here. I declared that the Sinbok kungsi was to be located immediately on the left-hand river. To this they would on no terms agree, urging their prior claims, the assistance given by them in the war, and that others should come and eat the grain they had planted would be most unjust. I on the contrary argued that a specified portion of land had been consigned to them, and that they could not pretend to extend their claims to any other part; that their profits would not be less because others worked other ground; and that so far from eating grain of their planting, the Sinbok would eat only what was planted by themselves. Lastly, that whatever claims they had from their former services were invalidated by the deceit they had practised; and if they did not freely allow the right of the Raja to place the Sinbok, and guarantee that they would behave peaceably towards them, they must leave the country and return to Sambas.

This was the pith of the argument the first night, when they broke up, about two o'clock, declaring it could never be, whilst I declared it must be, and that immediately. The next evening but one they came reinforced by all the head men, whom they had called from their settlements, and our party had many listeners. They opened the conference by declaring their willingness to accept the new agreement, their obedience to the Raja and to myself, their entire good faith and pure intentions; that they would consent to the Sinbok dwelling here, but requested, in consideration of their prior claims, that they might be called Sam Sinbok. *Sam Sinbok* implies that they are dependents or slaves. I was prepared for this request, as it had been partially spoken of the night before, and therefore met the demand with a negative. Argument was heaped upon argument; one offered was that they were called San Ti Qu, which had three syllables, and it was better to call the others Sam Sinbok, which had likewise

three! To this I replied that any term which implied equality I would receive, and therefore if they would style themselves *Sam San 'Ti Qu* the others should be styled *Sam Sinbok*. Their burst of indignation shewed me how little they relished applying to themselves the degrading term they wished to affix on the others. I added, they ought to have a longer name by one syllable, and that they might choose to give both their present names or add *Sam* to both. We broke up late, they still resisting all my proposals, and trying to delay by requesting leave to proceed up to their settlement. I replied shortly that they could not leave the place except to depart for Sambas, and that their final answer must be given the next morning, and failing to reply would be esteemed tantamount to resistance and disobedience. Seeing how the conference was going, I had despatched messengers to prepare the schooner, arm her boats and likewise the war-prahus, and by the time we broke up everything was ready. In the morning they requested a reprieve till the evening; and on our meeting then, they conceded everything of importance, glossing their concessions by complaining of a few insignificant points, two of which I readily waived. So ended the famous conference, and I only wish a Wilkie had been here to represent it. Had they been strong enough, I doubt not they would have resisted; and even now I look forward to future trouble in that quarter; but by just government and fair trade they may be brought to good temper; and at any rate, the chances are we shall strengthen in a greater proportion than they will be able to do.

The wisdom of measures such as these, and the necessity of even more stringent ones, became evident in the Chinese insurrection of 1857, hereafter to be related. Since that time the national tendency to secret combination has been guarded against and regulated by the Sarawak government. Sambas, to which reference has been made, was held by the Dutch under a commercial treaty with its Sultan, whereby they monopolized the salt and the Sultan the opium. All British manufactures were as usual rigidly excluded. Here the Chinese had risen to power and almost to independence, lording it over Dutch and Sultan, and occasionally carrying on little wars on their own account. Nominally the Sultan was under Dutch protection, and the paramount power might perhaps have kept both him and the Chinese in better order.

While this tussle with the Chinese was going on, Brooke had staying with him on a three weeks visit the chief of the Lundu Dyaks, an old friend, who, having many troubles, came to talk them over with the heaven-sent Englishman, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds to put all crooked matters straight.

I was able (writes the Raja) to do him substantial justice; and hope for the future that his life and that of the remnant of his tribe may be rendered more endurable. His residence with me was doubly advantageous, as it enabled me to ascertain his character, and him to see something of our habits and manners. The impression on my part was highly favourable; for I found him a quiet and intelligent man, and a keen observer; and I believe the impression he received was equally favourable. The poetry of the Dyak expressions is remarkable; and like most wild people, they seem to delight in oratory, and to be a good deal swayed by it. For hours I have talked with this Pangeran, listened to his history, heard his complaints, sympathized in the misfortunes of his tribe, and shuddered at the wrongs and sufferings they have endured. 'We are few,' he exclaimed, 'and therefore our oppressions are aggravated; the same demands are made upon us as though we were many, and we have not

the means of resisting or complying. We fly to the jungle; we are like deer—we have no home, no perch. . . . The Tumangong was severe to us; and when Makota came, he said the Tumangong was a bad man, and he would shield us; but he was much worse than the Tumangong. Now you say you will cherish us; we believe you: but you are at a distance, and perhaps may not be able. Pangeran Makota kept me nine months in his house, and wanted to make me a slave, but I escaped, and travelled through the woods and swam the rivers till I came to my own country. He thought the Dyak had no eyes except in the jungle; he thought he had no ears except to listen to the bird of omen; he thought he had no wit except to grow rice: but the Dyak saw and heard, and understood that whilst his words were sweet his heart was crooked, and that whether they were Men of the Sea or Dyaks he deceived them with fair sayings; he said one thing to one man, and another to a second; he deceived with a honied mouth. I saw and understood all whilst I lived in his house. How could I trust him afterwards?' These expressions were concluded by significantly twisting his two fore-fingers round each other to shew the intrigues that were carried on. I grew very fond of this poor naked savage; for if honesty and a kind heart entitle a man to our esteem, he is worthy of it.

There was no regular communication with Singapore, or indeed with any part of the civilized world at this time; but the Royalist, under command of Colin Hart, her former mate, was made to do occasional duty as mail boat; whilst at other times she would be despatched to Bruné or Sambas, by way of reminder to their inhabitants that Saráwak had become a power in the land.

In this way Brooke was able to send letters home. The two following were written in the spring of this year. (1842.) The first is to his mother.

I regard the future without uneasiness, and feel firm enough to meet whatever it may bring, from the settled consciousness that I have done right and achieved good; and if there be a pure pleasure, it is this. If it please God to permit me to give a stamp to this country which shall last after I am no more, I shall have lived a life which emperors might envy. If, by dedicating myself to the task, I am able to introduce better customs and settled laws, and to raise the feeling of the people, so that their rights can never in future be wantonly infringed, I shall indeed be content and happy. . . . I want you now to send me out *my* picture of yourself, not rolled up, but framed and put in a case. The picture would be a great comfort to me, and I should look at it and kiss it very often. I have already fixed on a place for it in my sanctum, where all my treasures are deposited. I sit surrounded by these household gods. Let me tell you that everything is useful here—old carpets, hangings, bell-ropes, all and everything—the carpets the Dyaks like much as *war-jackets*. I wish you would become the lady-patroness of a fancy fair, and send all the articles to me; the young ladies can make housewives and female articles of adornment, purses, pieces of velvet of any size embroidered, &c., all of which my friends would be delighted to receive, and which would attach them greatly; small beads worked on cloth would throw the Dyaks into ecstasy. You see, I would fain give all the lazy girls plenty of work, and they might amuse themselves with bothering every acquaintance for contributions for the society for ameliorating the condition of the Dyaks of Borneo! Perhaps, if they are very good, I will ask the Dyaks to give me a head or two from their treasures to return as a compliment! . . . I am glad the Tories have come in, because *you* will be pleased, and A——'s occupation is gone of abusing the Whigs. At a distance I view these party struggles with all the indifference of philosophy, and I only desire the good of the nation and a firm Government. Whig as I am, it is a matter of congratulation that the Tories have a sufficient majority, for a very

equal division of party is the very demon of discord and faction. The great fight will now be the corn laws—it is a question of which few can form an opinion without greater means (of judging) than are generally open; but there is that in the signs of the times which assures me it will be carried. The nation is in a state of transition, and I trust the Government will be wise enough to help us through, rather than attempt to impede what cannot be prevented. If they do so, they will have my good wishes and those of most moderate men; but if they resort to a patchwork, give a little from expediency and withhold much from interest and prejudice, they will wreck themselves and perhaps the nation. So much for politics! I had by Royalist a few lines from Mr. Bonham, Governor of Singapore, diplomatic but kind, and I think we shall see him here. I hope my exertions will induce the humane, the religious, and the enlightened, to assist me in some way; however, I am not sanguine.

The letter to Mr. Templer begins with hearty words of congratulation on his friend's marriage, and continues—

I have not very much to tell you about myself, for my life is one of solitude as far as communion with my fellows goes. . . . It seems to me as if I walked in the 'Valley of the shadow of death;' . . . yet I am happy and peaceful, more so indeed than when I had nothing to do, and am resolved, whilst God gives me strength, never to abandon the task I have undertaken until my efforts are of no further use. My position and prospects rouse some anxious and many serious thoughts, and it is the latter only which keep the former in subjection. You give me credit for devotion; alas! had I known all that was required, perhaps I had shrunk from the task; but instead of repining, I rejoice that I have taken it on myself; I suffer, but I am more than repaid by witnessing the alleviation of abject misery amongst my poor Dyaks—and even in death my chief regret now would be that they would lose the only friend who can assist them. The mention and the thought of self is mean, with such noble objects in view; but nature is so strong within us, that we cannot help mixing ourselves up with any task in hand, and our motives when purest are sure to be mixed with base alloy. While C—— writes to me about kingdoms and fortune, and an immortal name, I am surrounded by difficulties, and all and more than all my energy and fortune are requisite to support me. . . . I am deeply impressed with the conviction that the first projector of an enterprise is generally its victim, and that those who follow reap the benefit; but this conviction is far from discouraging me from proceeding. . . . This is all in the *Penserosa* style, but I have little absolute news to communicate, and what news there is would not interest, being merely the struggle of the good principle against the bad. The Dyaks are my source of comfort, and have been most easily settled, as they shewed the utmost willingness to obey any government that offered protection. The Saráwak people are my people, and true. The Borneons are a set of rascals and ruffians. The Chinese greedy, and ambitious. . . . I know not what effect my appeal will have at home. I fear not much, but it is in God's hands, and I know my friends, though few, will interest themselves.

Towards the end of April the Chinese Kungsi Sinbok were introduced to their new quarters. A very picturesque spot Brooke found it, and a sense of the strangeness of the scene, the mingling of races, and of his own part in the drama, came over him. Meanwhile, the diamond works at Suntah were running away with money instead of bringing it in, and the Hajee's honesty was dubious. Returning to Kuching, he found that the sleeping partner, Muda Hassim, having heard of pirates near, had sent out an ill-arranged expedition against them, in which two of Brooke's Europeans had joined, and the whole had started in foolish haste. Further, that a

Chinese boat had been attacked at the mouth of the river by a celebrated Sadong pirate chief. Some of the Chinese were very badly hurt; and there being no surgeon, Brooke himself dressed their wounds. 'It gave me great pain,' he simply writes, 'dressing the hurts of these poor Chinese, one of whom I think must die; . . . they seem very grateful for any attention shewn them.'

An attacking squadron of war-prahus was at once prepared; and before they started, to Brooke's great relief, the party despatched by Muda Hassim returned, when the two Englishmen reported that they had come suddenly on thirteen pirate boats, at which terrible sight the men with them in the largest Saráwak boat had become desperately frightened. 'All rose, none would pull; all shouted, none would serve the guns; all commanded, none obeyed; most were screaming out to run; all bellowed in hopes of frightening the enemy, none would direct the helm.'

The Pangeran in command of another boat, feeling entirely overwhelmed by the responsibility of his position, transferred himself bodily into the boat containing the Tumangong, whom he earnestly exhorted to fly; but the Tumangong had more pluck, and backed up by some Javanese who behaved well, and by the Europeans who threatened the cowards with dire vengeance if they refused to attack, he succeeded in preventing a retreat, and the two boats opened fire, when luckily the enemy retreated, pulling off very steadily and silently.

As soon as possible Brooke started with one hundred and twenty men in four boats, and made first for Talang-Talang, the turtle-egg island, which was a general *rendezvous* for pirates. The people themselves were peaceful, but each year their houses were pulled down, and their coconuts and plantains destroyed by inroads of young sea warriors anxious to try the temper of their swords. Here tidings were received of the whereabouts of the pirate leader, and following on his track, Brooke succeeded in capturing him and several of his followers, one life only being lost, that of another almost equally noted pirate. The prisoners were carried to Kuching, where Muda Hassim would gladly have put them all to death; but Brooke gave them fair trial, and would only consent to the execution of the principal chief and of his brother-in-law, who was proved equally guilty, and whose relations acknowledged that the punishment was just. One man yielded his life without a word; the other repeated continually, 'What, am I to be put to death for only killing a few Chinamen!'

Meanwhile, a letter from Raja Brooke to the Governor of Singapore, urging that steps should be taken to bring the Sultan of Bruné to his senses, had been forwarded by Mr. Bonham to Calcutta. It was therefore probable that some notice would be taken of it, and not unlikely that Brooke might be offered the post of envoy. This he was willing to undertake, if the Government approved of the line of action he had proposed. Till the matter could be decided, there was plenty to keep

him occupied. On the whole, Saráwak was comparatively flourishing. Robberies, formerly of nightly occurrence, were now rare, though petty thefts still abounded. The Dyaks were settling down in peace, and forced labour was almost abolished. 'The Pangeran Makota is intriguing,' we read; 'but as he is sure to do that, it need not be insisted on.' Two tribes, however, still continued disturbed, and six weeks were devoted to settling their affairs.

The tribe of Sintah, under the tender mercies of Seriff Sahib of Sadong, had dwindled from four hundred families to about fifty. These, with the wandering habits of the race, had migrated into Saráwak territory, but being still near their old master, and too weak to resist, they were giving up all their harvest as revenue to him, leaving nothing but starvation in prospect for themselves. Shortly after Brooke became Raja, Seriff Sahib had made a raid on another helpless tribe, and carried off twenty women and children. Not strong enough then to act, Brooke had yet sent him an indignant letter, demanding the captives, and warning him against entering Saráwak again; and Muda Hassim had also written officially to inform him that the Dyaks now belonged to the English Raja. Seriff Sahib had, however, kept his prey, albeit he was somewhat frightened, believing that the latter was backed up by the whole power of England. The present was therefore the second outrage, and Brooke went himself to investigate affairs. He found the poor people in a pitiable state of fear, with their rice and paddie all collected ready to be given as black-mail to their enemies; whereupon he took possession of everything in trust for the rightful owners, who received it back from him as they needed it, in quantities that were not worth the spoilers coming after. This was of course only a temporary measure; and Brooke urged them to move nearer to him for more efficient protection than he could as yet promise them at that distance. Seriff Sahib was very savage, but judged it best for the time to keep quiet.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

VI.—THE DAWN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

In the early part of the fourteenth century—the exact date is not known—was born Andrea, third son of Cione, a skilled goldsmith of Florence, whose four sons all seem to have inherited the genius which made his own name famous in his native city. In a Florentine document of 1357, mention is made of Andrea di Cione Archagnuolo, by the last of which names, signifying 'the Archangel,' and gradually corrupted into Orcagna, the great painter is chiefly known. He was the last

lineal descendant of that school of religious Art which was founded by Niccolo the Pisan, and consummated in Giotto, and from which he inherited that spiritual vitality and imaginative power which inspired all that he touched. Not unlike Giotto in the calibre of his mind, and in the extent and universality of his powers, he added to his work a tenderness, and a feeling for religious mysticism, which Giotto's strong practical mind sometimes missed. His first master was Andrea Pisano, the favoured pupil of Giotto, who was associated with him in his last great work of the Campanile, and was thoroughly imbued with his teaching. We know but little of Orcagna's life; and so uncertain is everything relating to him, that it has been made matter of disputation whether he painted those celebrated pictures in the Campo Santo at Pisa with which his name is chiefly associated, and even of doubt whether he ever was at Pisa at all. Thus much we gather, however; that he and his elder brother Bernardo linked their fortunes together, and painted together, the elder working contentedly under the younger, and never being separated from him, so far as we can tell, in life. Orcagna's knowledge of the human form was necessarily greater than that of Giotto, living, as he did, a generation in advance of the latter, in whose steps he nevertheless followed, and in whose teaching he trained himself, though advancing far beyond him in technical power, and grandeur of treatment.

In 1353, the Florentines determined to enlarge their Piazza, and to build a covered place in which the citizens could assemble for purposes of public business, and be protected from the weather; and Orcagna, having sent in his plans with the others, was chosen as architect. This building is a landmark in Art-history; for most writers on architecture agree that with the building of the Loggia of Florence ends the era of Gothic Art, and the history of the Renaissance begins. Vasari says that a 'method new to those times' was introduced into its architecture in the intersecting arches of the vault, which formed semi-circular instead of the usual pointed Gothic arches, thus inaugurating the taste for the ancient Roman style.

It is not, however, in architecture, but in painting, that Orcagna has made his name immortal, and that he left an enduring impress on his age. After doing much work for his native city, he was invited to continue the mosaics, and to execute the internal decorations, of the Cathedral of Orvieto. The Florentines unwillingly resigned him for a time; and in 1358 he signed a contract, in the presence of the authorities of the Cathedral, to undertake the office of Capo Maestro in Orvieto for one year. Having fulfilled this agreement, he was entertained at Orvieto with a banquet held in his honour, and returned to Florence. Shortly afterwards he went to Orvieto again, but was recalled by the Signoria; in consequence of which a dispute arose between the two cities, after the settlement of which, Orcagna himself became dissatisfied with the conduct of the Orvietans, and on the

completion of the mosaic for the front of the Cathedral, the contract was dissolved. The Orvietans do not seem to have acted towards the great artist whom they had secured, with that liberality which was usual in the age which held Art and artists in such great honour. The mosaic was valued by six judges, and a year elapsed before they could agree on the sum which Orcagna was to receive for it, which, however, finally amounted to sixty gold florins. After this we lose sight of Orcagna; and no record is known of his life or works. His name is on the Florentine record of the Guild of St. Luke in 1369; and we know that he was dead in 1376.

We may notice in passing, that this Guild of St. Luke was founded in 1350. It was the painters' guild—gathered under the patronage of the Apostle to whom tradition attributes the first portrait of the Blessed Virgin. And it is worthy of remark, as shewing the solemn and religious character of the guilds of the middle ages generally, and the sacredness of this Art fraternity in particular, that the express object of its existence was to promote mutual brotherly help, and of its meetings to celebrate the glory of God—not for purposes of scientific debate.

Orcagna was a passionate admirer of Dante, and the sublime conceptions of the great religious poem of Italy undoubtedly inspired him in his treatment of the Last Judgement, though he worked out the subject with all the originality of his own powerful mind. M. Rio * has called attention to the fact, that scarcely half a century had elapsed since the appearance of the Divine Comedy, when we find it the inspiration of the age, becoming the national poem, and taking possession of the minds of the people as their own special religious legend, embodying, as it did, some of their most revered saints, with many of their own historical scenes and characters; and also—and in a far greater degree—its sublime mysticism became a prevailing influence over the minds of the great artists of the age.

Orcagna painted the 'three magnificent pictures' mentioned by Ghiberti, of Judgement, Hell, and Heaven, which are still to be seen in the Strozzi Chapel of Sta. Croce at Florence, in which it is said that he placed his friends among the blest, and his enemies with the lost—among whom Vasari names the officer, judge, and notary by whom he had been arraigned for debt.

But the two great paintings by which Orcagna's name has become chiefly famous in Art (though, as we have said, much doubt is thrown on Vasari's assertion that he did paint them) are The Triumph of Death and The Last Judgement, in the Campo Santo of Pisa. The former of these is one of the highest examples of that noble grotesque on which we dwelt in a former chapter. It is precisely that kind of high ideal and symbolic art which the greatest men have ever delighted to paint, and the noblest minds to contemplate.

On the right of the picture is a company of rich gay worldlings sitting under an orange-grove, troubadours playing, and Cupids flying

* The Poetry of Christian Art, p. 529.

around them. The lady with her lap-dog, and the young man with his hawk, serve alike to shew the unconsciousness of coming calamity in the actors in this scene of careless life, and to mark still clearer the contrast with the awful approaching figure. For, hovering close above them—bat-winged, claw-footed, with long streaming hair—is the phantom of Death, her scythe swung back to strike. Near this group, on the line which Death is passing, are a group of the poor and sick and wretched of the earth, imploring her to stay her progress and end their pain. Between the two groups are a heap of dead and dying, mown down by Death in her flight—kings and cardinals, young men and maidens—for whose souls angels and devils hover round; here and there an angel rescuing a soul from the clutch of a demon who claims it. In another part of the picture are hermits of the desert, one of whom shews three corpses lying on the road to an approaching gay cavalcade, who, startled, turn aside, not in awe but in disgust, as Orcagna evidently wishes to enforce his lesson to the careless by emphasizing. The whole picture is filled with poetical inscriptions, which increase its expressional intensity; in the middle a scroll is held by two angels, containing the warning, that since neither wisdom, nor riches, nor courage, nor argument, can avail to turn aside the stroke of death, man should watch unceasingly, lest death come suddenly, and find him in mortal sin.

The other great picture of the Campo Santo is the Last Judgement: the Resurrection of the Dead, the triumph of Life over Death, coming fitly by the side of the triumph of Death.

It would be interesting to follow the leading characteristics of the different representations of that awful event in the different periods of Christian Art; for it is a subject dwelt on with increasing solemnity, and worked out in all its terrors with deepening intensity throughout the middle ages.* The Christian Church had passed out of that period of simple love and purity of life, which instinctively dwelt on the dearer mysteries of the Faith; no longer symbolizing the Lord as the Good Shepherd tending His sheep among green pastures, or as the Lamb feeding His ransomed flocks beside the still waters of Paradise. The nobler sons of the Church had been driven to seek a refuge from the turmoil of religious strife, and the temptations of a degenerate Christianity, in the cloisters of a stern asceticism; and the glowing love of St. Francis must be perfected through a terrible and mysterious self-discipline. It is as the avenging Judge—the ‘*Rex tremendæ majestatis*,’—that the Christian Church now represents her Lord: it is as the ‘*Dies Iræ*,’ and of a world wrapped in flames, that she looks for the dawn of the everlasting Day. Dante, the representative mind of his age, has drawn with stern realization and unflinching detail the torments of the lost; and Orcagna has learned at his feet, and become imbued with his terrible solemnity.

In the fresco of the Campo Santo, our Lord and the Blessed

* Christian Art and Symbolism, (Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt,) Lect. III. p. 86.

Virgin are seated side by side; six angels, bearing the instruments of the Passion, are around; the Apostles seated round the Throne. Below, an archangel holds the open scroll from which the world is judged; and, crouched at his feet, muffling his face in his mantle, is another angel—the supreme guardian angel of mankind—mourning the loss of the souls committed to his charge. To the right and left the trumpets are sounding. Lower still, the dead are just risen from the open graves, St. Michael presiding over the separation of the bad from the good. Here a monk rises among the blest, but is sternly motioned away; there a young man, uncertain which way to turn, is led away by an angel; between these two, King Solomon is rising in bewilderment, and we are left to conjecture his fate. The redeemed pass on in bands towards the throne: Adam and Eve and the Patriarchs first; then the founders of the monastic orders; then kings and queens, cardinals, prelates, and religious, all intently gazing on the Lord. On the other side is the gulf of fire; the agony of the lost depicted on their faces. Perhaps this picture brings to our minds a more terrible realization of the awfulness of the Day of Judgement than any other representation within the range of Art. The depth of expression in the faces is undisturbed by violence or extravagance of gesture or action, such as we see in Michael Angelo's great picture of this subject; all restlessness stilled in the awe of that unimaginable moment. The probation of life is over. The day so long looked for, feared, shrunk from, is come at last; that terrible day of clouds and thick darkness, of which the words of prophecy seem to fail in their effort to set forth its awfulness, and which all types have foreshadowed but faintly. The angel has proclaimed that 'It is done:' the great white Throne has been set, and the books read, and the condemned are lost in depth of sorrow and confusion as they turn away silently from the face of Christ. The redeemed are absorbed in the peace so new, so inconceivable, of being safe for evermore; rejoicing in the Beatific Vision; St. Michael smiling his welcome home to each new denizen of the Heavenly City.

With this sublime picture we take leave of Orcagna. It does not come within our province to enter into the question whether Orcagna did or did not paint it. The paintings in the Campo Santo, and those of the Strozzi Chapel, were the great works of the age; and it seems scarcely credible that two such mighty painters could have lived in Italy at that time, one passing away nameless and unknown.*

Little as we know of Orcagna's life, he seems to have left a memory behind him of having been 'pleasant, courteous, and amiable, in thought, word, and deed,' † and to have been, like Giotto, greatly beloved among his own people. As a great moral and spiritual teacher, none, it seems

* Since these sheets went to the press, the writer, in a conversation with Mr. Ruskin on the subject, received his emphatic opinion that these two great paintings could have been painted by none other than Orcagna.

† Lord Lindsay, Vol. III.

to us, ever equalled him among the painters of Italy—none ever united such stern uncompromising sense of the most awful truths with such tenderness and exquisite perception of beauty. Mr. Ruskin, dwelling on the necessity of a noble choice of subject in Art,* instances the work of Orcagna as of a painter who always impressed with an 'intense solemnity and energy' the sublimest groups of his figures, fading away as he touched inferior subjects; thus indicating that 'his home was among the Archangels, and his rank among the first of the sons of men.'

In the middle of this century the Sienese school revived, and produced some good painters, of whom Simone Memmi was the chief representative, and whose reputation has survived the longest. There are but few of his works remaining, the chief of which is a large altar-piece at Siena, the compartments of which are distributed in different places. It is said that he illuminated, and that a Virgil in the Ambrosian Library at Milan has a miniature by him; also, that the last twelve pictures in a Bible belonging to the Royal Library at Paris were by his hand, executed at the time of his residence at Avignon, whither he was invited by the Pope in 1336.

The Sienese school preserved the traditional reverence of treatment of religious subjects, long after Florentine art had sacrificed its mission of teaching great truths and expressing noble ideas, to unhealthy ambition, and to complacent vanity. Inferior as was the genius of the Sienese school, it was the reward of the earnest religious tone which pervaded it, that it remained a witness to the Christian Faith at a period when Florence was renouncing it, and rejecting the testimony of her noble son Savonarola, and that it was preserved even in its decline from the low moral level to which Florentine art had fallen. It is worthy of remark, before we close all notice of this school of quiet, unambitious, yet really beautiful religious painting, how different is the language of the Sienese on matters relating to sacred art, to that of their Florentine neighbours. We have quoted† several of the documents in which the government of Florence issued their mandates for the execution of works of art in their city; and it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that desire for their own political greatness and the grandeur of their city dictated such haughty words, rather than the wish to promote the glory of God in works to be dedicated to Him. But the statutes of the Guild of Siena, founded in 1355, begin with these remarkable words:—'Since, by the grace of God, we are teachers to ignorant men, who know not how to read, of the miracles performed by virtue and in virtue of the holy Faith, and the foundations of our faith are principally laid in the adoration and belief of one God in Trinity, and in God and infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love and mercy; and since no undertaking, however small, can have a beginning or an end without these three things—that is, without the power to do,

* Modern Painters, Part IV. chap. iii. p. 29.

† Lord Lindsay, Vol. III., Letter v., p. 119.

without knowledge, and without the true love of the work; and since in God every perfection is eminently united: now to the end that in this our calling, however unworthy it may be, we may have a good beginning and a good ending in all our works and deeds, we will earnestly ask the aid of the Divine grace, and commence by a dedication to the honour of the Name, and in the Name of the most Holy Trinity.' And the same statutes insist on the punctual observance of fasts and festivals by all the members of the fraternity, and on an honest and religious life, and relations of mutual loving brotherhood. So, too, the reverence of the Sienese for religious Art caused them to invest the persons and office of their artists with a degree of sacredness, and to care for their characters and their fortunes to an extent of which we find no traces in the records of Florence. Thus,* even as late as 1438, in electing an architect to their Cathedral, they decreed that no usurer, nor gamester, nor contractor for illicit gain, nor immoral person, should be eligible for the office. And in the same document, that 'the master on whom the choice shall fall, shall, like his predecessors, be knighted by the State, to enhance his personal credit and the dignity of the office, and be pensioned for life; the annuity, in case of his death, to be continued to his widow, so long as she shall remain single, or till she enter any religious order.'

Brunelleschi, the immortal architect of the dome of Florence Cathedral, was born in 1377. He is the great representative and embodiment of that reaction in favour of classical taste, which was so shortly to revolutionize Art, and reign triumphant in its paganism under the name of the Renaissance. He was, like so many artists of that century, a goldsmith, but soon forsook that branch of art in his absorbing passion for architecture, geometry, and perspective. His powerful speculative mind, not content to rest in the abstruseness of mathematical science, also studied Dante deeply, and devoted much time to philosophical studies, joining, Vasari tells us, in the public disputations of the learned men of Florence.

In 1401, it was determined to reconstruct the doors of the Baptistery of S. Giovanni; and after a year for preparation, the work was to be open to competition to all artists. The designs of Brunelleschi, Donati, and Lorenzo Ghiberti were considered the best; and Vasari tells us that the two former used their influence with the judges to persuade them to give the work to Ghiberti. Brunelleschi, being then only at the outset of his career, deserves the high meed of praise which Vasari gives him for this act of generosity; by which, as he says, he and Donati 'were more highly honoured than by conducting the work themselves to the greatest perfection.' After this, Brunelleschi and Donati determined to go to Rome for the purpose of studying the classical models there. It seems to have been the dream of Brunelleschi's life from his youth, to discover a method of constructing a dome to complete Arnolfo's work,

* Lord Lindsay, Vol. III., Letter v., p. 119.

which had never been attempted since his death; and he pondered long and silently on the great problem, gazing on the vault of the Pantheon at Rome. The two friends were called the treasure-seekers, and were the objects of much wonder and amusement; wandering about negligently clothed, digging for capitals and remains of ancient sculpture; Brunelleschi supporting himself the while by setting precious stones for the Roman jewellers. In 1407, he was obliged to return to Florence for his health, and, by what seems a singular coincidence, the architects and engineers of the city were in the same year summoned to consult on the possible means of constructing the cupola. Having spent some months in preparing models, he returned to Rome, whence he was recalled before long, to explain his plans to the Signoria. Brunelleschi advised them to assemble all the architects of Italy to compete for the work, giving them a year in which to prepare their designs; and he finished his speech in words impressed equally with reverence for the object of the work and with calm consciousness of his own great genius. 'Remembering,' he said, 'that this is a temple consecrated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust that for a work executed to their honour, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and will bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall be the author of such a project;' adding, that if the work were adjudged to him, his 'courage and power would, beyond all doubt, suffice to discover means whereby the work might be effected.'

In 1420, a great concourse of artists were assembled in Florence with their designs, Brunelleschi alone refusing to shew his model, though fully explaining its principles before the assembled judges, which they seem neither to have understood nor appreciated, since Vasari says that they called him a fool; and upon one occasion, after a vehement speech made by him, caused him to be removed from the meeting. The other artists demanded that Brunelleschi should display his plan, which he persisted in refusing to do, suggesting that the dispute should be settled by every one trying to balance an egg on a smooth plane of marble, he who could do so to be chosen to build the cupola. One can hardly understand the ludicrous simplicity of mind which permitted a number of artists gravely assembled to debate on a scientific work, to agree to try their ingenuity on this impossible problem; yet Vasari says that they did so. When Brunelleschi's turn came, he gave the egg a blow on the plane, and so, of course, made it stand. The rest protested against the joke; but Brunelleschi only laughed, and said that when they had seen his model, in like manner would they know how to build the dome. At last, after much weary discussion, the commission was given to Brunelleschi, of whose great architectural genius the Florentine people seem to have been alike unconscious and unworthy; for having grudgingly placed this great work in the hands of the only living man who could have done it, they harassed and hindered him in every way, associating Ghiberti with him in the management of it, apparently for the express purpose of

annoying him. Ghiberti himself seems ill to have repaid Brunelleschi's generosity to him in the matter of the bronze gates; and while shewing himself incapable of superintending the carrying out of any part of the design, and ignorant of the scientific knowledge requisite to the execution of it, he persisted in trying to rival him, and to preserve a party in his favour in the Signoria. At last, after many efforts to get rid of him, Brunelleschi, in despair, feigned illness and took to his bed, during which time the work, of course, came to a stand-still, Ghiberti pretending that he did not like to continue the work without his coadjutor. The wardens of the Cathedral therefore visited Brunelleschi, and pressed him to make an effort to return to the works, telling him Ghiberti's words. 'But I could go on with it well enough without him,' was Brunelleschi's significant answer. After this, Brunelleschi was appointed sole architect; and knowing that the work could not now be completed in his life-time, he caused all the marbles and stones requisite to finish it to be brought to the place, and left minute directions in his will concerning the completion of the dome. So, at the age of sixty-nine, in 1446, while still engaged in his mighty work, he died, 'mourned,' says Vasari, 'by the numerous poor artists whom he had helped, and was buried with such honour, as had the Florentines paid him in life, he might have lived to see the completion of his life's idea.'

Lorenzo Ghiberti was born in 1381. He too was the son of a Florentine goldsmith, and educated in that branch of art, but early in life shewed his talent for sculpture, spending his spare time in casting small figures, and in imitating old coins. To him we owe the first history of Italian Art, which, as M. Rio remarks, would be more valuable than it is, if he had not devoted himself to the study of classical authors to such an extent, as to crowd his history with their extracts, to its great detriment. After the great plague of Florence, (1400,) the Signoria and the guild of merchants resolved, as before mentioned, to restore the doors of S. Giovanni; and notice was sent to Ghiberti, who had left Florence on account of the plague. Each artist received a sum of money, and was told to bring his design in a year; and Ghiberti, as we have related, received the commission. These celebrated bronze doors form as marked an era in the history of Art as did Giotto's tower in the preceding century. Raffaele deemed them worthy to be his models for grouping and drapery; and Michael Angelo, on being asked what he thought of them, answered, that 'they were fit to be the gates of Paradise.'

The arrangement of subject is similar to that of the doors designed for that church by Giotto, and executed by Andrea Pisano. Twenty square compartments contain as many subjects from the New Testament. Below, are the Evangelists and Doctors of the Church; a framework of foliage surrounds the bas-relief, on each angle a head in relief, supposed to be the Prophets and Sybils. The first line of subjects begins with the Annunciation, in which we may mark the first departure from the

traditional treatment of that subject in giving a gesture and expression of alarm to the Blessed Virgin as she receives the angel's message. Then the Nativity; the Adoration of the Magi, which is wonderfully rendered with its groups of men and horses; and the Finding in the Temple. Above these are the Baptism and Temptation of Christ, the Devil standing in fear as though conscious of the Divine Presence, which also is a departure from the tradition of the Church, that Satan knew not at that time the Divinity of our Lord. The Casting out of the Money-changers, and St. Peter walking on the water, complete this row of subjects. Above these are the Transfiguration, Resurrection of Lazarus, Entry into Jerusalem, Last Supper, Agony in the Garden, Betrayal, Flagellation, in which the contortion of form is for the first time painfully insisted on; the carrying of Christ before Pilate, Bearing the Cross Meeting the Marys, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Descent of the Holy Ghost. In the Crucifixion, the Blessed Virgin and St. John on each side, are not, as hitherto, 'standing by the Cross of Jesus,' according to the Gospel narrative, or as in more symbolic treatment, kneeling in adoration—but seated, engrossed in overwhelming grief.

We have given this brief description of the doors of S. Giovanni, because they embody the spirit of the Renaissance in sculpture as fully as Brunelleschi's dome in architecture, and shew more clearly the final departure of Art from Christian feeling and tradition, and the removal of the ancient landmarks which their fathers had set, by the artists of the fifteenth century.

Masaccio completes the first group of the Renaissance. He was born in 1401. Of his personal life we know little, except that he was named Tommaso or Maso, and that the termination of the name by which we know him was added in derision, by reason of his eccentricity and strange disorderly habits; 'accio' meaning 'awkward,' clumsy, or what the French better express by their word 'gauche.' Like other great men of that century, he was architect, sculptor, and painter, though he is chiefly known in the latter branch of art. He was ballotted for, and enrolled in the Guild of Florence, at the early age of nineteen. To the teaching of his friend, Brunelleschi, he owed the great knowledge of perspective which his pictures shew; and his study of classical models, and fondness for imitating old coins, probably cultivated that taste for architectural and perspective backgrounds, which, with the introduction of real landscape for the first time, is one of the chief characteristics of his pictures. He was the first of that long succession of artists, who in that and the next century travelled to Rome, and made the study of the classical models there the object of their youthful aspirations. He seems to have lived a struggling uncared-for life; his property perpetually in pawn, and his debts always overwhelming him, which, however, does not seem to have hindered his work or affected his spirits; so absorbing was his passion for his art. Little as we know of him, his name rises out of the crowd of artists in that century, next to Orcagna among its

most remarkable painters. His frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmine Church at Florence are a landmark in painting, and mark the advance of the Renaissance as clearly as Ghiberti's gates in sculpture. They were the objects of admiration and study to his own and subsequent generations of artists; and were a powerful means in advancing the coming change in Art. In them we see that painting has made a vast stride in the knowledge and expression of the human form, and the power of colour in them is considerable. A mystery hangs over Masaccio's end. He left Florence in 1428, suddenly, for Rome, leaving his frescoes in the Carmine Church unfinished, and his debts unpaid; and was never heard of again. Rumour said that he was poisoned; but we know nothing except that the tax-paper for that or the next year was filled up with the words, '*Dicesi è morto in Roma.*'

So these three great contemporaries, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Masaccio, inaugurated the reign of the Renaissance. So realistic Art imperceptibly and gradually took the place of symbolic religious Art. So had the paralyzing influences of a paganism, which was but another name for licentiousness, gathered around the degenerate Church and city of St. Peter, and polluted the sources of religious Art, which should have looked towards Rome for its highest inspirations. The history of mediæval Christendom was closing in darkness. The spirit of the Reformation was already abroad, pervading the society which it so convulsed to its foundations in the coming century, and forming the foundations of modern history.

They little dreamed—these three great representative minds of the fifteenth century—of the depths of error and falsehood to which they were hastening the art of their age; and while Brunelleschi was dreaming over the Pantheon at Rome, Ghiberti thinking to improve on the immemorial traditions of Christendom, and Masaccio absorbed in foreshortening and perspective, that each was making a fatal choice, which their own and succeeding generations would accept and extend. It was a fatal choice, because it was a practical rejection of the heaven-sent inspirations which taught the rude Lombards to carve their faith and awe in the mystery of the Incarnation long ago in the portals of S. Zenone, and which descended on the shepherd-lad as he kept his flock on the hills of Florence, teaching him through all his wonderful life; and a substitution of that self-taught knowledge which begins in vanity and ends in self-contemplation. It was a choice made long ago in the Garden of Eden, when the Lord God walked in the cool of the evening and talked with man, and all creation lent its beauty to make sweet music for him; and he ate of the tree of knowledge, and passed out from its angel-guarded gates for evermore, into the wilderness, where he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. It was verily a passing from the gates of Paradise into the land of the shadow of death.

(To be continued.)

A. C. OWEN.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN AN EGYPTIAN HAREEM.

LEANING on my window-sill one morning, and basking in the genial sunshine that had first tempted me thither and then held me captive in its golden chains, I gazed idly down into the garden beneath me.

The scene was Cairo; the time, Christmas Eve, 1870.

Here was no leaden sky inexorably spreading its impenetrable curtain between the earth and the upper firmament, or more gently shaking down its soft flakes to clothe the shivering earth with a garment of dazzling white; no frosty exhilarating air to raise one's spirits and nip one's nose; no ribbon-bedecked turkeys, or rounds of beef displayed in tempting array to open-mouthed Hodges; no holly or mistletoe wherewith to transform kitchen and hall into 'bowers of bliss.'

Instead, the heavens above me spread a vast unbroken canopy of deep pure blue—a blue so intense that the eye turned dazzled from the attempt to penetrate the deepest recesses of this aerial ocean, uninterrupted even by such fleecy cloudlets as sail across our own summer skies. Every object around, from the feathery palm-tops to the dusty soil at their feet, was gleaming in the golden light, gem-bedecked with lavish profusion by the sun, who no longer shewed himself with cold grudging reluctance, as in our northern climes, but bestowed his favours with unbounded, even fierce ardour, and where he touched—Midas like—turned all to gold. In his bright presence the land decks herself in her gayest raiment, and smiles back an answer to his caresses, whilst all around seems lovely and enchanting; but when evening calls him away, how great and sudden will be the change! Like Cinderella creeping home when the disenchanting hour of midnight had sounded, Egypt goes back to her native squalor and rags; the gold turns to dust, the ball-dress to tatters, and so remains until the magic influence is renewed with the returning day.

The spell was, however, in full force as I looked from my window that December morning, and everything was at its brightest in honour of the feast of Baïram, or as Arabs call it, the 'Eed-el-Fitr,' which, with its welcome festivities, had come to put an end to the long weary fast of Ramazàn. The air was full of glad sounds and clamorous voices. Down the acacia-shaded road passed a continuous stream of holiday-makers: some swinging lazily, perched on gaunt towering camels, and chanting some monotonous nasal dirge, which, for aught I know, might have been a comic song, but which to uninitiated ears sounded more like the wail of some superannuated hurdy-gurdy; others trotting briskly along on diminutive donkeys closely shaved in artistic devices, and further embellished by the brilliant orange of their henna-stained tails and manes; others, staff in hand, shuffled bravely along in their immense yellow slippers, which reminded one forcibly of the little dwarf Fly in

the German fairy-story stumbling and toppling over in his courageous but vain efforts to twirl round three times in the magic shoes of swiftness. Then by would come a procession, headed by musicians beating various kinds of drums or vigorously blowing at reed-pipes which emitted two or occasionally three notes apiece; women uttering the shrill 'Zaghareet, whose piercing trills went through and through one's head; or white garmented, bare-legged men, carrying on their heads with conscious dignity large circular covered trays, containing the Baïram presents sent from one great hareem to another. All, as the occasion demanded, were dressed in brand new garments, of hues that made the pomegranate and cactus blossoms peeping out at our garden gates grow pale with envy; and all were laughing, chattering, and shouting in their guttural Arabic, till one felt that if, as Mahometan divines insist, theirs was the primitive language of the whole earth, the diversity of tongues given on the plain of Babel was rather a blessing than otherwise.

Though such scenes were no longer new to me, I could have watched this moving panorama for hours with unflagging interest; but it was now my turn to take part in the gay doings of Baïram, and I reluctantly turned from the window to prepare for a visit of ceremony to the ladies of the Khédive's family. We drove first to the British Consulate, the appointed rendezvous for our party—seven English ladies in all—and thence proceeded to the Kasr-el-Aali Palace, where the Khédive's mother, the Valideh Hanem Effendi, was holding a reception. The cavalcade of carriages was quite imposing as we rattled past Shepherd's Hôtel, that time-honoured caravanserai for European travellers in the East. Behind us the wolf-like pariah dogs kept up a clamorous barking-chorus; before us flew the bare-footed saïses, their gold-embroidered vests glittering in the sun, and their long full sleeves flying out behind them like white wings as they brandished their long wands, dealing out blows impartially to the right or left, whilst the foot-passengers in vain endeavoured to obliterate themselves against the wall to let us pass. Turning into the broad new road that now leads to the river banks, we sent the white dust flying in clouds around us, and scattering donkeys and loungers in every direction, drove sharply round a corner, and found ourselves at the outer gates of the Palace. These were embellished, or disfigured, as you will, by big wooden structures, painted bright green and red, and covered with tiny oil-lamps which were to serve in the evening's illuminations. Above, a band hidden from sight in a small gallery gave forth a brazen welcome; and below, the guard presented arms with awe-struck want of precision. In the second court we were met by the Master of the Ceremonies, an Italian Bey, who was an old acquaintance of ours, but was scarcely recognizable amid the grandeur lent by his gold-hilted scimitar and the innumerable decorations that covered his breast. Under his escort we drew up before a low door in the wall, veiled by a thick curtain which jealously guarded from the eyes of the prying world the hidden secrets of that sacred interior.

Visions of Blue-beards, forbidden chambers, irresistible curiosity, and flashing scimitars, crowded before the mind's eye. Those of us who were now visiting a hareem for the first time even perhaps felt some vague apprehensions as we passed beneath the mysterious curtain, which was held aside by an unseen hand, and fell again behind us in heavy folds, once more shutting out all the familiar outer world with its impenetrable reserve. Within we were met, not by ladies carrying their heads in uncomfortable attitudes, but by personages who might perhaps, to anyone of weak nerves, have been almost as alarming—namely, huge negro aghas, each of a bulk rivalling that of the wicked ogre in a Christmas pantomime, and of a complexion surpassing in blackness the highest polish of a Christy Minstrel. Their manners were, however, less ferocious than their looks; it is true that as they silently marshalled us towards the Palace they kept close to us on each side, as though we were state prisoners to whom only an appearance of liberty was given; still they treated us with a deference that was a great contrast to the hectoring or familiar airs which they usually assumed towards their oriental associates.

We had first to cross the garden by a covered way paved with pure white marble. To one fresh from the green parks and glades of England, the total absence of velvety turf or spreading trees in this Eastern garden might have caused a dissatisfied sense of something wanting; but to such of us as had been long accustomed to hail with delight every solitary blade of grass as a relief from the universal dust and glare, all was most refreshing. As we looked from our cool shade out into the burning heat and light on either hand, stately palm trees gently waved their gracefully drooping boughs, whilst the welcome north wind went softly whispering from one to another; tinkling fountains danced and splashed in their marble basins like Naiads at play; birds like living jewels flashed from tree to tree, or chattered, shrieked, and cooed, in a large gilded aviary. Oleanders, pomegranates, daturas, lime and orange trees, displayed their brilliant or fragrant blossoms; and dotted about amongst the bushy shrubs were seen the white turbans of numerous gardeners, who, as they moved along the paths of curious mosaics, sent refreshing showers over the parched earth, that open-mouthed drank in the nourishing moisture.

But we were not allowed much time to gaze upon the varied attractions of the gardens, for we had now arrived at the entrance-hall of the Palace itself. Here were a number of merry slave-girls of all ages and grades, who, ceasing the laughter and chatter that but a moment before our arrival had rivalled the clamour of the parrots outside, came forward with pretty Turkish phrases of welcome. There were many in some few strikingly handsome faces among the crowd of Circassians and swarthy Nubians who stood side by side; but the far-famed gazelle-eyed, moon-faced houris, whose dancing pictures, fed by the 'Arabian Nights,' have been so often painted, were disappointingly conspicuous by

their absence. Portly duennas bustled about with self-satisfied importance, or sharply rated some sleepy-eyed Georgian, who with listlessly-hanging arms was idly gazing at the strangers; old ladies who perhaps had been handsome in their by-gone day, but whose complexion now well matched the yellow Syrian kerchiefs that were bound round their short-cut hair. Grinning little Topsy ran to and fro, or peeped mischievously at us from behind some tall 'Kalfa,' who, with the dignity given by her position as companion, and in most cases secretary, to the Princesses her mistresses, would administer a stern rebuke to the unabashed little monkeys. All wore Turkish dresses of bright coloured stuffs, varying from gay prints with stripes of every hue to rich silks and satins, their Baïram presents; and all were decked more or less profusely with handsome jewellery, glistening in their ears and on their necks, or fastened in front of the pretty little 'toques' which they wore coquettishly stuck on one side of their heads. One or two of them were old acquaintances of mine, and these pressed forward to shake us affectionately by the hand '*alla franca*,' (i.e. European fashion,) and to inquire after various members of our family, sending 'many many salaams' to some, and deputing us to 'kiss the eyes' of others. Woman-like, these slave girls scanned our attire from head to foot; but being awed by the presence of strangers, they were on their best behaviour, and we were spared the numerous comments and personal remarks which they usually make upon and to visitors with the most naïve unconsciousness of giving offence.

They now conducted us through a garlanded door-way into a long and lofty hall, where it was startling to find a band of rather diminutive soldiers in the very midst of a crowd of unveiled ladies, visitors, slaves, and duennas, all of whom seemed totally unconcerned at such an extraordinary occurrence. How was this? Only a day or two before I had been amused by witnessing the precautions taken in introducing a solitary Arab carpenter into the women's apartments in one of the palaces, where some repairs were necessary. First, a particularly hideous agha came breathlessly to announce that the passage in which we were sitting must be cleared, whereupon a fat and plethoric old lady, who had been dozing on a divan, jumped up in a state of great excitement, and hustled off her flock by various doors, pushing, urging, and scolding; covering up her wrinkled old face, and occasionally looking back over her shoulder with a coy bashfulness that was about as bewitching as an attempt at coquetry on the part of the Sphinx. Then, what a hurry-skurrying there had been; what a clattering of wooden pattens over the marble floor; what a giggling and whispering and pushing behind the curtains, which duennas held tight with jealous hand whilst the unfortunate carpenter, preceded by two aghas and closely followed by two more, passed through, his eyes bent on the ground, and not daring to glance either to the right hand or to the left till he was safe out of the sacred precincts. Now, young and old were equally heedless of the presence of 'fezzes' in their midst, and I saw a

girl walking arm-in-arm with a good-looking young officer under the very nose of a Medusa-like female who was gazing stonily at the proceedings. As the young couple approached her we looked to see them stiffen into rigidity, petrified by the glare of those awful eyes; but the Gorgon relaxed into a smile, and benignly suffered herself to be embraced by the 'military chap,' who walked away puffing a cigarette. A closer inspection of the seeming soldiers explained the mystery; they were all slave-girls dressed up for the occasion, and they drummed and puffed away at instruments sometimes as big as themselves, with the most hearty good-will, if not with the most pleasing results. As one of them came up to speak to me, I jokingly said that I was afraid to talk to a man in a hareem. 'Oh, you needn't be afraid of *me*!' she answered, laughing, 'I'm a good sort of fellow, there isn't much harm in me.' To prove which, I suppose, she went back to her huge bassoon, and joined her companions in trumpeting out lugubrious discords, till we were thankful for the relief to our tortured ears when our escort beckoned us onwards.

We now mounted a broad richly-carpeted staircase, in which by no means difficult feat we were assisted by some of the girls, two of whom were told off to each of us, and who, supporting us beneath the arm-pits, hoisted us up step by step like so many bags of flour; an operation that may be agreeable and even necessary to some of the Oriental ladies, (who are anything but May-poles,) but with which we, having the full use of our limbs, could willingly have dispensed. Between the hoists I had to answer many whispered questions as to the names and antecedents of my companions, and to explain, as elaborately as my slender stock of Turkish would allow, the occupations and ranks of their husbands, with the number and ages of their children, till I was not sorry to find myself at the top of the staircase, which opened directly into another immense hall. This was of exactly the same size as the lower one, but was far more handsomely decorated. The polished floor was covered with a soft Turkey carpet into which the feet sank luxuriously, and recesses like blocked-up windows, filled with artificial flowers, were draped with crimson-and-white satin hangings, which also concealed numerous doors leading into other apartments. All the windows, which were large and placed rather high in the wall, had carved wooden lattices reaching half way up them, the interstices of which were quite wide enough to allow a good view of the proceedings in the courts below. But just now the pretty birds were too much occupied with all that was going on inside their cage to care to peep through its bars; and any infatuated youth watching from below for a beam from the kohl-stained eyes which were all he had ever seen of his beloved, would have been disappointed. There were no tables, bureaux, book-stands, or furniture of any kind, in this big room—save innumerable chandeliers whose crystal tears mirrored us all in fantastically-coloured miniatures, a few spindle-legged chairs holding themselves stiffly against the wall, as if they felt them-

selves decidedly out of place and wished themselves back in the convivial atmosphere of a Parisian salon, some fat cushions on the floor, and divans. But in that last word lies the secret of the absence of all other furniture, as well as of the much talked-of Oriental languor. Who that had ever reclined with feet tucked up 'alla turca' on that soft mass of deliciously yielding cushions, whiffing lazily at a cigarette of real Latakia, and gently fanned by an attendant slave, would feel inclined to sit upright at a square hard table, or run the risk of spine-complaint over a sewing-machine? Knowing by experience the temptations of a luxurious divan, we could feel at any rate a kind of pitying sympathy for Eastern idleness; but we were not to be exposed to its dangerous seductions, for, in our character of European visitors, we were given the hard-looking chairs, which in no way belied their appearance, and on them we had to sit until the Valideh Hanem was ready to receive us.

In the interval of waiting we were entertained by the Princess Tefideh Hanem, the Khédive's eldest daughter, who had been lately married to her cousin, Mansour Pasha, and was now come to pay her respects to her grandmother. In company with a number of other ladies, all Greeks or Egyptians, we sat in a semi-circle round the divan, upon which reclined the Princess, occasionally addressing a few words either in Turkish or Arabic to her visitors, but more often conversing with her young cousin, Haleel Pasha's daughter, who was reported to be the destined wife of the Khédive's second son, Prince Hussein, and who had lately come over from Constantinople, accompanied by her governess, a French lady. The two cousins were dressed in strangely different styles; both wore European costumes, but whilst Haleel Pasha's daughter was attired as simply as any English school-girl, Tefideh Hanem was resplendent in rich pink silk and magnificent lace. Diamonds, of a size that almost made one believe in the 'roc's egg' of Sindbad the Sailor, sparkled on her arms, on her neck, and in the becoming little 'khotos,' beneath which her golden hair had been rolled and plaited and puffed out to the height of fashion by the skill of an experienced French coiffeuse. 'La Mode' had evidently penetrated within the hareem walls, and reigned as supreme there as outside.

According to custom, coffee was now presented to all the guests, and those who had never before tasted that beverage in Turkey or Egypt, for the first time in their lives knew what real coffee was. Several slaves entered, one carrying a vessel hanging by silver chains, strongly resembling a censer, in which was the coffee, another a long ladle, and a third a tray, over which was a velvet covering hanging nearly to the ground, and profusely ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. Upon this were the cups, tiny doll's things of delicate china, placed in holders resembling little egg-cups of filagree gold encrusted with diamonds. The girls stopped short at a few paces distance from us, and she of the ladle served out the coffee, which was handed to us by the other slaves; they ingeniously managing to avoid spilling the

contents of the ricketty little cups, by carrying them with the thumb placed upon the rim and the fore-finger under the bottom of the holder, or 'zarf.' The coffee, boiled with the sugar and served without milk, was covered with a creamy kind of froth, and the first sip or two were delicious; but woe to those who were tempted to explore the unknown depths of the black liquid! A nauseous mixture of 'grounds' and treacly sugar instantly turned one's enjoyment into disgust; and the previously initiated wisely contented themselves with a mere thimbleful of the pleasant nectar, which too, was as hot as though boiled in the crater of Vesuvius. After coffee came pipes; chibouks six feet long, their cherry or jessamine stems gaily ornamented with coloured and gilt paper, and their beautiful amber month-pieces set round with jewels. One of these was presented to each guest by slaves, who then knelt, and after lighting the tobacco by placing a live coal on it, adjusted the pipe-bowls in little lacquered saucers, placed so as to prevent the ashes from falling on the carpet. No one liking to appear 'a confirmed smoker' in the eyes of her neighbour, we English ladies merely took a few complimentary whiffs, though the scented and mild tobacco was far from disagreeable, and some of us were no strangers to chibouks; but most of the guests puffed away indefatigably as long as the thin blue cloud continued to rise from the bowls. The Princess Tefideh, when her pipe was finished, made a sign to a small negress standing by, who thereupon left the room, and speedily returned with a cigarette-case bearing her mistress's crown and monogram, and an ash-holder in the form of a bird with outstretched wings carrying a tray in his beak, both studded with diamonds. The Princess dexterously rolled herself a cigarette, lighted it at a burning cinder which the child held in a small pair of silver tongs, and having offered another to her cousin, smoked in silence, until a bustle in one of the ante-chambers announced that our long waiting was at an end, and that the Valideh Hanem was coming.

All rose at the entrance of the Princess, who ranks as the first lady in Egypt; and her grand-daughter, advancing quickly to meet her, stooped respectfully to kiss her hand. The Valideh Hanem raised her, and after embracing her affectionately, bowed to the assembled guests, and taking the young Princess's arm, led the way down the long hall to a somewhat smaller room opening out of it. As we followed at a respectful distance, we had time to take in the details of a true Turkish costume of the old-fashioned sort. Round her hair, which was cut short in token of her widowhood, the 'Lady Mother' had bound a black gauze handkerchief, the ends of which were confined in front with sprays of diamonds; a long jacket of purple velvet descended almost to her knees, hiding the greater part of a white satin skirt, of which the superfluous length—three yards before and behind—was retrenched by being gathered up in festoons for more convenience in walking; the nether garments, also of white satin and wide enough for a regiment of Zouaves, were tied in bags beneath each foot, and trailed on the ground

behind for several yards. We afterwards learned that these prolonged garments were the distinguishing mark of a princess of high rank; but at the time one could not help comparing them to the long white leg-feathers on which the Egyptian pigeons appear to congratulate themselves so complacently as they strut about the bazaars, or look condescendingly down from their turretted houses on the mud huts of the fellaheen beneath.

Leaving the big hall, we found ourselves in a room overlooking the Nile, who tossed his tawny mane as he flowed rapidly by, past the neighbouring sedge-fringed islet where once, as tradition tells, the little ark with its precious freight found a haven of refuge; past the busy port of Boulak, whither—ere railways and pale ale had desecrated the tomb of Cheops, or a De Lesseps had arisen to convert Africa into a ‘sea-girt strand,’—came all eastward-bound merchandise; past palaces and sugar-mills, Pyramids and hovels, onward to the green Delta and the sea. The windows of this room overhung the water, which at ‘full Nile’ would be almost on a level with them, but which now lay many feet below, and a deliciously refreshing breeze came in through the green jalousies which softened the sun’s too brilliant rays, and cast a subdued cool shade within the room. We were invited to seat ourselves in a semi-circle in front of the divan on which the Valideh Hanem had placed herself with her grand-daughter beside her, the European guests on her right hand, and the others on her left; and the preliminary courtesies were gone through by the old lady asking after the health of each individually, speaking in Turkish or Arabic as she thought herself likely to be best understood. The Egyptian ladies, in reply, got up each in turn, as the question was addressed to her, made elaborate salaams, and waited for permission to sit down again, which, when given, involved a second edition of salaaming. One or two, who came in later, knelt before the divan, and, first declaring that they ‘wiped their faces in the clean dust of her feet,’ kissed the hem of the Princess’s robe, pressing it first to their lips and then to their foreheads, though in all cases where the kneeler was of any rank the Hanem Effendi put out her hand to prevent this, and salaamed her acknowledgements. For our parts, we managed between us to muster enough Turkish to express the ‘compliments of the season,’ and other common-place observations; but our chairs were a long way from the divan, and it was nervous work adventuring a phrase whose construction one felt to be shaky at the best, across a space that seemed to increase in vastness every time one spoke. The Princesses, too, spoke nothing but Oriental languages, though the younger one was fast picking up both French and English from an European governess. So that, in spite of their kind endeavours, the conversation languished, and we could hardly feel sorry when, after a quarter of an hour of alternate silence and jerky observations, our Consul General’s wife gave the signal for departure.

As we made our farewell curtsies, the Valideh Hanem politely

regretted that she had not been able to talk with us in our own language, hoped she should 'have the pleasure' of seeing us again before long, and that we should not take back to England a bad impression of Egypt. She rose from her divan to bid us 'God speed,'—a most flattering condescension, as we knew; and those of our party who had now seen her for the first time, were much impressed by the queenly manners and dignity of this old lady, who, though a great-grandmother, is singularly youthful-looking, and has none of the prematurely aged appearance of most Oriental women past their first youth. We were again escorted out by a number of slaves, who helped us down-stairs as if we were so many cripples, and deposited us on divans in the lower hall, whilst they went to fetch the 'loving-cup,' without which no visitor was allowed to depart. We had thus leisure to study the ever-increasing stream of arrivals; ladies, old, young, and middle-aged—pretty, ugly, and commonplace; some accompanied by a whole train of slaves, others with only one; juvenile Pashas and Beys, (all of the tenderest years, *bien entendu*,) in the full glory of new scarlet trousers and men's frock-coats; and their small sisters dressed out in silks and brocades, with crinolines in ludicrous disproportion to their diminutive persons, and European boots of the gayest and most incongruous hues. Indeed, the laws of harmony in colours seemed generally treated with the utmost disregard; blue, green, red, yellow, and purple, were mixed up and piled one on the top of another in a way that would have made M. Taine's hair stand on end with horror. As an instance, I may mention one costume which consisted of a brilliant scarlet satin dress, blue toque, and *magenta* gloves! And yet, strange as it may appear, the effect of all these gay, even glaring, colours was not, except in the last-mentioned case, by any means displeasing to the eye. The bright African sun requires corresponding brilliancy in all it falls upon, and our sober drabs and greys are as out of place on the Esbekieh at Cairo, as the Baïram attire of an Arab cadi would be in Regent Street during a November fog.

But whilst we were amusing ourselves with observing these details, the draught which was to speed the parting guest had arrived, and was now presented to us in beautifully enamelled goblets fixed to stands of the same material. It was a sherbet, of the kind, I believe, made of pounded violet leaves, and a thick cream of grated cinnamon floated on the top of the sweet greenish-coloured liquid. Each slave took off the cover of the cup, and without letting it leave her hands, inclined it towards the lips of the lady before whom she was standing, thus limiting the drinker to one more or less prolonged sip, as it is apparently against the rules of etiquette to ask or imply a wish for a second. One of our party, however, being a novice to Egyptian customs, and finding the sherbet remarkably good, took the goblet into her own hands and finished its fragrant contents, greatly to the amusement of the surrounding girls, who were, however, much pleased to find their national drink so fully appreciated. They then offered us a corner of the oblong linen napkin,

deeply fringed with gold, which each bore on her right arm, ostensibly for the purpose of wiping the mouth after drinking. In reality, however, these beautifully embroidered cloths are more for show than use, so we did 'the correct thing' in not allowing our lips to touch them, whatever might have been our secret apprehensions as to the cinnamon having deposited itself in unornamental moustaches upon each face.

Our visit was now at an end, hand-shakings and salaams were vigorously interchanged; many wishes uttered for our speedy return; and we were again conducted through the garden by the black aghas, the band meanwhile lustily playing the 'Viceroy's March,' whose brazen echoes died away behind us, as we drove away from the high white-silent walls back once more to the dust and hum of The Victorious City

M. E. S. M.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOME, LEWISHAM.

October 30th, 1878.

My dear ———,

If you have travelled from Town by the North Kent line lately, I dare say you have remarked that the once picturesque lazy-looking village of Lewisham, where the Ravensbourne used to flow peacefully under overhanging trees, has become a busy populous place, and has stretched out such rows of small modern houses, to meet the encroachments of London, that it must now be reckoned as one of the suburbs. You can well believe that the old parish church no longer suffices for the needs of the population, which has rapidly swelled from hundreds to thousands; and you will like perhaps to hear something of what the Church is doing in one of the two new district parishes, which have been formed within the last ten years. That handsome building, not far from the railway station, which you may have remarked as you were whirled past, is St. Stephen's, Lewisham; and there a constant round of services is provided both on Sundays and week-days, and an ever-open door gives the opportunity of prayer and retirement to those who can find no peace in their crowded homes. Nearly opposite the church are two modest white houses, which go by the name of 'St. Stephen's Home;' and within these, various parochial works are carried on under the superintendence of a small band of Sisters from All Saints, Margaret Street.

— A *Crèche*, where children under three are received and tended while their mothers are out at work; a Laundry, in which a number of poor women are employed, and which, after all expenses are paid, brings in about £50 a year towards the support of the Home; a Training-school for a few young girls, who, under the direction of the Sisters, do the work of the house; all these are combined under the same roof:—and

one of the front rooms is devoted to a parish reading-room, managed by a committee of working-men and gentlemen. In winter a night-school, and on Sundays a Bible-class for young women, are held at the Home ; (the latter by the Sisters ;) and though the Mothers' Meetings, having outgrown the space accorded to them, are now held elsewhere, the Provident and Maternity Societies still have their head-quarters there ; and there too assembles a weekly sewing-class of young girls, about which I want to say a little more, as it seems to me a less ordinary feature of Sisterhood work than some of the other things I have enumerated.

It is an attempt to lead the small 'Marchionesses' of the present day, and also servants of rather a higher grade, to invest a larger proportion of their earnings in neat and respectable under-clothing, and a smaller in flimsy bonnets, flounced skirts, and chignons, than is their usual custom ; and moreover, to teach them to make their garments for themselves, instead of buying the cheap ready-made clothing, which has no wear in it, and is apt to come to pieces in the first wash. It is surprising how ignorant they are of ordinary plain-work, and how ready to spend their time in making 'trimmings,' when they have no idea how to make the things that are to be trimmed. For one girl that can sew and hem neatly there are ten that can do crochet edging ; and not one in twenty has a notion how to cut out a night-dress for herself, or even a still more elementary garment. Happily, many of them are willing to be taught, and the Sisters' sewing-meetings are already well attended. They are held every Tuesday, from 3 to 5 p.m. ; and on the third Tuesday in each month, tea is provided for the workers. Two ladies come to assist in teaching them, preparing the work, and reading aloud to them ; and if any servant is out of place, some needle-work, for which she can receive payment, is ordinarily found for her, and efforts are made to get her a fresh situation. The Sisters have, in fact, a *Registry* both for servants belonging to the Society and others, and recommend them to places without any charge, the only stipulation being, that they shall be of known good character, and shall desire Church privileges.

The rules of the 'Servants' Working Society' are to this effect—that any girl desiring to become a member must apply to the Sister Superior, and must have a satisfactory recommendation ; that a deposit of sixpence must be made on joining the Society, which will go towards the first purchase of clothing ; that the Tuesday work-meetings shall be attended when circumstances admit ; and that articles of under-clothing, supplied to the members according as they may desire, shall be paid for by weekly deposits, and no article taken away until it has been fully paid for. The members are not all servants ; some of them are girls who have left school, and are assisting their mothers at home, perhaps with the intention of going to service by-and-by. The Sisters look to the Society as a great means of keeping a hold on these young things, who often slip out of the knowledge of their clergy and teachers when school-days are

over; and soon get to care for nothing but dressing themselves out as gaily as possible, and filling up their occasional leisure hours with frivolous amusements. One girl of nineteen, who, being subject to epilepsy, is unfit for service, has happily learnt to look to the sewing-meetings as the most pleasurable excitement of her prosaic life. She is an orphan, and lives with and is supported by an aunt, who is obliged to go out daily to work, leaving the poor girl alone; and it may easily be imagined what a change it is to come from her dull lonely room to the bright gathering of young women which assembles in St. Stephen's Home. She takes the greatest interest in the work and the reading, and attends regularly, as do most of the other girls who are not in service. Some of them, who are looking to become servants, are beginning to make their own outfits; and the Sisters hope to be able to help these a little with gifts of clothing, for when a girl leaves her poor home for a first place, there is often a great difficulty in providing the necessary garments. The servants attend as they can, of course with their mistresses' permission; and they are allowed to look in and bespeak a garment, or carry away one that is paid for, even when they are not able to stay.

Any lady visitor who should chance to call at the Home on Tuesday, would also, I dare say, be allowed to look in if she wished it, and get a glimpse of the busy group gathered round the table in the cheerful front parlour; and from thence I hope she would mount up-stairs and take a peep at the two rooms full of crowing babies and toddlers from one to three years old. There are bright pictures on the walls; there are blue swinging cots, in which the little ones can be lulled to comfortable slumbers; there are toys for the elder children to play with; there are plain but nourishing meals at regular periods; and watching over all is a gentle Sister, whose white cap has a peculiar attraction for her infantine charges. This *Crèche* is an immense boon to the mothers employed in the laundry, and to others whose day's work leads them away from home, for here for a very small payment they can leave their babies in perfect safety from morning till evening. How the Sisters find time for it, as well as for their indefatigable house-to-house visiting among the poor and sick, is a mystery to an outsider. They are indeed overwhelmed with work, and much need an increase in their number; but this cannot be till more funds come in for the support of the Home. Those who know anything of Lewisham, and of the vast poor population that has grown up almost untaught, can well understand how much the work of Sisters is needed there, and how endless are the calls upon the time and means of the few who have already devoted themselves to the task. Help of any kind, in money, food, or clothing, will be most acceptable at all times. Parcels should be addressed to

The SISTER SUPERIOR,

St. Stephen's Home, LEWISHAM, S. E.

Post-office Orders should be made payable to the Treasurer—

CAPTAIN W. F. PORTLOCK DADSON, R. M.,

13, Church Terrace, LEE, S. E.

If you can find room in your Packet for this letter, I shall be most grateful, as I know no surer way of getting help for any good cause than by enlisting the sympathies of your circle of readers.

Ever yours, &c.

F.

THE FAIR SHIRÍN.*

A HISTORICAL FAIRY TALE.

ON the western side of the map of Persia, in the province of Irak Ajemi, upon the river Kurasu, is marked the town of Kermanshah. Wild craggy mountains rise, dark and frowning, upon all sides of the beautiful blooming plain where this town stands. Upon the steep sides of these mountains are still to be seen strange sculptures and writings of the past—rock-histories, carved many ages ago with long toil and patience and skill. Some of the ancient inscriptions are not even yet so worn but that learned men have been able to make them out; others have been quite destroyed by time, and rough storms, and rougher Turks and Arabs. But some of the sculptures are still as perfect as when they were carved.

About one of these rock-sculptures, called Takht-i-Bostán—that is, the Throne of the Garden—a strange old tale is told by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and, as usual in such traditions, truth and fiction are curiously mingled in the story.

About a furlong's distance from the town of Kermanshah, a plentiful spring of particularly bright sparkling water gushes out of the rocks at the foot of the mountain; above this spring, on a ledge of rock, stand four carved figures, which the people call 'The Four Calendars.' That name seems to take us back to 'The Arabian Nights' and the days of 'Good Haroun Al Raschid' at once; but this story is of older days still than his. Near these four figures, where the mountain falls back a little, a flight of several hundred steps, very difficult and dangerous to ascend, leads up the edges of the crags to a ledge cut in the side of the mountain. Beneath this ledge the rock is carefully cut away, and smoothed for a very large space. In the surface thus smoothed are hewn out two deep arches. The largest of them is twenty-four feet wide, and twenty-one feet deep. It is carved all over the back and sides with

* The name is sometimes written *Shireen*, or *Shirene*. The accent over the vowels, *ā*, *ī*, *ū*, means that they are pronounced like *ah*, *ee*, *oo*, in these Persian names.

an immense number of figures. This is the Takht-i-Bostán, the Throne of the Garden.

Along the banks of the river a little forest stretches green and cool, and the bright Shirín—so the people call the stream—still dashes along, and makes music beside it, as it did hundreds of years ago, when the forest was part of the great Khosru's 'Garden,' and Ferhád, the unhappy sculptor, wielded his mighty hammer, and at every blow made the rocks echo his sad cry, 'Alas, Shirín!'

When this lovely spot was visited, many years ago, by two French priests, in the midst of the stream, near the source, there stood a statue, with the sparkling water all rushing and foaming about it, and nearly covering it; the peasants told the travellers it was the statue of the fair Shirín, just as Khosru first saw her bathing in the fountain in her father's garden. But when Sir Robert Ker Porter went later, there was no statue in the water; though a gigantic one, very much broken, lay leaning against the bank of the stream, and the people still called it Shirín.* Moreover, they held it in great reverence, and said it had power to cure disease in those who touched it; and they hung queer offerings of bits of rag round its neck, just as you may find the superstitious Irish peasants hanging bits of rag—thank-offerings from the clothes of the healed—upon the rocks and bushes near their 'Holy Wells.'

And now, who was Shirín—'the fairest of the fair'? There are two distinct stories about her: one, which is no doubt the truer, and which I like the best, told by the Greek historians not many years after her time; and another, by far the most wonderful, given by the Persian poets who delighted in singing about the beautiful Queen, and the Persian historians who have copied the poets.

Thus runs the Persian story:—

When Khosru Purvíz (or, the handsome) was banished by his father, Hormazd, the form of his mighty grandfather, Núshirwan, surnamed the Just, appeared to him in a dream, and said,

'O my son, why art thou thus dejected? Banish all sorrow from thy mind. Four things shall be thy portion, each of which is equal in value to the empire of Irán.† I now declare unto thee these tidings! In the place of the horse thou hast lost thou wilt receive two, one called Shubdíẓ, (dark-coloured, or black,) the other Gulgoon. (rose-coloured.) The nails of thy favourite harper have been cut off; but thou shalt find two others unequalled in the world, one called Barbúd, the other Nekisa.

* It requires a strong imagination to suppose that this figure could have represented a female at all. It is colossal in size, very roughly cut, and appears to have been intended to be viewed from a distance. It is broken off at the knees, and wears the remnant of a sword in front. It appears to have fallen from a ledge called 'The Musical Gallery of Khosru,' where a row of sculptured feet, broken off at the ancles, are still to be seen.

† The old name of Persia.

The third gift that awaits thee is a painter more skilful than Mani of Chem. The fourth blessing is a woman, far superior to any other who has ever existed, at whose transcendent beauty even the sun is confounded!

When Khosru awoke, he marvelled greatly at the vision he had had, but never doubted that the promises of his grandfather would be fulfilled; and sure enough they were.

He took refuge at the court of Maurice, the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, who took his part, treated him most kindly, and adopted him as his son. Whilst he was there he beheld the Emperor's daughter, the most beautiful and accomplished princess in the world—no other than the fair Shirin herself! He fell violently in love with her upon the spot, and begged her in marriage of her father, who, though Sira* (as the Greeks call her) was a Christian and Khosru was a Fire-worshipper, does not appear to have made any objection. At all events Khosru the Handsome and the fair Shirin were married.

Now I must follow the thread of history for a little while. The Romans, even from the time of Crassus, had been at war with Persia, and this warfare was still carried on after the division of the Empire. During the reign of the Persian tyrant Hormazd, their army defeated his brave general, Bahram—a giant of a man, called 'The Wild Cat,' from his fierce bearded face. Hormazd most cruelly insulted him after his defeat by sending him women's clothes; he put them on, and shewed himself to his troops. The soldiers, who had fought many a hard battle under his command, were so indignant, that they rebelled, and flung Hormazd's next unfortunate messenger under the feet of an elephant to be trampled to death. Then Bindoes, a prince who had been unjustly imprisoned by Hormazd, managed to escape, seized the tyrant, put out his eyes, and thrust him into the prison where he had been shut up himself. He then called upon Khosru, who had left the city at the first disturbance, to come back and be made king instead of Hormazd. Khosru returned, and was crowned. But Bahram was still in rebellion. He coolly ordered Khosru to beg his pardon for usurping the throne, and he would forgive him, and give him a province to govern! Khosru had no idea of begging the rebel General's pardon, so he assembled his slaves and the citizens, and went out to meet him. But these poor trembling creatures, who had been made in haste to look like an army, no sooner saw the fierce soldiers of the terrible 'Wild Cat,' than they were so terrified they either all ran away or went over to him; and Khosru had to escape again. He fled towards the camp of the Romans at Circesium, and from thence sent ambassadors to Maurice at Constantinople, and offered to go thither. Maurice promised him assistance, but seems to have declined his visit. A powerful Roman army soon marched into Persia, and one

* The Greek historians do not say that Sira was the daughter of Maurice; they only state that she was a Roman subject and a Christian.

province after another acknowledged Khosru; and the fierce Wild Cat was twice defeated, and was obliged to make his escape in his turn. And now, in the year of our Lord 591, Khosru Purvîz became really king.

His success was celebrated by festivals and rejoicings, and also, as was the custom in those days, by many cruel executions. After this rough beginning, the reign of Khosru Purvîz was very fortunate for many years. Never had there been in Irân such a splendid king, nor such a lovely queen.

The Palace at Dastagerd * must itself have been a little city, according to the Persian account. Twelve thousand slaves performed the household duties, three thousand (some say twelve) of the fairest damsels in all the East waited on the King. Six thousand soldiers mounted guard in turn before the gates. Fifty thousand horses were kept in the palace stables. But these were all 'far surpassed by two of famous speed and beauty, called Shubdîz and Bareed.' I do not know whether 'Bareed' was the same as the 'Gulgoon' of Khosru's wonderful dream.

Besides these, thousands of mules, dromedaries, and the nobler two-humped camel, not to speak of 'nine hundred and sixty elephants,' were kept to bring in from the provinces the tributes of gold and silver, silk, and precious stones, and spices, which were heaped up in subterranean chambers beneath the palace, or expended in decking its gorgeous chambers. One of these halls contained the famous 'Tucht-i-dîz,' or throne, over which were represented, by golden orbs moving by machinery, the sun and all the planets revolving amidst the signs of the zodiac. Another magnificent chamber was called 'Badaverd,' or the Hall of the Winds, because all its sumptuous fittings were furnished from the spoils of the Roman fleet, which, deep-laden with rich treasure from India, had been driven in, and wrecked upon the Persian shore.

Outside the palace, the 'Paradise' or park was filled with goodly game—roebucks and wild boars, pheasants and peacocks and ostriches; sometimes even lions and tigers were turned out to be hunted there when it so pleased the King.

Moreover, Khosru sought out, and brought to his court from far and near, all the best artists, singers, and players on instruments of music, architects, painters, and sculptors; for he dearly loved all that was beautiful and grand to the eye, and sweet and pleasant to the ear.

But with all his wealth and luxury Khosru was not quite happy, says the story; for amongst the leaves of his choicest rose was hidden a thorn, which pricked him cruelly.

Amongst all the skilful artists whom he had brought to his court, the cleverest of all, the most beautiful of men, and the prince of all sculptors, was Ferhâd, the unhappy.

* Khosru would not live at his father's capital Ctesiphon, nor even enter its gates, because he considered it unlucky to him. Ctesiphon was long the winter residence of the Persian kings, on account of the mildness of its climate.

Ferhád alone it was who was able to carry out to perfection all the great works which the heart of the King had planned. The very first work on which he was employed was a statue of Shirín. Now unfortunately, no sooner had he seen the face of the Queen, 'whose blazing charms confounded the light of the sun,' than he fell so madly in love with her, that he could not keep it to himself. The King heard of his wild talk, and was very angry and troubled in his mind, for he prized Ferhád's skill very highly. He consulted his counsellors, and they advised him to set the rash artist some very hard and laborious task to perform, which should keep him away from the court. The King thought the advice good, so he sent for Ferhád, and told him the path over the mountain was obstructed by huge masses of rock, and he must hew away the stone, and clear the way.

'Truly, O King,' said the sculptor, 'if I do it not, there is no other man who can. Yes, and I will do it; I will cut out the very heart of the rock from the King's path—but on one condition only.'

'What is that?' asked the King.

'That you give me the fair Shirín to my wife,' boldly replied the rash man.

The King thought to himself that by the time Ferhád had finished his work he would be quite an old man, and there would not be much danger; so he gave his consent to this strange bargain, and Ferhád went off to his work. He began—says Zachariah ben Muhammed al Kazwini, author of a book called 'The Wonders of Creation,'—by hewing out a chamber in the rock, wherein he carved a figure of Shirín, and also a statue of Khosru on horseback, clothed in armour of such exquisite workmanship, 'that the nails and buttons of the coat of mail are plainly to be seen; and whoever looks upon this statue would imagine it to be animated. When I visited this spot, and beheld these things there, the lines of the poet Nizámi occurred to my memory.' These are the lines of the poet in question:—

'From every point came the most expert statuaries and polishers of marble: beholding the works of Ferhád, they bit the finger of astonishment. They were amazed at the effects of his chisel on the marble, and were confounded at the works of that distracted lover.'

'And,' continues the author of 'The Wonders of Creation,' 'whilst Ferhád still laboured in hollowing the mountain, every time he struck with the pick-axe he struck in the name of Shirín, and while he smoothed the rock he exclaimed, "Alas, Shirín!" and then he struck again.'

This, then, is the account the Persian poets give of the carving of 'The Throne of the Garden.'

And now let us see what Sir Robert Ker Porter found left of the labours of poor Ferhád when he visited Takht-i-Bostán in 1818, and heard the story from the peasants on the spot. He found, as I have said before, much sculpture, some of it nearly as perfect as when it was

carved, some much injured. There were also traces of an inscription, but it was quite illegible.

Outside the hollowed arch above mentioned, on each side, there is a beautifully carved border of foliage surrounding upright tablets; the arch itself has a carved border, ending in ribbon-like streamers; there is a crescent above the key-stone, and a great winged female figure hovers on each side the crescent, holding a pearl wreath, and a cup filled with what seem also meant for pearls. Inside, the back of the arch is divided into two compartments, an upper and a lower one. The upper division contains three great figures. The one in the middle is that of a man, dressed very splendidly, and wearing a strange crown. It has wings at the sides, and the tips of the wings twist round the points of a crescent, and the crescent itself holds a globe—that is the crown of the kings of the race of Sassan, to which Khosru belonged. He has an embroidered robe, and a coat of mail, very carefully carved, as the author just quoted describes it. He has also a great sword hanging down in front; he stands on a richly ornamented pedestal.

The figure to the left is that of a woman, dressed in a royal robe, and wearing a crown. That to the right is a personage also wearing a crown and a kingly mantle; he has a long pointed beard, hanging almost to the clasp of his mantle; he is offering a crown to Khosru—for no doubt the people are right in calling these three statues the figures of Khosru, his queen Shirín, and his father by adoption, the Emperor Maurice.

The compartment below contains only one carving, in high relief—that of a warrior-king, covered with chain-armour, and riding a mighty steed, with a 'poitrinal' or breast-plate of small plates of metal, and all caparisoned for war. This is certainly intended for a portrait statue of Khosru and one of his famous horses, perhaps his 'fine Arabian charger Shubdí, more powerful than the thunder-bolt, and fleetier than the wind.'

The sides of the arch are covered with representations of boar and stag hunts. The scene seems to be a marshy ground; for some of the hunters are mounted on horses, some on elephants, on the land, whilst others follow in boats, and shoot arrows at the game from the water. There are female figures playing on harps in two of the boats; men with pipes and other musical instruments fill another. The King is pointed out by being much larger than the rest of the party: he seems to be represented several times; once in a boat, which is also larger than the other vessels; he is aiming an arrow at a herd of boars. Another large figure has a circle round its head, as you see saints in pictures with a 'glory;' this figure stands in a boat with a woman who plays a harp; the rowers paddle along through water crowded with ducks and fish. I wonder what sportsmen now-a-days would think of having the ladies to play and sing to them whilst they hunted and shot! I fear a deer-stalker would find a lady with a guitar or accordion (as we don't use hand-harps now) sadly in the way; but then Khosru 'preserved' his

game very strictly, so they were most likely very tame; and perhaps the ladies played on the same principle that the Africans beat drums and make a loud noise in hunting, to frighten the animals towards the hunters. The custom of wearing the veil had evidently not come in in the East when these carvings were executed, for neither the large figure of Shirín nor any of the women in the boats has her face covered. This scene is represented as curtained off by drapery fastened to trees with cords; and at the bottom a man holds part of the curtain up for the game to be carried through, and put on the backs of elephants, which can be seen in the distance.*

On the opposite side of the arch, there is another hunting scene. Khosru, on one of his famous steeds, enters at the top in state, with an umbrella carried over his head, whilst musicians play in a raised gallery. Next, he is seen galloping full speed after his game. The curious part of this bas-relief is, that men are placed at the bottom to hold up the drapery here and there, to let the poor hunted creatures escape when they are too hard pressed by the hunters. Probably they were as used to being hunted as her Majesty's stags, though, and knew just where to run and slip under the enclosure when they found they should be caught.

Well, all this carving must have taken a very long time, one would think. However, Ferhád worked so hard that it seemed like magic; and Khosru, remembering his promise, grew very uneasy as he saw it progressing so rapidly.

But Shirín herself extended the sculptor's labours this time; for she said one day to the King, 'I long so passionately to drink milk, that without it I cannot be at rest. Now, since on the mountain of Besutún there are multitudes of cows, I should like a channel to be cut in that mountain, so that the milk might flow through it hither to me, that I might drink of it as of a brook. When this is done I will live with you again; but till then you must not see my face!'

Shirín must have been a singularly reasonable lady, according to this account. However, she was the light of Khosru's eyes, and of course he could not bear to be banished from the sight of her, so there was nothing for it but to have this great undertaking carried out. Besides, the King bethought him this would employ the wild sculptor yet a very long time before he could claim his reward. Ferhád was told therefore what were the commands of Shirín. Then he went to work harder than ever, because now, was he not working out the command of the lady of his love? So mountains were cut through; great reservoirs were hollowed out; noble palaces built; and streams brought through the solid rock to play in the presence of the Queen; and Khosru saw all he had demanded rising beneath Ferhád's hand as though he worked with an enchanter's wand instead of the ordinary tools of a sculptor or stone-mason.

* The carvings at Besutún, or Behistun, are really of a different date from those at Takht-i-Bostán.

The King was in greater trouble and perplexity than ever, for he could think of no other pretence to keep Ferhád occupied. Being thus puzzled and alarmed, he did as kings usually did in those days, and long afterwards too—determined to have the audacious sculptor destroyed. So he asked if anyone could be found who would contrive so that by some stratagem or fraud Ferhád might lose his life; for even the King required a pretext before he could order a formal execution. A certain very cunning old woman, hearing of the King's desire, came to him secretly, and declared that if the King willed it she would 'trample this statuary under foot, so that his life should quit his body.' Then Khosru gave her presents, and promised her much more if she should succeed in fulfilling her offer, saying, 'When Ferhád, by means of your craft, troubles me no longer, I will give you so many gifts, that you shall forget your old age, and the cord of your poverty shall be cut.'

Thereupon the deceitful old creature hobbled off as quickly as she could to the mountain of Besutún; and there she saw the young sculptor hewing away at the ringing rock, and still crying at every blow, 'Alas, Shirín!' till, what with the blows of his keen axe and his musical cries, the crags seemed all full of sweet echoes. But the sight of the beautiful artist, in the pride of his strength and skill, did not touch the withered heart in the old woman's breast; doubtless it made her more spiteful to compare the power in his strong handsome limbs with the rheumatism in her shrivelled ones, for she crept softly up behind him, and said mockingly, 'O Ferhád, are you then quite mad? Why do you thus call upon the name of Shirín? for where is Shirín? Know you not that while you have been crying out upon her name here upon the mountain, Shirín the beautiful has been two weeks dead? Yes, and now the third week is passing; and when it shall have passed away, Khosru will put off the mourning robes he now wears, and cease to grieve for the no longer beautiful Shirín.'

When Ferhád heard these lying words, all the hope that had carried him through his vast labours died away in his heart. He groaned aloud, and flung down his mattock upon the ground, for his work was ended, and his heart was broken. Then he, in his wild misery, dashed himself down from the steep cliff where he stood, and thus, say the poets, 'gave up his soul to God, and as a true lover, died for his beloved.' But the handle of the mattock he had flung down, being made of pomegranate wood, took root upon the spot, and became a flourishing young tree, and of so great virtue, that anyone being sick, and resting under its shade, was healed of his disease.

And when Shirín heard of the fate of her unhappy lover, she was so affected, 'that, like the rose deserted by the nightingale, she drooped her head and withered,' and so died.

Khosru, being quite disconsolate at his loss, and overwhelmed with remorse at this unlooked-for result of his stratagem, determined to make all the amends he could; so he had the bodies of the lovers buried close

together, with nothing but the corpse of the hateful old woman to divide them. 'And the people of the valley told me,' says Sir R. K. Porter, 'that I might see their graves at Kesr-i-Shirín on my way to Baghdad, and that I should know the spot by observing a couple of rose trees, which grew out of the mould that covered the faithful bosoms of Ferhád and Shirín; and that a huge thistle marked the accursed clay of their destroyer.'

This is the end of the story of the fair Shirín as told by the Persian poets. But history tells better things of her; for instead of saying she cared for Ferhád, or anyone else except her husband, it says she was true to him in his good and evil fortune, in his life and in his death; and that when his enemies hunted him down, and his people forsook him, and his wicked son conspired against him, and he was finally done to death, his true Shirín refused to survive him.

The real history of the reign of Khosru Purváz is a very eventful one. I give a brief summary of it. He remained fast friends with the Emperor Maurice throughout the life of the latter. Upon the revolt of Maurice's troops and capital, Phocas, the miserable little centurion who had been raised to the throne, sent ambassadors to Khosru, to request his friendship, and to justify the murder of Maurice and his sons.

Khosru was horrified at the fate of his adopted father, and bitterly indignant that Phocas should dare to attempt to treat with him. He took up arms, and invaded the Roman provinces. He seized many of the towns in Asia Minor, and laid siege to Jerusalem. This town was taken. The Holy Sepulchre and the noble churches were burnt, and 'the True Cross' (which the Empress Helena was said to have discovered) was carried away into Persia. Khosru next invaded Egypt, and conquered all that was then known of Africa. Heraclius, the Emperor who succeeded Phocas, sued in vain for peace whilst an army of Persians besieged his walls. Khosru declared haughtily that he would never grant him any terms until he 'abjured the worship of his crucified God,' and became a Fire-worshipper. However, after a few years more of war the Persian king relented, and agreed to accept a yearly tribute from Heraclius of 'a thousand talents of gold, a thousand talents of silver, a thousand silk robes, a thousand horses, and a thousand maidens.'

In the very midst of all his glory, there came to Khosru a strange message. One day, a letter was presented to him from the 'camel-driver of Mecca,' bidding him give up his false worship of the Sun, and acknowledge the true God, Allah, and Mahommed his prophet. Khosru was astonished and angry at the presumption of the writer, and he tore the letter into fragments, and tossed them with a scornful laugh into the current of the river Kurasu, on whose banks he was standing at the time.

'And immediately,' says the Mahommedan author of 'The Wonders of Creation,' 'the stream shrank in horror into its present deep channel,

and ceasing to water a wide and fertile country, remained for ever useless and accursed !'

When Mahommed was informed of the result of his mission, he exclaimed in a solemn voice, 'Even thus shall God rend the empire of the Persians, and reject the prayers of Khosru !'

Mahommed's prophecy was fulfilled in a remarkable manner ; for Heraclius at length roused himself from his idleness, took the treasures from the churches to pay his army and furnish provisions, re-conquered all his lost provinces, and finally carried the war into the heart of Persia itself. There was a desperate battle at Nineveh, after which Khosru retreated towards Dastagerd, with Heraclius following step by step in his rear.

Even Dastagerd, the wonderful palace, with all its riches, had to be given up to the Roman soldiers, and the poor old King fled to the long deserted capital, Ctesiphon. But treachery followed him to this last refuge ; for Shiroueh, his eldest son by Shirin, conspired against him. At last, worn out by the long struggle with the Romans, deserted by his subjects, betrayed by his own son, aged, sick, and sorrowful, Khosru fell into the hands of his enemies, and was imprisoned in the dreadful 'Tower of Darkness.'

It is said that by the orders of the evil Shiroueh all Khosru's other sons were murdered before his eyes, but that no man could be found bold enough to lay his hand upon the noble old King. At last, however, one Hormuzd, the son of a man whom Khosru had killed, offered to be the executioner.

When he saw this man approach, Khosru bent his stately head to the scimitar like the brave king he was, saying quietly, 'It is just that the son should slay the murderer of the father.'

When Hormuzd had finished his cruel task, he went to tell Shiroueh that his father was dead, and gave him these, his last words, as a token.

'It is indeed just that the son should slay the murderer of the father,' repeated Shiroueh ; and rising up, he slew Hormuzd upon the spot.

Very evil things are reported of Shiroueh, besides this murder of his father and brothers, (but too common a crime in Eastern countries, even in much later times.) Be that as it may, the story goes on to say that Shirin, hearing of the murder of her lord, dissembled her grief, and promised that if she were allowed but once more to look upon his face she would not refuse to be comforted.

Shiroueh granted his mother this last sad privilege, and she was admitted to where Khosru was lying chill and stark. She gazed upon the murdered body of the man she had loved so long and so truly, making no moan ; but before anyone guessed her purpose, she flung herself upon his breast, and stabbed herself to the heart, and so died.

JOTTINGS FROM A JOURNAL IN THE EAST.

THE plague of locusts is a scourge from which we in England are happily exempt; and it is difficult to realize that the insect known to us under the harmless form of the common grasshopper, could ever be the cause of such terrible destruction as we read of in the accounts of travellers, and nowhere more graphically than in the pages of the Bible. Dr. Tristram indeed speaks of the locust as having once, in 1748, done considerable damage in the west of England; and in the south of France it is not uncommon, and often does great harm; but its principal *habitat* is the East. The eighth plague of Egypt was that of the locusts, and the constant mention of them in Scripture shews that Palestine suffered frequently from their ravages; not less so the whole of Syria, Arabia, Persia, and other Eastern countries. It has been remarked that their periodical visitations generally follow after a mild winter and dry spring; these conditions of the weather having allowed the insect, which is always present in these countries, to lay its eggs undisturbed, and hatch them without loss. As eight hundred eggs may come from one locust, it is easy to imagine the swarms that are produced. In 1865, many parts of the East suffered from a plague of locusts. I happened at that time to be at Tiflis in Georgia, and shall never forget the peculiar aspect presented by the surrounding country in the spring. The bright green vegetation which had begun to cover the slopes and valleys, was marked with large irregular patches of black, just like ink-stains on a green carpet. On riding into the middle of one of these black splotches, it began to buzz and hop about, and then we found that it consisted of a thick mass of young locusts, several inches deep. Needless to say, there was no vegetation beneath this seething crowd. Happening to speak to some Armenian friends of this, to me, curious sight, they said that they were afraid the locusts would soon begin to commit very serious ravages, and that it was quite time to send for the birds. This expression, 'sending for the birds,' naturally provoked enquiry; and the following explanation was given.

Near the foot of Mount Ararat in Armenia, about eight days journey from Tiflis, and not far from the famous monastic establishment of Etschmiadsin, is a convent dedicated to St. Jacobus, (probably St. James of Nisibis,) and in the neighbourhood of the convent a well, also named after the saint. Throughout the country in the immediate vicinity of this well, and indeed all along the base of Ararat, with this well as a sort of centre, are always to be found large numbers of a bird known as the 'destroyer of the locust.' As soon as ever there appears a prospect of a plague of locusts in Georgia, it is customary to send a deputation of Armenian priests from Tiflis to fetch a vial of water from the Well of St. Jacob. The vial must be carried from the convent to Tiflis by one person, the whole way on foot, and never allowed to touch the ground. The

man chosen to accompany the deputation for this purpose must be of unimpeachable morality and integrity. On the arrival of the water, it is placed with much ceremony in the Armenian Cathedral; and it is confidently expected that the birds above mentioned, will soon follow the water of the well from which they are accustomed to drink. Should they not do so immediately, religious processions take place, in which the sacred vial is carried, and which are joined in, not only by Armenians, but by all the other Christian sects. Sooner or later the birds always arrive.

A few days after hearing this account, I was told that in consequence of the threatening prospect of a locust plague, a deputation had been sent for the water from the Well of St. Jacob. It returned about the middle of May, bringing the important vial, the conditions connected with the transit of which had been scrupulously fulfilled. By this time the locusts were already of considerable size, and had begun to cover the entire country. Great therefore was the need of the destroying birds. But they did not come, and several processions of the water were held, in order to hasten their arrival. One very large one, joined in by the whole population, took place on Sunday, May 28th; and on Tuesday, the 30th, I witnessed the following curious phenomenon.

Suddenly, as I sat reading near the window in a house on the outskirts of the town, the room became darkened as though a thick cloud was passing over the sun; at the same time there was a loud beating against the windows, and a noise of chirping absolutely deafening. I could hardly believe what I saw when I looked up, but on going outside there was no doubt about it. The birds had arrived. They literally filled the air in one compact mass, and you could knock them down or catch them with your hand as easily as possible. Great numbers of them settled on the high rocky hills near the house, and began building their nests. Just about the time that they finished the work of housing themselves, the locusts began to fly; and immediately the birds set about the task for which they had been summoned. Most curious it was to watch them. Darting about the swarming locusts, they seemed to catch them in the middle, give them one nip, and drop them dead. Then after working for some time in this way, they would go and clean their beaks and claws in water, and return again to the charge. In those parts where there was no river or pond near, troughs of water were put by the peasants expressly for the birds to refresh themselves in.

When I left Tiflis at the end of June, they were still at their Danaide-like task. These birds closely resembled, and indeed probably were of the species called the *Pastor roseus* or *Turdus roseus*, the rose-coloured ouzel or starling—a very pretty little bird, with a yellowish rose beak, black head, neck, tail, and wings, and beautiful rose-coloured back, breast, and sides, &c., the head feathers lengthen into a sort of crest. It is almost as rare in England as its victim the locust. Yarrell speaks of this bird as ‘held sacred at Aleppo on account of it killing locusts,’ and Colonel Sykes says ‘they darken the air by their numbers.’ I

caught one on the first day of their arrival, but let it go at the entreaties of some natives, by whom they are held sacred; and the Russian government, rightly respecting this feeling, and acknowledging the usefulness of these little creatures, imposes a fine of twenty-five roubles, about £3 10s., on anyone convicted of killing or injuring one of them.

F. A. E.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

TO THE CHILDREN.

HOLY INNOCENTS DAY.

YOU know the Bible story in St. Matthew, ii. 16–18, which tells how once little children were allowed the blessedness of suffering for their LORD and Saviour, and giving up their lives for Him. These ‘little ones,’ now in their white robes, stand before the Throne of God, and all tears are wiped away from their eyes.

Would *you* not wish, like these ‘little ones,’ to be able to do something for the LORD, who is still always saying, as when He was on earth, ‘Let the little children come unto Me.’

You can do something at once.

There are many sick and suffering children in London, whom He wants *you* to help to take care of for Him.

They require kind doctors and nurses, and nice food to make them well; their mothers have too much to do to be able to nurse them when they are sick.

Their homes are dark and cold, and they are often very hungry; so we want to bring as many of them as possible into a bright pleasant home, where they will be lovingly nursed, and have pictures and toys to help them bear their pain.

On Holy Innocents Day—the Day on which we think of the babes of Bethlehem—many kind clergymen will have a collection, so that we may get money to take many more children into the Home. Perhaps there will be a collection in the church you attend; if not, you may still put aside your pennies on the Holy Innocents Day, and send them to

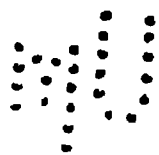
T. THOMSON, Esq., Honorary Secretary,

The Victoria Hospital for Sick Children,

CHELSEA, LONDON.

How many things will you give up buying for *yourselves*, in order that you may give the money to your dear LORD and His little Sick Children?

T. D.



A PARABLE OF THE POOR-LAW.

I HAD a very odd dream last night. I thought I was in the hall of Rhadamanthus, that upright judge, who, according to the old Greek fable, sat in judgement in the nether world. Business was going on. People were brought up for trial one after another, and the court was crowded. The prisoners were allowed to speak in their own defence, and witnesses were called for and against them.

One respectable-looking educated man pleaded well and fluently in his own behalf. He said, and apparently with truth, that he had always been a just and fair-dealing man, a constant church-goer, and in his own estimation exemplary in every relation of life. And there was one point, he observed, upon which he thought credit was especially due to him; he had been a guardian of his parish, and as such he had always advocated a liberal treatment of the poor. He had thought it harsh to bring them into the work-house, and had always voted for their having relief out of the work-house; and he considered that his kindness to the poor in that respect ought to be reckoned in his favour.

‘Was it your own money,’ said the Judge, ‘of which you were thus liberal?’

‘Well, no,’ said the man; ‘at least, of course I paid my share of the rates along with the rest.’

And then there came to give evidence against him a little girl. She seemed about fourteen or fifteen years old, but she looked stunted and pale and unhealthy. She said thus:—‘I was a child brought up in the work-house of which this gentleman was one of the guardians. I had no relations, and no one was kind to me, or took any pains about me. I was always a delicate child, and the food was unsuited to me, and was often bad. My life was utterly joyless. I can never remember having had a toy to play with, or a school-treat, or anything of the sort. People were kind to the little village children outside the house, but no one ever sent us so much as an old picture-book, and we grew up dull and sickly, and caring for nothing. As soon as I was old enough, I was sent out to service to the first mistress who applied for me. She was a bad woman, and she treated me very badly. During all the time I was with her, I was going from bad to worse; and I esteem myself fortunate that my health, which had been shaken by the way in which I had been brought up, gave way altogether, and I came back to the work-house to die. And I say that this gentleman is responsible; he was one of the guardians, and the guardians had the management of the work-house.’

The prisoner seemed utterly amazed and confounded at this charge.

At last he stammered out that it was not his fault; he had no reason to suppose there was anything amiss.

‘Did not you know,’ said the Judge, ‘that there were children in the work-house? and was it not your duty to make inquiries, and satisfy yourself that they were properly cared for?’

The poor man was obliged to confess that he had never thought anything about it. The judge looked grave, and postponed the case till the next day.

Oddly enough, the very next case that was called up had to do with work-houses also. It was that of the matron of another work-house—an ordinary looking person enough, of the middle class. She seemed to be utterly overwhelmed by her position, and could only say with tears that she was afraid she had led a very selfish easy-going life, and had done very little for her fellow-creatures.

‘Tell us anything you *have* done for your fellow-creatures,’ said the Judge, not unkindly.

The poor woman began to falter out something about giving money in church. But the words were completely taken out of her mouth by a crowd of women, who rushed forward eagerly to give evidence in her behalf, calling down blessings on her head, and entreating the Judge to acquit her instantly. Some of them were like glorified spirits, with faces as of angels; and many covered the prisoner’s hands with kisses, and wept tears of gratitude for what she had done for them. ‘We were mothers,’ they said, ‘and we died, and our children were taken to the work-house. And this good woman was kind to them, and took care of them, and was always thinking what she could do for them; and many a time we have hovered over her bed at night while she slept, and called down blessings upon her, and prayed to God for her all night long, because she was good to our poor little children.’

And then a darker shade came forward. It seemed to have been a woman once, but there was an awful look upon its face as of one lost for ever. And it said, ‘I too was a mother once, and a wicked one. I left my children, and fled from them to lead a life of sin; and now I receive the due reward of my deeds. But my children were taken to the work-house, and there this woman took care of them, and taught them to fear God; and it is of her doing that they did not tread the same dark path as their mother.’

All this time the woman herself of whom they spoke seemed perfectly amazed, and kept looking from one to the other in mute astonishment. At last she found words to say—‘But I was paid to do it; I was paid to look after the children, and I never thought there was any credit in it. I am sure no one could have helped doing the best she could for them. Poor little things! they had nobody to care for them but me.’

Then suddenly there was an awful change, and in the Judge’s seat another Form; and my whole soul thrilled within me as I heard a still small voice say, ‘Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of

these, ye have done it unto Me. *Well done*, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

As I woke I thought something said unto me, 'Go and do thou likewise. See if you cannot do something for the children in the work-house of the Union in which you live.'

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

I.

Ah! love, my dreams of fame,
 My fairy-glen of bliss,
 Shrined by yon sunset-flame,
 Are banished by thy kiss.
 Yet grudge me not, sweet-heart,
 That my vexed thought should roam
 Far from earth's noisy mart,
 Far from the peace of Home!

II.

Crippled in manhood's prime,
 'Neath forest-gloom I lie;
 Thought owns no native clime!
 My soul sails through the sky.
 On southern surge I float,
 Shadowed by tasselled palm;
 I pace Nile's moonlit boat,
 Amid the desert's calm.

III.

For me in dusky wild
 The campanero tolls;
 For me—the snow-peaks' child—
 Each yellow river rolls.
 From taper minaret
 The shrill muezzin cries;
 For me, with dew-drops wet,
 Glare down the Sphinx's eyes.

IV.

So wide my wild wings soar,
 I fancy I can scan,
 Beyond a glittering shore,
 The cradle-world of man!

A clime of lustrous bowers,
 And purple-fruited trees,
 Where glide the sunny hours
 In music o'er blue seas:
 Where sweeps a quivering choir
 Through labyrinths of sound;
 Where leaps a diamond spire
 Sharp from enchanted ground!

V.

Cruel! to call me back,
 E'en with thy tenderest kiss—
 Me, stretched on torture-rack,
 Thirsting for purer bliss!
 Forgive me, love, the unrest;
 Some radiant day to be,
 Thy home shall be my breast,
 Through long eternity.
 My maimèd form and face
 Shall glow with youth's full life;
 And I shall lead some race,
 Throbbing with God-like strife—
 Warriors, mid angel-bands,
 Around the camp of God,
 Marching o'er silent lands,
 Where the God-Man once trod.

VI.

Then, love, on summer night,
 When round the thorn may fleet
 The tremulous night-jar's flight,
 I shall be near thee, sweet—
 Clasp thy thin hand again,
 Kiss all thy tears away,
 Whispering, with purer strain,
 Hope's hymn of cloudless Day.

ALAN BRODRICK, M. A.

Whittlebury.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS.

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF
SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER X.

ST. LUKE, II. 36-40.

36 And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of a great age, and had lived with an husband seven years from her virginity;

37 And she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the Temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day.

38 And she coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

39 And when they had performed all things according to the Law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.

40 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him.

‘ANNA belonged to one of the ten tribes that had been carried captive,’ said Cecilia. ‘I believe Aser is the same as Asher.’

‘I suppose,’ said Mrs. Dalton, ‘she belonged to a family that had escaped the general captivity, or had returned.’

‘How thankful she must have been that nothing prevented her from coming into the Temple that day,’ said May.

‘It is a lesson to us,’ said her father, ‘never to faint or be weary in prayer and devotion; a blessing may come at last, great enough to repay us for years of service, even had they brought no blessings at the time.’

‘And now we come to what is, probably, the time of the visit of the Wise Men. Either Joseph and Mary returned to Bethlehem, where, you remember, the Magi found them in a house, not in the stable where-

they had been at first; and the return to Galilee, mentioned here, was not till after the flight into Egypt; or else they went at once to Galilee, and returned again to Bethlehem, before the visit of the Magi. The expression of St. Matthew, that on his return Joseph was afraid to go to Judæa because of Archelaus, seems to me to imply that he wished to go there, either from love for the place where Jesus was born, or from the idea that it was fit and right for the Son of David to dwell in David's town, and that he was only turned aside, and led to live in Nazareth, by the Divine command.'

'It says, at the end of the second chapter of St. Matthew, that he went to Nazareth "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." Does that refer to the Nazarites,' said Cecilia, 'or what prophecy does it allude to?'

'It is rather a difficult verse,' said her father; 'it certainly does not refer to the Nazarites—both because the words Nazarene and Nazarites are not the same, and cannot be substituted the one for the other; and because our Saviour was not a Nazarite. It was one of the accusations of His enemies, that He came eating and drinking, and that He mixed with men as one of themselves, instead of keeping apart. There are two interpretations of the verse, both of which are probably right; one, that in the name of Nazareth, which signifies a branch, or place of branches, there is a reference to the title of The Branch, given to Christ by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and especially by Zechariah. (Isaiah, iv. 2; xi. 1; Jeremiah, xxiii. 5; xxxiii. 15; Zechariah, iii. 8; vi. 12.) The other meaning given to the words is, that they signify the contempt and rejection foretold by the Prophets; and which was in great part owing to the residence, and supposed birth, of Jesus at the despised Nazareth.'

And now you may turn from this, which is avowedly a very difficult subject, to St. Luke's narrative.'

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXIX.

THE CONCORDAT OF BOLOGNA.

1515-1518.

LEO X. was far less annoyed at the controversies of Germany than by the dangers that threatened his antiquarian ease on the side of France.

An expedition into Italy had come to be regarded as a kind of knight-errantry essential to French royalty. Just as the English barons hardly

felt as if they had a real king till he had set up his banner on French soil, so no French King had done his chivalrous devoir unless he had claimed the Milanese and Naples.

How reluctant the Milanese people would have been to give Madonna Valentina to Louis of Orleans, could they have known all that would come of that marriage!

François I. not only was her male representative, but through his wife, Claude, he inherited the rights, such as they were, of Louis XII.

So François made his mother, Louise of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, regent, and gave her for her chief assistant Antoine Duprat, the chancellor, a rapacious unscrupulous man, who cared chiefly for making his own fortune and satisfying the King's extravagance, so that France soon regretted the mildness of Louis XII. and Cardinal d'Amboise. He appointed as Constable of France, Charles, the Count of Montpensier, head of a younger branch of the House of Bourbon, and who had just married Suzanne, the only child of Anne, Duchess of Bourbon, daughter to Louis XI.

Genoa was always in a fitful state, calling itself independent when the French were beyond the Alps, but 'under French protection' whenever they had a hold in Italy. The first step that François took was to induce the Doge of Genoa to call himself only Governor for the King of France; and at the same time he put forth his wife's claims to Milan, and assembled his army to cross the Alps in the August of 1515.

Prospero Colonna had been made general of the twenty thousand men whom Sforza had raised, and with whom the foot of the Alps from Mont Cenis to Mont Genevre was to be defended. Able captain as he was, and used to many a campaign with the French, he thought all he had to do was to watch the defiles that he knew, little suspecting that Chabannes, Bayard, d'Aubigny, and a thousand men-at-arms, were crossing by the apparently impossible road of Rocca Sparviera. Although Chabannes was a Marshal, and there were several more of much higher rank than Bayard, the conduct of the expedition was by universal consent made over to him. They set forth at day-break, riding silently under the guidance of a Piedmontese gentleman, who shewed them a ford by which they crossed and came to Carmagnola early in the day, but there heard, to their great disappointment, that Prospero had gone to dine at a little town called Villafranca, some seven or eight miles off. At first they were all in great vexation at having missed their prey; but Bayard said, 'Since we are here, why not pursue them? If we meet them in the plain, it will be hard if we cannot get some one of them.'

So the Piedmontese gentleman reconnoitred in disguise, and brought back word that Colonna and all his escort were going to dine at Villafranca. Hubercourt was sent on with a hundred archers, a bow-shot behind came Bayard with a hundred men-at-arms, then Chabannes with the rest of the troop. There was hardly any time for the alarm before

they had surrounded Colonna in the house where he was dining, and forced him to surrender. The regular words of a courteous captor were of course said. 'Signor Prospero, it is the fortune of war. To-day for me, to-morrow for you.' Besides the prisoners, seven hundred excellent horses were seized, and all Colonna's plate and jewels, worth fifty thousand ducats. The French could not, however, carry off all their spoil, as there was a large body of Swiss in the Italian pay marching upon them; but the capture of Colonna, the best Italian general, was quite as good as winning a battle.

Much dismay was caused in Italy, and the Pope wrote to assure François of his neutrality, while the King advanced to Turin, and the army began to spread into the Milanese. But a great difficulty had arisen with the Swiss. Large numbers had been hired on either side, as they were reputed the best infantry existing except the Spanish, and were always ready to sell their swords to any party. The Swiss government had been engaged in the Holy League, and at the time of Henry the Eighth's advance to Tournay had been bought off by a sum paid down and future promises from attacking Dijon. Of course the full sum had never been paid; and when the Swiss in the French army found that the duchy of Milan was yielding without fighting or plunder, they made an outcry for both the ransom of Dijon, their pay, and compensation for the towns they were forced to spare. With much effort, and contributions from all the nobles in the army, a sum was raised to satisfy their demands; and the Duke of Gueldres, who had been in command of ten thousand lanzknechts, thought the war so nearly over, that he left the camp, leaving his command to Claude de Lorraine, Count of Guise, the second son of that Duke René of Lorraine, who had played so prominent a part in the fall of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. It is curious that the Angoulême dynasty and the Guise family, who were destined to play so strange a part together, should both first come prominently forward in the same year.

The Swiss had set forth on their march home, and Lautrec was gone to fetch the first instalment of their subsidy, when they met twenty thousand more of their countrymen coming down from the mountains in a fury at finding the war over. They cried out that they would not go back empty-handed to their hills while their comrades had so much pay and booty. They persuaded the others to join them in going in a body thirty-five thousand strong to seize the treasure that had been collected at Buffaloro for their pay. Their two commanders, shocked and ashamed, went straight on to Switzerland with the few who had any sense of honour left, and probably sent notice to Lautrec, who had time to carry off the money. But no Italian could see such a chance of molesting the foreigner go by without trying to profit by it: Muzio Colonna joined the mutineers with all the papal horse under his command, four hundred in number, and the Cardinal of Sion, of Swiss birth, and a bitter foe to France, came to meet them and inflame their rage.

‘Take your pikes!’ he cried; ‘beat your drums; let us march without loss of time to appease our hatred in their blood.’

Whilst the Cardinal was making this furious speech, the Sieur de Fleuranges—‘le jeune Aventureux,’ as was his chivalrous soubriquet—was reconnoitring, and was spied by Muzio Colonna, who instantly gave the alarm. The great cow-horns of Uri and Unterwalden sounded, and all the Swiss swarmed out with their pikes, and putting themselves in battle array, began to march upon the French. It was late in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1515, and François was just about to sit down to supper at Marignano, about ten miles from Milan, when he heard that this huge army was marching on him. He was in the act of trying on a suit of new armour, and the Venetian general Bartolomeo d’Alviano was looking on, when De Fleuranges burst into his tent with the tidings. He took the hand of d’Alviano, saying, ‘Signor Bartolomeo, I pray you lose no time;’ and the Venetian leapt on horse-back, and galloped back to Lodi to bring up his army.

There was desperate fighting, but no generalship. Two bodies of lanzknechts advanced beyond the ditch on each side of the road by which the Swiss were advancing; and Don Pedro Navarro, with four thousand Basques, was on the road itself, with the artillery and men-at-arms. The Swiss, bad as their cause was, fought doggedly, and came right on, though continually charged by the men-at-arms, who after plunging upon them, drew back again behind the artillery, which then fired and made long lanes through the advancing columns, then while they closed up there was another charge of horse, and so on.

In one of these charges, Bayard’s horse became unmanageable, and bore him headlong through the first line of Swiss, and nearly into the second; but fortunately the animal became entangled in a vine trained from tree to tree, and the knight was able to slip from off his back, and divesting himself of his helmet and heavier armour, crawled on his hands and knees towards the quarter whence came shouts of ‘France! France!’ and safely reached the camp, where the first person he met was the Duke of Lorraine, who immediately re-mounted him on his own good old steed Carman. He borrowed a helmet, for the battle was by no means over, although the sun had long been set; and when the moon had also disappeared, darkness forced everyone to pause. There were bodies of Swiss between the different troops of French, and several batteries had been taken. Indeed, one Swiss battalion was so near the King himself, that he durst not keep up a fire lest the small numbers around him should be observed. He lay down to rest on a gun-carriage, and asked for some water; but what was brought him was stained with blood, and he turned away in loathing. An Italian trumpeter blew signals all night long, by which the scattered French understood where their monarch was, and gradually gathered round him; and the great cow-horns of the Swiss were likewise heard, but these were only sounded as notes of triumph and defiance, they were not rallying signals, so that in the

dawn the Swiss had not improved their situation, while the position of the French was considerably better than it had been when the darkness had come on. The lanzknechts had rallied to the number of twenty thousand in one mass round the King, and the men-at-arms were better placed than the night before. The Swiss came on to the attack even more vigorously than the night before, but the lanzknechts received them on their pikes; the artillery mowed them down, and they began to go round the camp seeking for a weak place to assault it in. About nine o'clock in the morning, d'Alviano, who had ridden all night, came up with two hundred of his best horse, and charged, crying, 'San Marco! San Marco!' The Swiss thought the whole Venetian army was upon them, and therefore began to retreat upon Milan, but in perfect order, and with such a fierce aspect that pursuit was by no means encouraged.

They had left no less than twelve thousand dead on the plain, and four thousand on the French side had fallen, a good many noble gentlemen, but mostly German lanzknechts. It had been a furious battle. The condottiere Trivulzio, who had been in eighteen pitched battles, said that they were all child's play as compared to this one, and called it a Battle of the Giants.

François I. had never been knighted. All French kings are supposed to be born knights, but he felt that he had won his spurs, and was determined to receive them from no one save the best knight in France. So he sent for Bayard, and intimated his desire. The knight was overwhelmed at a proposal so inconsistent with the laws of feudal chivalry, which bade the inferior always to be dubbed by his superior in rank; but François broke out, 'Cite me no *canons*, whether steel, iron, or brass; but do my will, if you would be reckoned among my good servants.'

'I can but obey,' said Bayard; and drawing his sword, he added, as François bent his knee: 'Sire, be thou worthy as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother!' then giving the accolade, he added, 'Certes, thou art the first king who ever received knighthood! God grant that thou mayest never flee in battle!'

He then kissed his sword, and said, 'Glorious sword, to have to-day knighted the greatest king in the world! Never more will I draw thee save against Turks and Moors, foes of Christendom. Certes, my good sword, thou shalt henceforth be kept like a relic, and honoured beyond all others!' Then making two leaps, he returned it to the scabbard.

He was at fault in his history, for Richard II. and Henry VI. were both dubbed knights when they reached a fit age; but this choice of Bayard for the knighting of François I. is a unique event in history, as an instance of the highest possible honour being conferred on a man for his chivalrous qualities. In almost any other age it would have been despised as 'barren honour,' unaccompanied as it was by any material reward; but Bayard's position was as honourable to himself as to the spirit of the whole army. Birth seems to have settled rank for ever. As a gentleman, one of the untitled or *petit noblesse*, he was a companion

for princes; as a knight, he was esteemed like a paladin of old; and as a leader upon any emergency, he was always thrust into the post of difficulty; but he never received either estates or promotion, and the most highly esteemed soldier in Europe was never any more than a mere captain of men-at-arms—Pierre Terrail, called Bayard by courtesy, from a small estate in Dauphiny.

A subsequent Duke of Lorraine was very anxious to have this ‘good sword,’ and begged it from the Terrail family, but it had been lost!

François proceeded to knight De Fleuranges and the other gentlemen who had distinguished themselves. He marched on to Milan, whence the Swiss retreated to their mountains; and Massimiliano Sforza shut himself up in a fortress, but surrendered upon the King’s promise to give him a pension, and to intercede with the Pope to make him a Cardinal. The battle had been a most effectual one. With the Swiss it led to what was called the perpetual peace, and not as a mockery, for it really lasted till the destruction of the French monarchy at the Revolution. The Swiss took the place of regular mercenaries in the King’s service, and what was still called the Scottish Guard gradually became more and more Swiss and less Scotch; while in private houses these mountaineers so universally filled the place of porters, that *Suisse* became the very name of the office.

The Battle of Marignano, though in itself only a struggle with mutineers greedy for plunder, did in effect lay Italy at the feet of François I. He thought himself the warrior-king of the age, and poetry and prose, in Latin and French, were not lacking to tell him so. The Pope, who had professed neutrality, but whose subjects the Colonna family were, and whose small troop of horse had fought on the Swiss side, began to try to oblige François, whom he offered to meet at Bologna.

One anxiety of François was to obtain that the see of Tournay should be taken from Thomas Wolsey and restored to Louis Guillard, who had been appointed but not installed when Henry VIII. had taken the town and seized the presentation. Wolsey could certainly well spare it, for he had just been raised to the Archbishopric of York on the death of Cardinal Bembridge in 1514; and he was further soliciting that the hat, vacant by his predecessor’s death, should pass on to him. Both he and Archbishop Wareham were sincerely anxious that he should obtain this promotion and the appointment of *Legatus à latere* from the Pope. Wareham was already legate; but it was only the special legate—a *latere*, from the side of the Pope—who had power to make the reformations so much needed, and which Wareham, an old and gentle-tempered man, could not enforce. Another holder of an English see was already a Cardinal—the Bishop of Bath, Adriano di Corneto, an Italian by birth, and collector in England of Peter-pence. He was an absentee, and resided in Rome, employing as sub-collector a clever native of Urbino, named Polidoro Virgilio, who had been rather a favourite with Henry

VII., and had been employed by him to write a history of England. Wolsey applied to the Bishop of Bath for his interest with the Pope; and when no effect was produced, thinking Cardinal de Corneto had played him false, he revenged himself by putting poor Polydore Virgil into the Tower, thus obtaining for himself a by no means flattering picture in the imprisoned author's history. Leo X. and his cousin, Cardinal Giulio de Medici, wrote to Henry, commanding the enlargement of Polydore, but without effect; and when François applied for the restitution of Tournay, the Pope willingly granted a bull to that effect, even authorizing Guillard to obtain entrance by force of arms. Henry was very angry; but François, who had no desire to quarrel with him, solicited the Pope to grant Wolsey the Cardinal's hat by way of compensation for Tournay; and this was granted, though after all Wolsey did not resign his claim to Tournay. Leo decided on going to meet the King of France at Bologna, making a visit on the way to his native city of Florence, where he was received with a wonderful display of elegance and splendour, but found his brother Giuliano slowly dying of an incurable complaint. At Bologna, where Julius II. had made the papal name hated, Leo was received in sullen silence, which the Cardinals wished him to resent; but he preferred winning the hearts of the people to punishing them.

Leo and François met with great courtesy, and lodged together in the same palace. There was much to make them friendly together, for both were men of wit, and though the King must have been a man of far less culture than the Medici, he was a passionate admirer of all that was beautiful, and revelled in the exquisite art of Italy. Two pictures were painted for him by Raffaello. One is the victorious St. Michael subduing Satan. Calm in his strength, the magnificent Archangel, upborne on his mighty wings, treads down the scowling fiend into the dark abyss. So it was meant the Knights of the Order of St. Michael should bear down the power of evil. The other was St. Margaret, the patron saint of François's sister, the Pearl of Pearls. Here the child saint, palm in hand, is coming forth unscathed from the coils of the dragon, as in the dream of the Virgin of Antioch. Would that France had taken to itself the teaching of these two pictures! Lionardo da Vinci, who had found reason to be displeased with Leo's patronage, actually entered the service of François, returning with him to France on the promise of a pension of seven hundred crowns; but he was an aged man, and after incomparably recording the handsome countenance of the young King, his health totally failed, and he died in the arms of the King only three years later.

So delightful were Leo's manners, that all the French court were charmed, and civil speeches abounded upon all sides; but two important measures were agreed upon between Pope and King, which had no small effect on the French Church. The canons enacted at the Council of Basle had been accepted by an assembly of the Church of France, and

had been held binding ever since; but they had been rejected by the Popes, who had striven ever since to get them abolished in France. These canons had forbidden the payments to Rome, and the sale of benefices, and had made the appointment of a bishop subject to the approval of the Crown; but they also kept a due amount of Church government in the hands of the clergy instead of the king. Leo now proposed that if François would abolish the canons of Bâle, he should be compensated by receiving all the powers of government hitherto enjoyed by the clergy, and should have the sole right of presenting to ecclesiastical benefices.

This was a highly improper arrangement on both sides; the Pope gave up what he believed the rights of his successors, and the King betrayed the liberties of his national Church for the sake of gain; but it is a curious fact that the Roman chronicler says nothing about this important *concordat*. All he is concerned with is how the King walked to church between two Cardinal Bishops, followed by his barons all in cloth of gold; how he held the train of the Pontiff on the approach to the Altar to say Mass, and only sat on a stool, rising up and kneeling down with the Cardinals, and holding the bowl and napkin for the washing of the hands of Leo; also how careful the master of the ceremonies was to warn the Pope against putting his hand to his cap in public, lest he should appear to be doing homage to an earthly monarch.

François proposed, like his two predecessors, to make a raid upon Naples; but Leo persuaded him that it would be wiser to wait for the death of old Fernando of Aragon, who was fast declining; and the conference broke up—the Pope going to Florence to attend the death-bed of his brother Giuliano, and François returning to meet his mother and wife at Lyons, leaving the Constable de Bourbon to defend the duchy of Milan, with seven hundred lances, six thousand lanzknechts, and four thousand Basques.

His precaution was shewn to be needed, for just as the war was over, Maximilian had finished his preparations, and suddenly dashed into the Venetian territories with a considerable army, intending to expel the French from Milan and restore Sforza.

The alliance between France and Switzerland had not prevented fifteen thousand Swiss from hiring themselves to the Emperor; but there were nearly as many more under the Constable of Bourbon with the French army, and a sudden alarm possessed Maximilian lest they should coalesce and deliver him up to the French, as they had done by Lodovico Sforza; and after his usual fashion, he suddenly vanished from his army and returned to Germany.

Meantime, the Pope had sent off the red hat to Thomas Wolsey, but only in 'a varlet's budget, who seemed to all men to be a person of mean estimation,' not at all suitable to English notions of splendour. The Archbishop, with all regard to appearances, caused the 'varlet' to be stayed by the way, and equipped in costly silks, so as to make a

suitable show when he was met on Blackheath by a great assembly of prelates and 'gallant lusty gentlemen,' who conducted him to Westminster Abbey.

There, in the presence of all the Court, the Archbishop of York received the hat, which was, in fact, the pledge of his appointment to be parish priest of the Church of St. Cecilia *trans Tiberim*, scarlet because of the old purple of Rome, of which he had thus become a citizen. He was also made legate *a latere*, thus being able to over-rule all opposition from the English clergy. No doubt Wolsey, an Englishman to the back-bone, had rather have maintained the independence of the Church; but as gentle Archbishop Wareham had proved quite incapable of getting the English clergy to reform themselves, someone must get authority, no matter whence, to do it for them.

Moreover, Wareham gave up the Chancellorship to Wolsey, and on the 22nd of December, 1515, the Great Seal, enclosed in a bag of white leather, sealed with five seals, was delivered by him to King Henry at Westminster Palace, and then handed over to the Cardinal Archbishop. He thus became the director of all affairs in England, both lay and clerical. No one had resembled him in magnificence since the palmy days of the diaconate and Chancellorship of Thomas à Becket; and his splendours, with the rushes on the floor and the King jumping over the table, must have been barbarous compared with those of the Chancellor Cardinal of the Cinque-cento. He never rode out without two great crosses of silver, one episcopal, the other legatine, borne before him by 'two of the tallest and comeliest priests he could get in the realm;' and the yeomen of his guard were also the largest and finest-looking men the kingdom could muster. Four, with gilt pole-axes, guarded him wherever he went. Nobles and gentlemen were parts of his household train; his steward was always a priest, his treasurer always a knight, his comptroller always a squire, and his master cook 'went daily in velvet or satin, with a gold chain.' His chapel had a Dean, a repeater of the choir, a Gospeller, an Epistoller, twelve singing priests, sixteen singing men, and twelve boys with their master; besides, in the vestry a yeoman and two grooms, probably for the attiring of this splendid choir. For his biographer Cavendish says, 'As for the furniture of his chapel, it passeth my weak capacity to declare the number of the costly ornaments and rich jewels that were occupied in the same. For I have seen in procession about the hall forty-four copes of one settle worn, besides the rich candlesticks and other necessary vestments to the furniture of the same.'

The whole number of his retinue one edition of Cavendish makes to amount to one hundred and eighty, another to five hundred, another to eight hundred. The first seems as if it might be the number of gentlemen, each of whom Cavendish says had one or more personal attendants.

To maintain all this Wolsey had not only his Archbishopric, but he held Durham *in commendam*, and farmed Bath, Worcester, and Hereford,

paying so much a year to their foreign absentee bishops. Of course there was no end to the inferior benefices he would hold.

It seems ridiculous to think of a man who was such an abuse in himself undertaking to reform the Church, and Wolsey was certainly very far from being a saint; but pluralities were never thought of as blameable, and the age was one of gorgeous display, in which Wolsey participated with all the vanity of a *parvenu*. But there were deep evils of which he was sensible in the condition of the English Church, and he fully intended to deal with them, not knowing that his hands were not clean enough.

The French Church was in the meantime striving against the Concordat. Leo had carried it to the Lateran Council, which had been convoked by Julius II. in 1511, and was still supposed to be sitting at Rome; but it only consisted of the prelates who happened to be at Rome, chiefly Italian, and they all said '*Placet*' to whatever he demanded.

It was very different with the Parliament of Paris, who refused to register the Concordat. This body was the old council of the original domain of Hugues Capet. It had come to consist of the ecclesiastics and peers, holding directly of the King of the old Isle de France, together with a large body of lawyers. It was the supreme court of judicature, but it had no power to pass laws, only to register those that emanated from the King, thus rendering them law. There were other parliaments in the old dukedoms, but these took the lead from Paris. The *Gens de la Robe*, or lawyers of Paris, were some of the most honourable men in France, and had a strong feeling of dignified loyalty to the constitution as well as the King. On their refusal, François went into a furious rage. 'There is a King in France,' he said, 'not a Venetian senate.' He actually reviled the deputation sent to him at Amboise, with gross personal abuse. Probably his shallow nature had no conception of the higher issues of the question, or the principle of the independence of national Churches; and he really fancied that the clergy only objected out of dislike to royal authority. At any rate, he rated them for disloyalty, and ordered them to begone by six o'clock the next morning, or he would have them thrown into the moat.

The Parliament still protested; the University of Paris commanded that there should be public litanies, as in the time of national calamities. François imprisoned the members of the University, and threatened the lives of the councillors of Parliament. They held out for more than a year; but at last François sent Louis de la Trimouille to command them to register the Concordat without further waste of time. Four days passed, then alarm got the better of them. They persuaded themselves that not only their own lives but the existence of the Parliament and capital itself were in danger. They protested that they acted under coercion, and then registered the fatal Concordat, on the 18th of March, 1518.

For years, however, they went on protesting, and prayers for the abolition of the Concordat were offered for many years after, but all in vain.

By it the kings had, unrestricted, the entire disposal of all the benefices of the Church—wealth which between bishoprics and abbeys amounted to a third part of the revenues of the entire country. Unchecked, they made a shameless use of them, giving the wealthiest ‘*in cōmmendam*’ to the courtiers of all kinds whom they wished to favour, without regard to profession, character, or even sex.

‘The Concordat,’ said Bossuet, one of the best French bishops, a hundred and fifty years later, ‘bound a heavy burthen on their consciences, and took the salvation of their subjects into their own hands.’

Never did consciences less understand their burthen. The down-hill progress of religion and morality in France was rapider than ever from that day!

Meantime, Leo, in his elegant ease and enjoyment at Rome, was anxious to see St. Peter’s completed; and sending forth a Bull of indulgence, promising remission from a certain proportion of purgatorial pains in requital of almsgiving to the great Cathedral, which was rising under Bramante’s superintendence.

Probably Leo patronized too much; for the two great men of his time, Lionardo and Michel Agnolo, avoided him. Michel Agnolo was very busy making a road for the transport of marble across a dangerous morass.

Raffaelle was, however, at Rome, till he died, after a brief illness, at the age of thirty-seven, in 1518, leaving his master-piece, the Transfiguration, scarcely finished. It was borne along at his funeral amid universal wailing.

Perhaps this year marks the climax of Papal magnificence and the worldliness of the Church.

(*To be continued.*)

A WREATH OF ‘IMMORTELLS,’ IN MEMORY OF MARGARET GATTY.

BY HER SISTER.

Oh never more! Oh never more on earth,
With loving smile to greet our household mirth;
Oh never more those gentle eyes to raise
In kindly sympathy, or prayer or praise:

Oh never more, in words that strove to win
The sinner, whilst they shew’d the guilt of sin,
To wake the slumbering soul to wholesome fear,
Or whisper comfort in the sufferer’s ear:

Oh never more with reverent eye to trace
Sweet mystic harmonies in nature's face,
With gentle teachings of divinest truth,
In pictures drawn to charm the heart of youth :

Oh never more, bereft of voice and speech,
By patient suffering and pure thought to teach,
Reveal'd in words by trembling fingers shewn,
Upon the primer page to childhood known :

Oh never more ! On that fair autumn morn,
Forth from the threshold have we seen thee borne ;
Midst sunshine and sear leaves, while nature shed
Soft gem-like tears above her votary's head.

Borne by the village choir—sweet, mournful sight !
In reverence bare, and stoled in radiant white,
That venerated form, with flower and song
Past on its way amidst the weeping throng.

Meet types ! that white-robed train, those bright-hued flowers,
Of pure intentions and of well-spent hours,
That speak of hope amidst the mourners' gloom,
And lands more fair, where flowers eternal bloom.

And is the wife, the mother, sister, all
We lov'd, now laid beneath that sable pall ?
Not so ! There sleeps alone the unconscious clod,
The conscious soul (HERSELF) is with her God.

With God Who gave it, and by suffering tried,
And then recalled it, proved and purified ;
With God Who gave it, and Who gave to bless,
With powers, with means, of boundless happiness.

Oh wretched ! more than beast that treads the wild,
Or bird, or gliding fish, is man, beguil'd
Of faith in that bright home, where spirits blest
Who follow'd Christ on earth, now share His rest.

For while the beast, of death unconscious, dies—
Man, who alone hath power to realize
The sentence, '*Thou shalt die*,' with fond desires
Alone to immortality aspires !

And should such instinct to no end be given ?
Or hath the mind of man created heaven ?
—But hope midst darkest days is theirs, to whom
A murmur calls from out the chilly tomb ;

'Not here the end! Sad hearts, forget your pain,
For Death that parts us shall unite again.'
Not here the end! ah no! That voice so long
To silence doom'd, now joins the choral song

Of ransom'd spirits; while that mind athirst
For knowledge of God's works, at length hath burst
The fetters of the 'finite,' to explore
New worlds of wonders, veil'd from human lore.

Meanwhile, on earth, in many a heart she taught,
Her name, embalm'd in many a gracious thought,
Shall live, for long long years, a 'household word,'
With childhood's sweetest, holiest memories stored.

Oh! * blest are they who hear their summons 'home,'
With hearts prepar'd to cry, 'Yea, Lord, I come.'
OH! † BLEST THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE
THE FACE OF GOD THROUGH ALL ETERNITY!

October 9, 1878.

H. S. E.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER II.—NURSERY TRAINING.

I DO not mean this for a work on education; but if I am to try to review the scenes and aspects of woman's life, I must begin at the beginning, and look at the little child, and what is being, or may be, made of her.

It seems to me that the weak point of most books on education is, that they say boldly, 'Do this, and you will produce that effect,' without taking into account the exceeding variation in the dispositions of children, and how treatment that will barely touch one will terrify another, while the delight of one is the misery of another. Of course there are broad rules, and general observations, and to these it is needful to confine oneself. Actual management learns adaptation, and in all cases principles are better than rules, as being both more stringent and more elastic.

Much has of late been said about training and education making the difference of habits between boy and girl. I do not think the notion can be held by anyone who has often watched the development of the two creatures. The instinct of the boy, long before imitation can have put

* St. Luke, xii. 37.

† St. Matt. v. 8.

it into his head, is to drum and strike in a way that never seems to occur to his sister. He is sure to be eager for sticks, and esteems the sight of a horse more than anything else; while she almost as certainly cuddles even the very semblance of a child, and caresses what he beats. Both have a delight in producing a noise, but hers is seldom aggressive, like that of the boy.

It often happens, however, that for the few years immediately following babyhood, from about four or five to six or seven, the girl is really the more enterprising and less timid creature; and this has perhaps given rise to the opinion above-mentioned. I believe the chief reason is that the inferior creature is of more rapid growth, and that she is really apt to be the stronger of the two, to say nothing of the fact that her tomboyisms are repressed and complained of, while the poor boy is blamed for his cowardice.

At about five years old boys are often very thoughtful beings. They have just acquired full power of speech and limb, and can fairly understand the scenes around them, while custom has not taken away the novelty and wonder. If they have anyone who cares to converse with them, this is a great period of memorable—often original—sayings, unanswerable questions, and sometimes of precocious religion. It now and then happens that the presage of the future manhood is then to be seen in the child; and it is an age at which perhaps the fairest hopes are entertained—often, of course, to be disappointed, and almost always overshadowed for the time when the growth of the animal frame gains the mastery over the spiritual and intellectual being—often for many years. These little pensive boys are often exceedingly timid, as well as delicate in frame, and their sisters get credited with a great deal more courage, because they are stronger, and either are or seem more daring. Indeed, this age of soul in boys is very apt to be in girls the age of coquetry. Thoughtful mother, aunt, or sister, will bring reflection out in the boy; while in the girl, notice from any man who wants to amuse himself with her, will readily take effect.

She is very amusing, whether she be perfectly simple and unconscious, or whether she take the line of sentiment or sauciness. But is it really for her good? Is it well to let this form of excitement in upon the young life? If she receives it as mere petting, and simply regards the 'other party' as her kindest friend and playmate, no harm is done; but it seems to me that there is a certain blighting of the perfect freshness and delicacy of the nature, when the simulation of real love and courtship is permitted. It seems to me to be hard upon the dignity and innocence of childhood, thus to make it ape what it cannot understand, and to desecrate the real beauty of love to forestall it in sport; nay, may not the lingering recollection of such foolish play sometimes assist to make the growing-up girl think lightly of flirtation? It is a difficult subject; but I think it might be impressed on both parties, that 'Mamma does not like that kind of play,' and no real happiness would be lost by it.

Some pain, too, might be saved, for *la vieillesse de l'enfance* sets in soon enough; and while the boy becomes a prey to *Berserkarmuth*, and, unless he has his own kind to play with, or else plenty of space and liberty for voice and motion, is a burthen to himself and all his family; the girl loses her attractive kitten-like grace, so that the very admirers who lately called her delicious, and her speeches 'rich,' now vote them pert and troublesome, and declare that she must be banished to the school-room from seven to seventeen. If she is strong and healthy, 'tomboyism' by no means vanishes at this period. It is the best sign for future health, for it to be retained up quite to the 'teens.' What I mean by 'tomboyism' is a wholesome delight in rushing about at full speed, playing at active games, climbing trees, rowing boats, making dirt-pies, and the like. It can all be done with perfect modesty, provided the girls thoroughly understand that what is permissible among themselves needs a little restraint if a boy not of their own family be among them, and that they must avoid all rudeness. Perhaps it is best, this principle being understood, to leave the carrying out to themselves. With them romping is sure to betray itself by the torn frock, dishevelled hair, and over-heated state of exhaustion; and a little improvement of the occasion generally brings shame and contrition, that will work gradually against the wildness of high spirits. Besides, brothers are almost always fastidious guardians to their sisters' propriety of demeanour, and tell them much stronger truths than will go down from almost anyone else. Where an act that shocks the elders' notions of propriety comes under cognizance, a sudden sharp demonstration of the shock it really causes, followed up, in a cooler, more private moment, by a little conversation upon maidenliness, based upon the 'being grown older,' will generally be effectual. Some girls have an instinct about them that never permits them to offend; others have strong frames and high spirits, which make the sense of decorum slow in coming; and a hint that will cover one girl with agonizing blushes is scarcely observed by another—a lecture which will be helpful to one in time of excitement and temptation, will be scorned by another as tiresomeness or particularity on the elder's part. For this latter class of girl, one brief sharp sting of censure from father, uncle, or elder brother, will do more than a hundred reproofs from her own sex.

It is pleasant to believe that, in all cases, a delicate modesty and regard to propriety is the attribute of girls, and that, however rough, noisy, and bouncing they may be from seven years old to twelve, they are sure to soften into maidenly reserve; but, unluckily, experience shews that this is not so uniformly the case, as not to make it needful that the lesson of *retenue* and self-control should be enforced in early girlhood, if we wish to prevent the 'fast' and bold development afterwards.

Again I say that perfect liberty in the garden with brothers, without objecting to boyish sports, is generally quite safe; but it is wiser to let

it be understood that masculine games such as cricket, or rougher sports such as climbing, are not allowable with any other boys; and any outrageous laughter, or token of boisterousness apart from merriment, had better be suppressed. Prudery is a much less danger than forwardness, especially in the present day. Refinement is the real quality that stands between the two evils; but it is one which, if it do not come by happy nature, can be taught by careful repressive influence, better than by direct reproof.

The kindest thing to be done by a child is to teach it self-restraint. That the mere training in good manners and ordinary civilization does much in that way, is proved by the exceeding difficulty we must all often have experienced in dealing with persons of the lower classes, from their inability to restrain themselves—nay, their want of appreciation of the possibility. Persons among them, whom we know to be thoroughly religious and highly principled, seem to be entirely dependent on their natural temper, and when removed from the restraint of a superior's presence, give way to their natural impulses with absolute helplessness. Sometimes, indeed, we find (as in the curious instance of Archbishop Laud's Journal) that the whole force of religion has to be put in requisition to attain (and not always successfully) those little outward matters of Christian courtesy, which gentle nurture makes matters of habit.

In fact, it is a very curious question how much courtesy is an inbred quality, a matter of race. Travellers and missionaries alike agree in telling us that they find the chiefs of savage races 'perfect gentlemen;' and it seems plain that high-bred bearing, and grace of manner, are of long inheritance from families sure of their place, used to command, and with too much elevation of rank to encourage meanness or servility. Caractacus or Vercingetorix, Ariovistus, Clovis, or Cerdic, were no doubt men of grand dignity of demeanour, aware of what was due to themselves and all around; and though their free warriors might on one side of their nature be ruthless ruffians, yet in their hours of peace they would no doubt be grave, punctilious, guarded, and as careful about giving offence as men become when deadly weapons are always in their hands.

The main body of the gentry of the civilized world is descended from these free-born lords and nobles; and though of course there has been an immense intermixture from beneath, especially in England, yet a code of honour, courtesy, and natural power of conforming to it, has been handed down, which has formed a standard which everyone who has the tone of good society has learnt to accept, and which becomes natural to the newly elevated after a generation or two.

It is this which proscribes all the meaner faults, by simply regarding them as impossible in gentleman or lady; such, we mean, as listening at doors, looking into letters, playing unfairly at games, and the like—and likewise all struggles for place, rude and rough speech and manner,

such as might become personal insult, 'giving the lie direct,' &c. Whether our behaviour in these matters be Christian courtesy, or mere conventionality, is tested by finding whether we will give way to a stranger or visible inferior as to an acquaintance.

Children of gentle birth learn these things they hardly know how, the happier ones from babyhood, the less favoured by more direct and more painful lessons; sometimes by the contempt and indignation of their companions, or by the unanimous consent of their story-books. And that they are learnt by the great mass of ordinary people, is a great safeguard to temper, and prevents many collisions, that might lead to evils far deeper than such as seem to be involved in these minor morals. Good habits, and self-control, seem to be what are especially within the power of education to accomplish. There are things that no external power can accomplish, and that each must do for himself; but the process can be made much easier by enforcing good habits, and repressing bad ones.

Some parents teach their children sound principles, but leave them all the trouble of correcting their faults for themselves as they grow older; others take the task of training and correction into their own hands from the first; and we need not say which we think the happiest and wisest way, and which is most likely to save the little ones from those ingrained faults that become besetting sins.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE OLGA'S STORY.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

PART II.—IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IX.—SIGNS OF THE FUTURE.

'Une jeune fille qui aime croit que tout le monde l'ignore. Elle met sur ses yeux la voile qu'elle a sur son cœur; mais quand il est soulevé par une main amie, alors les secrètes de son amour s'échappent comme par une barrière ouverte.'

Paul et Virginie.

SOME change was coming over our little Dolly, of which the odd, testy, variable moods at the Confirmation time were but a sign. In August, a bazaar took place at Cranwich, in which Mrs. Markham Boyd took a great interest, ordering all the artificial flowers that Lunia could make in a month; and entreating her—nay, rather commanding—to be of the saleswomen. The request embarrassed her, and she went to Mrs. Campbell for advice.

When the Rector heard of it, he shook his head. 'What, Lunia, are

you going to be one of our "fast" young ladies? Then my last idol is shattered for ever.'

'Do you disapprove?' cried Lunia anxiously. 'I can decline now; it is not too late.'

'No, no: I do not much like bazaars, it is true; but I am sure you will not be one of the forward young ladies who make them odious.'

She still looked distressed, and doubtful of his meaning.

'Go to the bazaar, my dear,' he said then, decidedly. 'You will oblige Mrs. Boyd, which is of importance; I should not dare to face her if you were to refuse on my persuasion. But when you are there, be Lunia, and not the model damsel of a bazaar.'

A few days later, Mrs. Boyd made a vigorous attempt to draw Dolly too into her net. We thought it was precisely what she would delight in; and Lunia was rejoicing in the expectation of her companionship, when to our great surprise, Miss Dolly told us she had refused.

'O Dolly! and I thought you would keep me in countenance!' cried Lunia.

Dolly shook her head. 'My impudence would have put you *out* of countenance, instead.'

'But, seriously, why don't you go?'

'I think there will be plenty of dollies, without me.'

'It can never be propriety that keeps you away!' I exclaimed.

'And why not, pray?'

'Because you would not be Dolly if it were.'

Dolly looked vexed, and turned away.

Lunia followed her, and asked softly, 'Do you not think it right to go, Dolly? Is it not right? I see that Mr. Campbell barely approves. I am afraid I am doing something uncommon and wrong.'

'No, no,' answered Dolly eagerly. 'You are you, and I am I. That makes all the difference. You will look so modest and calm, no one will have a word to say against you; but if it were I, I should be sure to chatter and laugh and say rude things, and get a worse character than I have already.'

Lunia patted her, half in play, half in love; but my eyes were then first opened to the change that was coming over my friend. We saw it again in her refusal to have a second party.

'No party this year, Dolly!' cried Lucy Campbell, in dismay.

'You shall come three times and have ices by yourself, Lucy. I am a child, and I cannot give parties.'

'You did not think so last year, Dolly.'

'Lucy, there was once a little girl who argued with her betters till the tip of her tongue came off!' So rejoined Miss Dolly, and she gave no parties.

She was quick enough to discover Mr. Noble's secret, and began one day, to the infinite embarrassment of stupid Olga, who knew it was neither fair nor maidenly to indulge in such gossip, 'Ah, ha! I have

such nice little notions about that Mr. Noble.' She pursed up her lips, and nodded mysteriously.

'What do you mean?'

'I think there is a chance of his finding something more than an organist at Hellerburn.'

'Do you think he admires someone here?' asked I, in my perplexity doing the worst thing I could do.

Dolly nodded again.

'Grace?'

She shook her head slowly and decidedly.

'Whom, then?'

'Lunia.'

'Dolly, how foolish you are! He never comes but on business. Pray do not make us all uncomfortable by such nonsensical fancies.'

'Yes; nice convenient business. I dare say there are better organists than Mr. Hermann to be had by advertising; but you see this makes such a nice excuse for seeing more of a family.'

'Well; I shall not tell Mamma or Lunia what you have said.'

'No: don't. I never thought you would,' said the provoking creature.

But at last the matter was too plain for even Lunia to remain unconscious any longer. One evening, it had chanced that Hermann was called aside by one of the choristers as he and Lunia were leaving the evening practice, nor did he overtake Lunia and Mr. Noble (who was escorting her) until they were almost in our village. Then the clergyman left them, and Lunia, with a heightened colour, went at once to her room. That night, she and my mother had a long and private conversation, and Lunia came into our chamber (where I was lying awake and excited) with the signs of tears upon her face. She said nothing; but when we were in the dark, and in each other's arms, I whispered, 'May I not know *this* time, Lunia?'

'It is only the old pain,' she said, with a long shivering sigh.

'Oh, Sister, be comforted. This is a good true man.'

'Olga, do you dream I could *forget*?'

I was silent, for I *had* dreamed it. 'If that life is ended, Lunia, will you never take up the new one?'

'Do I not take it up?'

'Yes, love—yes, for *our* sakes; but for your own—we want to see you happy.'

'Oh, little Olga, you do not know what it is! Do you suppose comforts can make one happy, or that for one instant a woman can set aside the past?'

I did not know how to reply; I could not understand; but I felt a weight gathering again upon my heart like that of our first troubles.

'May I not ask, Lunia?—Have you refused to marry Mr. Noble?'

‘Not quite that, Olga. I stopped him, of course; but I fear he meant it.’

‘*Fear?*’

‘O Olga, Olga! Do you not know how it is with me?’

I could say no more, there was such a sad reproach in her tone. But on the morrow, she and my mother again had a private conversation; and that evening, while Lunia was at Lady Barry's, and I was sitting by my mother's side, she broke a long silence with a heavy sigh.

‘Olga, you know your sister's heart,’ she said. ‘Do you not think she can forget what is gone by?’

‘I do not understand it, Mother dear; but she says she never can.’

‘She has told you what has passed?’

‘Yes.’

‘Oh, my child! I would give my life that she could cast in her lot here and be happy.’

I kissed my mother's hand, and caressed it as it lay in mine.

‘Did you think the old life had gone so deep with her, Olga? She was so young. She is so young; but we all seem to have aged suddenly.’

‘Mother, I do not know; but it seems that *she* knows what a quiet, deep, abiding love is.’

My mother sighed again.

From this day forth our family peace was troubled. Lunia could not accompany Hermann to the choir practices; we could not tell him why, and he was angry at her excuses. Then Lunia met Mr. Noble by accident, and it grieved and embarrassed both. At last, it was felt that this could not go on. The suggestion of a new tie had broken up my Lunia's peace; her nights were wakeful; she was sad; her brightness left her, or was forced and fitful; my mother said more than once to me, ‘This cannot go on.’ At last, after a few weeks, a letter from my aunt, repeating the invitation she had before given to Lunia to visit her for a time, seemed to hold a solution of the present difficulty, though only depriving us of our Lunia's presence and help.

‘I will go for a little while, Mütterchen, if you will let me?’ she said; ‘and when I come back, I will be a wiser daughter than I am now.’

We were obliged to let her go; it would not be for long, we thought. We little knew that it would be for ever.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HARBURY MILLS.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND TIME.

'Shakespeare and the musical glasses.'

CORA's new life had begun, and the first few days destroyed no illusions. Nothing could be kinder than her aunt, nothing more friendly than her cousin Bessie, a girl fresh from school, and so almost as much a stranger to her Indian parents as were their nieces. Her uncle kissed and complimented them, and made them presents, and they found that his wealth was considered boundless; while the young Edward Fletcher, who was studying for the bar, and was fresh from a prosperous career at Cambridge, was ready to treat his little half-sister and his so-called cousins in much the same style of courteous playful familiarity, mixed with a little patronage of the country-bred maidens. He was a handsome and clever young man; and if he was professedly a great dandy, and perhaps not quite clear from the possibility of being called by his enemies a prig, there was some excuse for him in the universal success that life had hitherto brought. He was a gallant squire of dames, and they saw a great deal of him; but his friend, Miles Harewood, did not re-appear. He had come to stay with the Carlyons, but was now visiting some other acquaintances.

The days passed rapidly in the re-arrangement of Cora and Maggie's wardrobes, and in a vast amount of talk, literary, military, naval, political, and social, in which Cora bore her full share, and felt a keen pleasure in finding that her remarks told. Maggie was somewhat bewildered. She recovered from her fatigue, and the novelty had certainly distracted her thoughts from the Face; but she had not much to say, and though she began to attach herself to her kind aunt and cousins, it was often a relief to be alone with Cora and talk of home—a subject the latter did not find interesting.

'And so you will go to the ball, Mother?' said Edward, one morning, as they sat in their handsome room at the hotel, at work.

'Oh yes, it is the very opportunity I want of introducing these young ladies,' said Mrs. Carlyon. 'We have made up our minds to go, haven't we, Cora?'

'Oh yes, Auntie, and to wear—' and then Cora stopped, blushing, and looked at Edward under her long lashes, with a glance that, though quite involuntary, did as well as if it had been intentional.

'You must not forestall the vision,' said Edward; while Bessie put in, 'Ah, Cora, I am glad you are not too clever to like dancing and care about what you wear. I am so stupid.'

Cora was surprised. She would have been much ashamed to own herself stupid; she longed to excel alike in all pursuits; nor did she see why one should interfere with the other.

‘You cannot be stupid, I am sure, Cousin Bessie,’ she said, ‘when you read Italian so well.’

‘Highly-tighty!’ said her uncle. ‘Never mind about the Italian, as long as all this red paint is fresh,’ pinching her cheek. ‘Your duty is to look handsome, my dear. I wish all our duties were as easy.’

‘Why should cultivation of mind make beauty less beautiful?’ observed Edward; which rather sententious remark appeared to Cora to dive to the root of the matter.

‘Will you cultivate our minds, Edward, by going on with the book?’ said his mother. ‘I think this last work of the “Great Unknown” surpasses the former ones. Who can the author be?’

‘If,’ said Cora, ‘one were to meet the “Great Unknown” without knowing it, I wonder if he would talk of his books. How interesting to hear him!’

‘There is only one hand that can so bring the past to life,’ said Edward, who had been scribbling on a piece of paper, which he now pushed over to Cora, who read—

AN ACROSTIC.

Chloe, if fair thy lovely face,
Oh fair should be thy mind
Rest beauty on a *solid* base,
And fadeless flowers we find.

‘Ha, ha! not so bad, my boy,’ said Mr. Carlyon, as the blushing and much-delighted Cora yielded the paper for general inspection; ‘but at least we want the flowers to shew us where the root is—eh, my pretty one?’

Cora was too much enchanted and too honest to say one word in disparagement of either root or flowers. She believed herself to be handsome and clever, and it pleased her to hear the fact acknowledged; but her vanity was very straightforward, and devoid of any touch of jealousy or meanness; and soon she had forgotten herself in listening to the newest ‘Waverley;’ her work dropped on her lap, and her eyes were shining with sympathy for the heroine and admiration for the hero. Oh to have lived in those days of romance and adventure! Edward was a fine reader, and made the most of the story, and afterwards recurred to his belief that the author of ‘Waverley’ was no other than the author of ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ and said he had written an article in the Quarterly Review to prove their identity.

A printed article! Cora looked on its author with reverence, and believed his maxims infallible. ‘How delightful it is to be here!’ she exclaimed to Maggie, as they were dressing for dinner. ‘What shall we do if we ever have to go back to Penwithen?’

‘I should like to see Betsy,’ said Maggie.

‘Yes, dear old creature! But still, think of the difference. Here there is something interesting to be done every hour, and there one used to save up one’s occupations for fear they should be done too quickly. And how much nicer it is to have a great many people to care about, than only one or two. I seem to have so much more in me now. Stupid places make one stupid.’

If Maggie could have answered truly, she would have said that oppressive novelty made her feel stupid; but she never put herself in opposition to Cora, and was only conscious of a certain wistful longing for familiar scenes and faces.

But she was getting tamed; and by the time the day of the ball arrived was ready to look forward to it with some pleasure. To hear her beauty praised, and to see herself attired in glistening white satin and filmy lace, her dark hair set off by a little wreath of small round red roses, was a sensation that no novelty could render disagreeable, even though she did not know how striking were her young nymph-like slenderness and delicate still face, her innocent wondering gravity giving her a sort of stately dignity, of which the simple little maiden was totally unconscious. She was a little too shy to like strange partners, and too easily tired to enjoy dancing thoroughly; but it was delightful to watch Cora’s triumphs, and amusing to hear Bessie’s free school-girl comments on the various beaux presented to her.

‘But I wish Mr. Harewood had come back from the Mitchels in time for the ball. He would have danced with us all; and though we are getting on famously, it is a good thing to have some gentlemen belonging to you.’

‘I am going to dance with Cousin Edward,’ said Maggie; ‘and there he comes.’

Maggie did not dance very well, and perhaps even her prettiness would not have won her so distinguished a partner, but for his sense of duty to the ladies of his own party; but he good-naturedly applied himself to set her at her ease, and began to tell her the names of the guests, and to praise her dress with cousinly freedom. Maggie responded, and ventured on a few remarks of her own in the intervals of the figure, and they were very happily agreeing that Cora was the belle of the evening, and that no one could compare with her in grace or complexion, when as Maggie’s eyes, full of innocent exultation, sought her sister through the bright moving crowds, they fell for the second time on the dreaded Face. It was gone, even as she looked; but the moment’s sight had been enough.

‘Maggie!’ exclaimed Edward, terrified at the sudden change in her face, from bright animated interest to fixed rigid fear. ‘What is the matter? are you faint?’

Maggie still stared with dilated eyes and parted lips; but Edward’s touch recalled her in some measure to herself, and she let him lead her to a seat, where she leant back, putting her hands over her face. She did

not lose the sense of where she was; but through all her deadly terror felt the shame of creating a public disturbance, till that feeling was lost in the overpowering dread of what would follow the vision.

‘Maggie, what is it?’ cried Cora’s anxious voice.

‘O Cora, it is here!’

‘It? What?’ exclaimed Mrs. Carlyon, who had heard from Cora of Maggie’s apparition. ‘Nonsense, my dear; you are just a little excited, and the lights deceived you. Drink this and look about you.’

‘She will not look,’ began Cora; but her aunt silenced her with an imperative gesture.

‘Yes, I will,’ said Maggie, to the surprise of all. ‘If it is to be, it will be. I will look at every one here.’

There was an interval in the dancing, and the guests were promenading round the room. Nothing in the appearance of the little group attracted general attention. A bright flush had succeeded to Maggie’s paleness, and she sat upright, her hands locked together, while the others followed her gaze; but neither above cambric frills, nor slender jewelled throat, did her eyes meet the eyes of the vision. No gentleman or lady looked back at her from the never-to-be-forgotten Face.

‘There is no one like it,’ she said, in a low despairing voice. ‘I was not mistaken.’ Then suddenly a thrill shot through her, and she stretched out her hands, exclaiming, ‘There!’

‘Where—where? Why, you silly child,’ exclaimed her aunt, ‘that is Miles Harewood, Edward’s friend; he has only been here about an hour.—Here, Mr. Harewood, come here, and let my foolish little niece look at you.’

As Mrs. Carlyon spoke, a tall vigorous-looking young man stepped forward from beneath the chandelier, where he had been standing. Cora looked, and saw fine strongly-marked features, longish hair and whiskers of a hue that Cora shuddered at as red, but which her daughters admire as auburn; and a singularly white complexion, lighted up by large luminous hazel eyes. It was a face that Perugino might have painted, and in which our generation would see much to commend, but it followed no rule of good looks that Cora was acquainted with; and she thought it quite hideous enough to frighten her sister.

But Maggie, carried above confusion or hesitation, gazed with her heart in her eyes.

‘That is the Face!’ she said distinctly. ‘That is my Face!’

‘Maggie!’ cried Cora, scandalized, ‘it is Mr. Harewood!’

‘No!’ cried Maggie. ‘It was there; and the sun-light shone in his hair. I told you it was white and bright.’

‘I don’t think I ever had the pleasure,’ began Mr. Harewood, in somewhat embarrassed tones, ‘I don’t think I ever saw Miss Carlyon before.’

But when poor Maggie heard the supernatural vision, the terrible object of so many fears and fancies, addressing her in the ordinary accents of young-manhood, her exaltation met with a sudden downfall.

Real and unreal were confused together. She became conscious of the situation, while her terror of the vision did not diminish. She burst into tears, and made no resistance as her sister and aunt pulled her hastily away, leaving the young men staring after her in blank astonishment.

‘What on earth does it mean?’ exclaimed Miles Harewood abruptly.

‘Why,’ said Edward, ‘it means that my cousin Maggie saw a ghost, and seems to think that you are the man.’

‘It is a family ghost, Mr. Harewood,’ eagerly said Bessie, ‘and Maggie saw it looking in at the window. People always see it three times, and the third time it brings sorrow. If she saw it really!’

‘I am not a ghost, and I don’t bring sorrow,’ said Miles, his somewhat loud hearty tones certainly giving token of a corporeal existence.

‘Ah, Harewood, you should be flattered. You to haunt a young lady’s dreams!’ laughed Edward.

‘And she said,’ pursued Bessie, ‘it was bright like an angel.’

‘Oh, the angelic countenance! Bright—we always could light a candle at Harewood’s locks. A halo—flames of fire!’ said Edward, laughing almost too much for ball-room propriety; while Miles, somewhat discomfited, drew his hand through his carrots till they stood out in wild confusion.

‘Come, Miss Bessie,’ he said. ‘If you are not ashamed of dancing with me, I sha’n’t catch your muslin on fire.’

‘I’ll try,’ said Bessie. ‘Now for a waltz with a ghost.’ And both excelling in the new foreign dance, at which people still often shook their heads, Bessie and the ghost moved off with slow, harmonious, whirling motion, Edward quoting ‘The Wild Huntsman,’ and alluding to the Dance of Death as they passed him.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER II.

THE POPULATION OF COMPTON POYNSETT.

‘He wanted a wife his braw hoose to keep,
But favour wi’ wooin’ was fashous to seek.’

Laird o’ Cockpen.

IN the bright lamp-light of the dining-table, the new population first fully beheld one another, and understood one another’s looks.

There was much family resemblance between the five brothers. All were well-grown well-made men, strong and agile, the countenance pleasing,

rather square of mould, eye-brows straight and thick, nose well cut and short, chin firm and resolute looking, and the complexion very dark in Raymond, Frank, and the absent Miles. Frank's eyes were soft, brown, rather pensive, and absent in expression; but Raymond's were much deeper and darker, and had a steadfast gravity, that made him be viewed as formidable, especially as he had lost all the youthful glow of colouring that mantled in his brother's olive cheek; and he had a short, thick, curly brown beard, while Frank had only attained to a black moustache that might almost have been drawn on his lip with charcoal.

Charlie was an exception—fair, blue eyed, rosy, and with a soft feminine contour of visage, which had often drawn on him reproaches for not being really the daughter all his mother's friends desired for her.

And Julius, with the outlines of the others, was Albino, with transparent skin mantling with colour that contrasted with his snowy hair, eye-brows, and the lashes, veiling eyes of a curious coral hue, really not displeasing under their thick white fringes, but most inconveniently short of sight, although capable of much work; in fact, he was a curiously perfect pink-and-white edition of his dark and bronzed brother the sailor.

The dark eyes came from the father's side; Cecil had them, and very observing orbs they seemed to be, travelling about from one face to another, and into every corner of the room, scrutinizing every picture or piece of plate, and trying to see into the conservatory, which had a glass door opening from one end of the room. She was the youngest of the brides, and her features and form seemed hardly developed, nor had she attained the air of a matron; her fashionable dress of crisp white worked muslin with blue trimmings, and blue ribbons in her brown hair, only gave her the air of a young girl at her first party, in spite of her freedom from all shyness as she sat at the head of the table in contented self-possession, her little slender figure as upright as a perfect spine could make it.

Very different was the bride on Raymond's right hand. She was of middle height, soft, round, and plump, carrying her head a little tenderly on one side with a delightful *degagée* kind of ease, and air of vivacious indolence. Her complexion was creamy and colourless, her nose rather *retroussé*, her lips full and parting in a delicious roguish smile, answering to the sleepily twinkling eyes, whose irides seemed to shade so imperceptibly into the palest grey, that there was no telling where the pupils ended, especially as the lids were habitually half closed, as if weighed down by the black length of their borders. The habit of arching up one or other of the eye-brows, in surprise or interrogation, gave a drollery to the otherwise nonchalant sweetness of the countenance. The mass of raven-black hair was only adorned by a crimson ribbon, beneath which it had been thrust into a net, with a long thing that had once been a curl on the shoulder of the white tumbled boddice worn over a grey skirt which looked as if it had done solitary duty for the five

weeks since the marriage, and was but slightly relieved by a crimson sash.

Rosamond made some apology when she saw Cecil's dainty equipment. 'Dressed, you correct little thing! You put me to shame; but I had no notion which box my evening things are in, and it would have been serious to irritate the whole concern.'

'And she was some time with Anne,' added Julius.

'Ah! with my good will Anne should not have been here!' rejoined Rosamond. 'Didn't I meet old Mrs. Nurse at your threshold, with an invitation from Mrs. Poyntsett to dine with her in her room, and didn't we find the bird flown at the first stroke of the gong?'

'Oh, I am very well!' repeated Anne.

Yet she was far more colourless than Julius, for her complexion was not only faded by sickness, but was naturally of the whitest blonde tint; the simple coils of her hair 'lint white,' and her eyes of the lightest tint of pure blue. The features were of Scottish type, all the more so from being exaggerated by recent illness; but they were handsome enough to shew that she must have been a bonnie lassie when her good looks were unimpaired. Her figure far surpassed in height that of both the other ladies, and was very slender, bending with languor and fatigue in spite of her strenuous attempts to straighten it. She was clad in a perfectly plain, almost quaker-looking light dove-coloured silk dress, fitting closely, and unrelieved by any ribbon or ornament of any description, so that her whole appearance suggested nothing but the word 'washed out.'

It was clear that to let her alone was merciful, and there was no lack of mutual communications among the rest. Frank and Charlie gave their account of the condition of the game.

'Do you let your tenants shoot rabbits?' exclaimed Cecil, as if scandalized. 'We never do at Dunstone.'

'It prevents an immense amount of discontent and ill-will and under-hand work,' said Raymond.

'My father never will listen to any nonsense about rabbits,' proceeded Cecil. 'If you once begin, there is no end to it, they are sure to encroach. He just sends them a basket of game at the beginning and end of the season.'

'By-the-bye,' said Raymond, 'I hope ours have all been sent out as usual.'

'I can answer for a splendid one at our wedding-breakfast,' said Rosamond. 'The mess-man who came to help was lost in admiration. Did you breakfast on ortolans, Cecil?'

'Or on nightingales' tongues?' added Charlie.

'You might as well say fatted dormice and snails,' said Frank. 'One would think the event had been eighteen hundred years ago.'

'Poor Frank! he's stuffed so hard that it is bursting out at all his pores!' exclaimed Charlie.

'Ah! you have the advantage of your elder, Master Charles!' said Raymond, with a paternal sound of approbation.

'Till next time,' said Frank. 'Now, thank goodness, mine is once for all!'

The conversation drifted away to Venice and the homeward journey, which Raymond and Cecil seemed to have spent in unremitting sight-seeing. The quantities of mountains, cathedrals, and pictures, they had inspected, was quite appalling.

'How hard you must have worked!' exclaimed Rosamond. 'Had you never a day's rest out of the thirty?'

'Had we, Cecil? I believe not,' said Raymond.

'Sundays?' gasped Anne's low voice at his elbow.

'Indeed,' triumphantly returned Cecil, 'between English service and High Mass, and Benediction, and the public gardens, and listening to the band, we had not a single blank Sunday.'

Anne started and looked aghast; and Raymond said, 'The opportunity was not to be wasted, and Cecil enjoyed everything with unwearied vigour.'

'Why, what else should we have done? It would have been very dull and stupid to have stayed in together,' said Cecil, with a world of innocent wonder in her eyes. Then turning to her neighbour, 'Surely, Julius, you went about and saw things!'

'The sea at Filey Bridge, and the Church Congress at Leeds,' he answered, smiling.

'Very shocking, is not it, Cecil?' said Rosamond, with mock gravity; 'but he must be forgiven, for he was tired to death! I used to think, for my part, that lovers were a sort of mild lunatics, never to be troubled or trusted with any earthly thing; but that's one of the things modern times have changed! As he was to be going, all the clerical staff of St. Awdry's must needs have their holiday and leave him to do their work; indeed, one was sent off here. For six weeks I never saw him, except when he used to rush in to say he couldn't stay; and when at last we were safe in the coupé, he fairly went to sleep before we got to the first station.—Hush! you *know* you did! And no wonder, for he had been up two nights with some sort of infidel who was supposed to be dying. Then, that first week at Filey, he used to bring out his poetry books as the proper sort of thing, and try to read them to me on the sands; but by the time he had got to the bottom of a page, I used to hear the words dragging out slower and slower—

"Whereon the—lily—maid—of—Astolat
Lay—smiling—like—a—star-fish——fast——asleep."

Wherewith Rosamond dropped her head and closed her eyes; while the brothers shouted with mirth, except Frank, whose countenance was 'of one hurt on a vulnerable side.'

'Disrespect to Elaine? Eh, Frank?' said Charlie; 'how many pegs has Julius gone down in your estimation?'

Frank would not commit himself, but he was evidently at the era of sensitiveness on the poetical side. Cecil spoke for him. 'How very provoking! What did you do to him, Rosamond?'

'I kept off the sand-flies! I can't say but I was glad of a little rest, for I had been packing up for the whole family for ten days past, with interludes of rushing out into the town; for whatever we hadn't forgotten, the shops had not sent home! Oh! what a paradise of quiet it was under the rocks at Filey—wasn't it, Julius?'

'We will go there again next time we have a chance,' said Julius, looking blissful.

'I would never go again to the same place,' cried Cecil. 'That's not the way to acquire new ideas.'

'We are too old to acquire new ideas, my dear,' drawled Rosamond sleepily.

'What did you go to the Church Congress for?' asked Charlie.

'I hope Julius was awake by that time,' said Frank.

'Not if we are to have all the new ideas tried on us,' said Raymond drily.

'I went to a congress once!' exclaimed Cecil.

'Indeed?' said her husband, surprised.

'Yes. We thought we ought to encourage them. It was the congress of Sunday-school managers for our archdeaconry.'

'Did you acquire any new ideas?' asked Frank; while Rosamond's very eye-lashes seemed to curl with suppressed diversion.

'Oh yes. We explained our system of tickets, and the Archdeacon said it was a very good one, and ought to be adopted everywhere.'

This mode of acquisition of new ideas was quite too much for Julius and Charlie, who both exploded; but Frank retained composure enough to ask, 'Did you explain it in person?'

'No. We made Mr. Venn.'

'The school-master?' said Julius.

'No. He is *our* clergyman, and he always does as *we* tell him; and so Dunstone is quite the model parish of the Archdeaconry.'

Julius could not help making an odd little bend of the head, half deferential, half satirical; and Raymond said, 'Cecil, I believe it rests with you to make the move.' An ingenuous girlish blush mantled on her cheek as she looked towards Rosamond and moved.

The drawing-room adjoined the dining-room, and likewise had a glass door leading into the conservatory; but this, like the other windows, was concealed by the pale-blue damask curtains that descended from cornices gilded like the legs of the substantial chairs and sofas. There was, however, no lack of modern light cane and basket seats round the fire, and it looked cheery and comfortable. Rosamond put an arm round Anne's waist—'Poor tired dear, come and lie on the sofa.'

'Oh no, I couldn't. The gentlemen will come in.'

'All brothers! What, will you only be satisfied with an easy-chair! A charming room, and a charming fire!'

‘Not so nice as a library,’ said Cecil, stabbing the fire with the poker, as a sort of act of possession. ‘We always sit in the library at Dunstone. State rooms are horrid.’

‘This only wants to be littered down,’ said Rosamond. ‘That’s my first task in fresh quarters, banishing some things and upsetting the rest, and strewing our own about judiciously. There are the inevitable wax-flowers. I have regular blarney about their being so lovely, that it would just go to my heart to expose them to the boys.’

‘You have always been on the move,’ said Cecil, who was standing by the table examining the ornaments.

‘You may say so! There are not many of her Majesty’s garrisons that I have not had experience of, except my native country that I wasn’t born in. It was very mean of them never once to send us to Ireland.’

‘Where were you born?’ said Cecil, neither of the two catching at the bull which perhaps Rosamond had allowed to escape by way of trying them.

‘At Plymouth. Dick and I were both born at Plymouth, and Maurice at Scutari; then we were in the West Indies; the next two were born all up and down in Jamaica and all the rest of the islands—Tom and Terry—dear boys, I’ve got the charge of them now they are left at school. Three more are Canadians; and little Nora is the only Irish-born one among us.’

‘I thought you said you had never been in Ireland.’

‘Never quartered there, but on visits at Rathforlane,’ said Rosamond. ‘Our ten years at home we have been up and down the world, till at last you see I’ve ended where I began—at Plymouth.’

‘Oh what a lovely Florentine mosaic!’ exclaimed Cecil, who had taken but slight interest in this itinerary. ‘It is just like a weight at Dunstone.’ Then opening a miniature-case, ‘Who is this—Mrs. Poyntsett when she was young?’

‘Most likely,’ said Rosamond. ‘It is like her now, and very like Charlie.’

‘Yes. Charles is quite unlike the family.’

‘What family?’ said Rosamond.

‘The Charnocks, of course. Raymond is a perfect Charnock!’

‘A vast advantage,’ murmured Rosamond.

‘Of course,’ said Cecil, taking it quite seriously. ‘No one else could be the same thing to us. Papa said there was not a match in the whole world that could have gratified him so much.’

‘How old are you, Cecil?’ quoth Rosamond, with a ripple in her voice.

‘Oh, his age was no matter. I don’t like young men. That’s not the drawback; no, it is that horrid Poyntsett at the end of the name.’

‘You see you had better have waived your objections to youth, and taken a younger son.’

'I couldn't,' said this naïve young person. 'Besides, there is so much more of a field for me here than at Dunstone since Papa's marriage.'

Whatever Rosamond had on the tip of her tongue was averted by the entrance of the three younger brothers. Julius seated himself beside her in the cushioned fire-side corner; and Cecil asked where Raymond was.

'Just stepped in to see my mother,' said Frank. 'This room opens into hers. Will you come to them?'

'Not yet,' said Cecil. 'I want you to tell me about the neighbourhood.'

'Just what I want,' said Rosamond. 'Whenever I ask, Julius always says there's Dr. Easterby.'

Frank and Charlie burst out laughing.

'Dr. Easterby is one of the greatest men in the English Church,' said Julius.

'Precisely! But what is the regiment at Backsworth?' and as Charlie named it, 'Oh, what fun! That's where Laurie Cookson exchanged. He will be sure to send us cards for everything.'

'At Dunstone we never used to go to garrison gaieties,' said Cecil gravely.

'Oh! I'm a military pariah,' said Rosamond hastily.

'Who are the land-owners?' continued Cecil. 'There was a place I saw from the line, but Raymond didn't hear when I asked whose it was. Close to the station, I mean.'

'That is Sirenwood,' said Charles. 'Sir Harry Vivian's. He is just come back there with his two daughters.'

'I thought Emily Vivian was dead,' said Julius. 'You don't mean *that* woman!'

'*That* woman?' laughed his wife. 'What has she done to be a *that* woman?'

'Offended his Reverence,' said Frank, in that sort of jocose tone which betrays annoyance.

'A heartless mischievous woman!' said Julius.

Rosamond cocked up her left eye-brow with an ineffably droll look, which encouraged Charlie to say, 'Such fierceness can only be prompted by personal experience. Look out, Rosamond!'

'Come 'fess, Julius,' said she merrily. 'Fess and make it up.'

'I—I have nothing to confess,' said Julius seriously.

'Hasn't he indeed?' said she, looking at the brothers.

'Oh! don't ask us,' said Charlie. 'His youthful indiscretions were over long before our eyes had risen above the horizon!'

'Do you mean that they have really come home to live here?' demanded Julius, with singular indifference to the personal insinuations.

'I am sorry it is so painful to you,' said Frank, somewhat ironically; 'but Sir Harry thinks it right to return and end his days among his own people.'

'Is he ill, then?'

'I can't gratify you so far,' returned Frank; 'he is a fine old fellow

of sixty-five. Just what humbugging papers call a regular specimen of an old English gentleman,' he added to Cecil.

'Humbugging indeed, I should hope,' muttered Julius. 'The old English gentleman has reason to complain!'

'There's the charity of the clergy!' exclaimed Frank. 'No forgiveness for a man who has spent a little in his youth!'

'As an essential of the old English gentleman?' asked Julius.

'At any rate, the poor old fellow has been punished enough,' said Charlie.

'But what is it? Tell me all about it,' said Cecil. 'I am sure my father would not wish me to associate with dissipated people.'

Ah! Cecil,' said Rosamond. 'You'll have to take refuge with the military, after all!'

'It is just this,' said Charlie. 'Sir Harry and his only son were always extravagant, one as bad as the other—weren't they, Julius? Phil Bowater told me all about it, and how Tom Vivian lost fifteen thousand pounds one Derby Day, and was found dead in his chambers the next morning, they said from an overdose of chloroform for neuralgia. Then the estate was so dipped that Sir Harry had to give up the estate to his creditors, and live on an allowance abroad or at watering places till now, when he has managed to come home. That is to say, the house is really leased to Lady Tyrrell, and he is in a measure her guest—very queer it must be for him in his own house.'

'Is Lady Tyrrell *that* woman?' asked Rosamond.

'I conclude so,' said Charlie. 'She was the eldest daughter, and married Lord Tyrrell, who died about two years ago. She has no children, so she has taken the family in charge, patches up Sir Harry's affairs with her jointure, and chaperons her sister.'

'And what is she like?'

'Ask Frank,' said Charlie slyly.

'No!' said Frank, with dignity. 'I shall say no more, I only excite prejudice.'

'You are right, Frank,' said Julius, who had evidently recovered from the shock. 'It is not fair to judge people now from what they were eleven years ago. They have had some terrible lessons, and may be much changed.'

'Ay,' said Frank; 'and they have been living in an atmosphere congenial to you, at Rockpier, and are hand and glove with all the St. Chrysostom folk there. What do you say to that, Julius? I can tell you they are enchanted with your curate!'

'They are not in this parish.'

'No, but they turn up here—the ladies, at least—at all the services at odd times that Bindon has begun with.'

'Ah! by-the-by, is Herbert Bowater come?'

'Yes, the whole family came over to his installation in Mrs. Hornblower's lodgings.'

‘I saw him this morning, poor old Herbs,’ added Frank, ‘looking uncommonly as if he felt himself in a strait waistcoat.’

‘What, are there two curates?’ demanded Cecil, in a tone of reprobation.

Julius made a gesture of assent, with a certain humorous air of deprecation, which however was lost upon her.

‘We never let Mr. Venn have one,’ continued Cecil, ‘except one winter when he was ill, and then not a young one. Papa says idle young clergymen are not to be encouraged.’

‘I am entirely of Mr. Charnock’s opinion. But if I have exceeded the Dunstone standard, it was not willingly. Herbert Bowater is the son of some old friends of my mother’s, who wanted to keep their son near home, and made it their request that I would give him a title.’

‘And the Bowaters are the great feature in the neighbourhood,’ added Frank. ‘Herbert tells me there are wonderful designs for entertaining the brides.’

‘What do they consist of?’ asked Rosamond.

‘All the component parts of a family,’ said Frank. ‘The eldest daughter is a sort of sheet-anchor to my mother, as well as her own. The eldest son is at home now. He is in the army.’

‘In the light dragoons?’ asked Rosamond. ‘Oh! then I knew him at Edinburgh! A man with yellow whiskers, and the next thing to a stutter.’

‘I declare, Julius, she is as good as an army list,’ exclaimed Charlie.

‘There’s praise!’ cried Frank. ‘The army-list is his one book! What a piece of luck to have you to coach him up in it!’

‘I dare say Rosamond can tell me lots of wrinkles for my outfit,’ said Charles.

‘I should hope so, having rigged out Dick for the line, and Maurice for the artillery!’

Charlie came and leant on the mantel-shelf, and commenced a conversation *sotto voce* on the subject nearest his heart; while Cecil continued her catechism.

‘Are the Bowaters intellectual?’

‘Jenny is very well read,’ said Julius, ‘a very sensible person.’

‘Yes,’ said Frank; ‘she was the only person here that so much as tried to read Browning. But if Cecil wants intellect, she had better take to the Duncombes, the queerest firm I ever fell in with. He makes the turf a regular profession, actually gets a livelihood out of his betting-book; and she is in the strong-minded line—woman’s rights, and all the rest of it.’

‘We never had such people at Dunstone,’ said Cecil. ‘Papa always said that the evil of being in parliament was the having to be civil to everybody.’

Just then Raymond came back with intelligence that his mother was about to go to bed, and to call his wife to wish her good-night. All went in succession to do the same.

My dear,' she said to Anne, 'I hoped you were in bed.'

I thought I would wait for family worship.'

'I am afraid we don't have prayers at night, my dear. We must resume them in the morning, now Raymond and Julius are come.'

Poor Anne looked all the whiter, and only mumbled out a few answers to the kind counsels lavished upon her. Mrs. Poyndsett was left to think over her daughters-in-law.

Lady Rosamond did not occupy her much. There was evidently plenty of good strong love between her and her husband; and though her training might not have been the best for a clergyman's wife, there was substance enough in both to shake down together in time.

But it was Raymond who made her uneasy—Raymond, who ever since his father's death had been more than all her other sons to her. She had armed herself against the pang of not being first with him, and now she was full of vague anxiety at the sense that she still held her old position. Had he not sat all the evening in his own place by her sofa, as if it were the very kernel of home and of repose? And whenever a sense of duty prompted her to suggest fetching his wife, had he not lingered, and gone on talking? It was indeed of Cecil; but how would she have liked his father, at the honey-moon's end, to prefer talking of her to talking with her? 'She has been most carefully brought up, and is very intelligent and industrious,' said Raymond. His mother could not help wondering whether a Roman son might not thus have described a highly accomplished Greek slave, just brought home for his mother's use.

(To be continued.)

IN THE SPRING TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us, as the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

WHAT summer weather it was! Who would have thought that May was only just beginning, when striped blinds were being lowered from every London window possessing such necessities; water-carts gazed at as 'a sight for sair e'en,' and listened to as though the plashing accompaniment to the rolling wheels were the most delicious sound that could fall upon the ear; little children imploring their mammas'

permission to 'leave off' their winter clothing; whilst on 'all sides' was the universal plaintive question, 'What *do* you think the thermometer stood at in the shade yesterday? Is not this heat really more than human nature can bear?'

Poor human nature! which only a short time back had complained bitterly of the east wind as the root of all evil; and now it was too hot! One might indeed have doubted whether it were not already summer, but for the delicate green of Kensington Gardens, and for the fact that the International Exhibition had but just opened. And this was four days after the opening—the afternoon of the 5th of May, spent by Eleanor Middleton in a very warm school-room, with elbows on her desk, and brow on her hands, striving to master some few verses of Schiller's 'Kampf mit dem Drachem.'

Miss Modus sat by the window, tatting, complaining of the heat and lack of prospect.

Nell laughed. 'Dear Miss Modus! I should have thought that you were accustomed to the old whitey-brown wall by this time. Just think of the Grange and our view there! *Feel* the wind blowing off the river, and from the woods full of hyacinths. If you sit on the music-stool against the wall with your eyes shut, I really think you might fancy yourself on one of the library high-backed chairs; and then you will see the whole panorama. Oh dear! this horrid poetry!

"Was ist die erste Pflicht
Des Ritter's, der für Christüm ficht?"

Miss Modus, dear, I wish you understood German, if it were only to help me in abusing that old "meister" for scolding the poor knight so.'

'Dear child! what would I not give for your exuberance of animal spirits?' said the little governess, looking fondly at her pupil, who was down on her knees beside her in a moment, and as she put her arms round her, made answer, 'I have not had to force the minds of three stupid girls for the last eight years; and as to my spirits! I know that Archie is coming to-night, and if you had a cousin Archie, I think you would have high spirits too—you could not help it. Ever since Sunday I have looked forward to this day. When Signor Marelli gave me those pages of Italian Grammar to learn, I felt almost inclined to cry; but I remembered that Archie was coming to-day, and soon recovered. When Madame Soufflet said that I must write a theme on "Sunshine," in French, and I racked my poor brains in thinking how to do it, suddenly I thought that I would work round somehow to people who are sunbeams themselves, as Archie is. And when I had this prodigious "Kampf" to get by heart for to-morrow, I could have thrown the book at Herr Tieser—you may shake your head, Miss Modus, but it would have been a relief indeed—only my eyes fell on the words: "Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht," which means that obedience is the first duty, and it seemed to me as if Archie would say the same, and through it all I

looked forward to this evening that's coming. Now, please will you tell me the time?

A church clock answered her by chiming five—reluctantly, as if it were sorry to tell the unpleasant truth, but still it *was* only five, all the same. Nell's bright countenance clouded over.

'A whole hour before tea! I don't wonder at that poor "Jüngling" for acting as he did; it is difficult to be obedient. People always have to obey in such unpleasant things—I wonder why! Now, there are Mamma and Adela, with Walter and Blanche, enjoying themselves at the Exhibition; and here am I! poor me! Shut up with a good little woman who must be even worse off than her pupil, because I am such a torment. Therefore, I will not speak another word, till I see that well-known bit of tatting walk into its bag, and hear you ring the bell for tea, except that I really must make you look at the sun on the wall, just on that one little square of paper. I do believe it is the first sunbeam that has ever crept in here; it must be a stray one come out of its way expressly to cheer me.' And the anything-but-melancholy girl turned her chair round so that she faced the sunny side of the room; but it might be a disputed point whether it were quite advisable to look on the bright side in this instance, for the large grey eyes were certainly not now bent upon her book—a dreamy look came into them, and instead of being in the school-room she was in the Grange garden, till called back again by Miss Modus's watch held before her, when she started, laughed, and applied herself again diligently to her book, saying, 'Only one year more—and then!'

What was to come then was left to the imagination, for poetry was rattled off at full speed, line by line, till each verse was perfect. Meanwhile, Miss Modus's fingers moved busily and quietly, as she thought very calmly of all the 'and thens' which had never been fulfilled in her past life. And that little sunbeam danced about on the wall the whole time, illumining a bunch of roses till they danced too, with all the green leaves round them, whilst a gloomy portrait of an iron-grey ancestor, hanging over the piano, almost smiled, for it had reached him too, and tickled his moustaches and the corner of his eyes. Such a wonderful effect has one sunbeam sometimes!

A rustling of silks towards the school-room, and sounds of talking and laughter, gave notice that someone was coming; and in another moment the door opened slowly and widely, to admit Lady Matilda, over whose shoulders appeared a yellow beard, and, flitting in between them, came a stout comely young lady, with glittering dark eyes and piquant sallow face, in whom it might be rather difficult to recognize the snubbed Adela of former years.

'Lessons not over yet!'

'What a devoted pupil! please, for our sakes, excuse her the rest!'

'How absurd to be working now, Nell! why, Archie is in the drawing-room.'

So spoke the three. The last words had the desired effect, for not only the book but the whole table-cloth was swept on to the floor, by the suddenness with which Nell sprang up and darted out of the room. She was Miss Modus's darling, and therefore was not reproved for what might otherwise have been pronounced indecorous behaviour.

When she came back, after some little time, with blank looks, she asked Adela what she meant, as the room was quite empty.

'I meant his photograph, dear,' was the provoking reply.

Nell said nothing; but, with bent brows, helped Miss Modus to hand the tea, taking no notice when her sister went on to say, 'Disappointment is good for the heart of man.—Was not that a favourite copy-book maxim of yours, Miss Modus? on the strength of it may I, please, have one more lump of sugar in my tea?' But Nell still sat silent, playing with her tea-spoon, wishing that Adela would not come and disturb the calm of that little sanctum by amusing herself at her expense, and that their great amiable brother-in-law would not sit on the piano, eating the very piece of cake she had cut for Archie, in case he should drop in early.

Her musings were interrupted by her mother saying, 'Remember, Eleanor dear, you must wear your high white muslin this evening, and your hair drawn off. Come, don't look so cross, you silly little thing, surely you can take a joke!—Thank you, Miss Modus, for a very nice cup of tea; and now I must wish you good evening, for I want a little talk with Mr. Middleton before dinner.'

So Lady Matilda left them, after a critical survey of the room, a little touch to the window-curtains in passing, which made them hang gracefully instead of untidily, and touching Nell's hair in the same way as she passed her.

But she was mistaken. Nell was not cross; she was only always changing from gay to grave, and was now wondering why the time, to which she had been looking forward so intensely, seemed in her present mood so flat and unprofitable. Her mother had hurt her by not having at all understood her, and she was altogether so grave, that Miss Modus was becoming quite fidgetty and unhappy, till, to her great relief, Adela rose, and kissing her sharply on both cheeks, left the room singing; and Colonel Lorimer, rising majestically at the same time, said that he must look after Blanche and the boy.

'Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to Evensong,'

sang Nell, as she ran into the drawing-room, half an hour afterwards. The other members of the family were dressing for dinner, and she settled herself in an easy-chair with a happy sigh of thorough enjoyment. It was a relief, certainly, after working hard in the school-room throughout a lovely May day, to find the drawing-room and the last number of the 'Cornhill Magazine' at her own disposal. At first she sat, leaning back

lazily enough, with the book in her lap, thinking that surely she should find it much easier to learn lessons there. The room was so full of pretty things, and at the same time so comfortable; and although the outside blinds kept out the sun as effectually as did the brick wall so objectionable to Miss Modus, yet one felt that he was there nevertheless, and that with a single pull at those blinds, sunbeams would dance into the room here, there, and everywhere, which made all the difference in the comparison; then the scent which was wafted in from the flowers on the balcony, was enough in itself to make Nell happy.

‘Ah!’ said Nell to herself, ‘Blanche may talk about the delights of school-room days, but I am quite sure that my drawing-room days will be happier!’ And she was soon far away, walking about Paris with her heroine, who was of opinion that life was made for singing, dancing, and laughing, and so engrossed was Nell in following her, that she did not hear a light step on the stairs, but she did hear the door thrown open, and knew who was coming in, before the servant announced, ‘Mr. Middleton.’ Her radiant face was as good a welcome as any cousin could wish for, and when the first warm greeting was over, she stood looking at him as a connoisseur would study a picture, saying at length, ‘You do not look so much older than you did this time last year!’

‘Thank you, Mademoiselle, nor do I feel so,’ was the amused answer, ‘Marseilles does not age a man so rapidly; but do you know, I can’t pay you the same compliment. No, don’t sit down, just stand there for a minute.’ She laughed as he imitated her, and placed himself in her criticising attitude; but she had to bear rather a longer scrutiny. When he left England the summer before, she was a mere child of sixteen or thereabouts; but in the last year she had grown taller, altogether older, and there was a shade more of thought in her deep grey eyes, though nobody could answer for its lasting long with her—‘L’allegro’ she was called by some, ‘Il penseroso’ by others. Archie was not given to meditation, so he at once came to the conclusion that she was the sweetest looking English maiden he had seen for many a day, and then asked her what they had all been about since he saw them last, adding, ‘I have nothing to tell you, Nell. What can a man have to talk about who has been spending nine months in a French town, where he knows hardly a creature, and has had to think so much of pounds, shillings, and pence, that he returns to England fit to think of nothing else? You look shocked, little cousin, but it is a fact; and after all, it is right that it should be so—for “men must work, and women must—”’

‘No, no! don’t say any more, Archie! you do not mean it. Women must *not* weep. I don’t say they must work. I think if men work, that is enough; but then the women must laugh and smile and make everything bright and pretty—anything rather than sit and cry!’ and the eager little orator looked into her cousin’s face in a way as if she would have said more if she could. It was a look that he knew so well, and had known ever since she was a little child; in those days it had been

an appealing look, often seen in the eyes of dumb animals such as dogs and babies; in these latter days it was a look—appealing, indignant, and apologetic, all in one.

He enjoyed seeing her on the defensive, so he began: 'I quite agree with you, Nell, in theory, but—'

'No! I don't want you to agree in theory—I hate theory; I want you to say that you do not mean to say you have grown old, and absorbed in making two ends meet, and that you do not enjoy things, and that—'

'My dear little Nell!' interrupted Archie, as soon as a fit of laughter allowed him to speak, 'I will say anything that will bring you back to a proper state of mind. I never said that I was growing old, I repeat that I do not feel so at all; and as to "enjoying things," I can tell you that I came here with the express purpose of enjoying a chat with you before dinner, which you seem bent upon preventing. Will you, please, tell me what you have all been doing since I last saw you? This is the second time of asking.'

'I beg your pardon, Archie, I know I am "fractionous," as Nurse says; it must be the heat, and spring always has a wonderful effect upon me. I do love it! and next spring will be the best of all, because I am to come out then.'

'What an odd expression that is! people never say what it is that girls come out of, or what they come out as, it seems to be an understood thing that they come out of something,' observed Archie. 'What are you coming out of?'

'Out of my dark box, the school-room, where I have been shut up so long in my chrysalis state.'

'To fly out of it in the shape of a butterfly, eh, Nell? looking forwards as usual; why can you not enjoy the present?' he asked, with a smile.

'So I do enjoy the present moment, but not the present which means—lessons from nine till twelve, constitutional in the gardens, lessons all the afternoon, and distant sounds of carriage-wheels in the park, where everything is delicious! I could not live without looking forward, Archie; is it wrong?'

'Wrong, you little goose? I should think not! I only mean that it does not do to lose the present in reaching after the future—does it?'

'But I do wish it would come sooner. Twelve whole months will never go! how can I make the time pass quickly enough?'

'Go to bed an hour earlier every night, dear, as I did when I was a small boy, for a whole week before my birth-day.'

'No—please be serious—please tell me;' and her eyes were speaking again as well as her tongue; 'do you know, I think sometimes, that perhaps I am growing old too fast; nobody ever scolds me now, except Adela, and I don't mind her in the least. Even Nurse calls me "Miss" almost always; I wonder if it is because I have grown so tall, and wear long dresses? but—now, don't, Archie! don't laugh, for it really makes me quite unhappy every now and then. If you would only find fault

with me and scold me as you used to do, it would do me so much good—it would be such a comfort!’

‘Why, Nell! a few minutes ago you complained that one year would never pass away—and now you tell me that you are ageing rapidly; and as to scolding, I did not know that I ever had scolded you.’

‘Ah! you do not remember, but I shall never forget one day down at the Grange, some years ago. Mr. Finch’s children were having tea in the garden with me, and I was pouring out tea from my little doll’s tea-pot, and I was so angry with Amelia Finch because she wanted to do it, as she said she was the eldest; I remember, as if it were yesterday, that I said, with my face the colour of your rose-bud, “I am not the eldest, I know, but *my* ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, and *my* grandpapa is an Earl!” you were standing outside the drawing-room window, playing with Neptune, but you had heard every word, and how you frightened me! you seized my arm so suddenly, that the tea-pot fell on to the grass.’

‘What did I say? I forget,’ inquired Archie, who had indeed forgotten it all, and was much interested.

‘You said—and oh! in such a terrible tone!—that the poorest little crossing-sweeper who did his duty, was nobler than I was then—that rank was nothing, and being good was everything, and you made me beg Amelia’s pardon; and then you let go my arm, for you had been holding it all the time so tightly, that I felt it for days afterwards.’

‘Poor little Nell! how you must have hated me!’

‘No; I liked you better than ever. I dare say it would not have made such a lasting impression without the pain. I shall always thank you for that.’

‘Thankful for small mercies!’ murmured Archie; ‘but you will let by-gones be by-gones—won’t you? And now, suppose you come back to the present time, if you can, which is ten minutes to seven, and in these ten minutes I expect you to give me a brief but faithful account of what has happened since last I saw you all—and which, it seems, I am never to hear.’

‘Just answer one question, Archie, first,’ she pleaded. ‘Why have you a little pucker over each eye-brow? not quite a wrinkle, but almost.’

‘Old age, dear.’

‘They were not there last year,’ she said gravely, ‘they ought not to be there now.’

‘Working and waiting, and hoping and fearing, leave those little puckers sometimes, before a man knows it,’ and his face was quite stern and set, but Nell did not see it; she was leaning out of the window, trying to gather a spray of the westeria that was creeping round the balcony; just as she reached it, it fell to pieces in a shower of rich blossoms all into her lap, at which she only laughed, as she re-appeared amongst the window-curtains with the bare stalk in her hand, and said, in answer to her cousin: ‘Yes, sometimes—but not with you, because

you are so different. You always make the best of everything, and see the bright side. Papa said, the other day, that you live your motto, "I bide my time;" but I think you live a great many mottoes, beginning with "Every cloud has a silver lining;" and ending with "A stout heart for a stiff brae."

So she talked on; and he talked too, but more frequently listened and laughed. A church-bell in the adjoining street was quietly calling those who felt so disposed, to go to church; whilst an organ that had seen better days, was grinding out a very discordant accompaniment from the other side of the square, grumbling and groaning terribly; but the bell had the best of it, ringing out clearly and steadily, just as prayer can lift a good soul heavenwards, in spite of all the crying cares and sorrows of this world.

Seven, chimed the great clock at last—unwillingly again—it was a very sympathizing clock, that. Eleanor fled to the shades of the school-room. Carriages rolled up one after the other, doors opened and shut, servants hurried about as though engaged in a matter of life and death; then there came a rustling of many dresses, and a hum of many tongues, the dining-room door closed suddenly, and all was comparatively still.

So it seemed to Nell, who sat as though in another world, looking over some of the verses of her German poetry, in the school-room window. She rather blamed herself, for having to a certain extent, that day, lost the present in the future, as Archie had told her; but it should not be so now.

'Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht.'

Obedience the first duty. Was it really the very first? It seemed to her, just then, that she should never be good, if she were always trying to be obedient; she felt sure that she should get so tired of it; yet something kept telling her that it must be so. Being obedient made people happy, she supposed, but to her it seemed more probable that being happy would make her obedient. All day she had tried to be obedient, but she had not felt happy in so being. She had been happy at the thought of what was coming; and now, so happy in what had come, that she found it easy to be obedient.

That distant hum from the dining-room—first *crescendo*, then *diminuendo*, reminding her of feeding-time at the Zoological Gardens, did it proceed from creatures who were happy or obedient? Not obedient, surely, for they were all pleasing themselves, eating and drinking to their hearts' content, laughing and talking as much as they pleased; and therefore were they not happy? Nell did not, however, envy them in the least, and would herself infinitely have preferred a dinner of herbs. Then returning to her starting-point—if she felt convinced that she was more inclined to be obedient when happy, and more inclined to be cross and unhappy when only obedient, might it not be better, in some cases, to maintain that happiness stands first, and

obedience follows as a natural consequence? What a silly child to ramble on in this absurd way! but she had no one in her own home to whom she could talk nonsense, except Miss Modus, who would not have understood such reasoning at all; so she thought it, instead. Be it remembered, she was still in a chrysalis state, and was to come out the following year, though Archie made a little mistake when he took it for granted that the result must necessarily be a butterfly.

CHAPTER II.

'If you please, Miss Eleanor,' and her old nurse's frilled cap-border appeared round the door, 'if you please, there's Master Charlie won't say his prayers, he says he wants his mamma; but p'raps he'd mind you, if you'd please to come up.'

Away went Nell's dreams, speculations, and illogical conclusions, as she ran up-stairs to what was once her nursery, but was now kept for her little nephew—a room where his mamma had cried over broken toys in the days of her youth; where his Aunt Adela, now at dinner, had once upon a time played at eating creams and jellies when her dolls held a feast; and where his Uncle Geoffrey, now the stroke of his college eight at Oxford, used to spend hours in making a little swan follow a magnet round a large wash-hand-bason. What his noble little nephew might do when arrived at years of discretion, it would be difficult to foretell, as he stood in his night-gown on a chair at the window, nodding to an organ-man below, and steadily refusing to say his prayers at the old nurse's knees, who stroked his golden curls, and called him pretty names, with no effect whatever.

'I'll be good if 'oo sing, Aunty Nell!' And so she did. When he was tucked up in bed, she sat beside him, and sang nursery songs and hymns so sweetly, that her nurse, after listening breathlessly outside the door, bustled up to her at last, and kissing the broad white forehead, said in a shaking voice: 'Bless you, my darling! I could do a great deal to the tune of such sweet music, it makes me feel quite happy and young again.'

Her 'darling's' face nestled closely to hers, as she made answer: 'I don't think I should like to be old, Nurse dear! Do you ever look forward? You can't, can you?'

'Look forward, dearie? it's as much as I can do to keep myself back enough—it's all forwards now; but there! You don't understand an old woman's rambling—go away and get dressed, or you won't be ready.'

Not long afterwards, Nell was seated on the drawing-room sofa, in all the discomfort of being dressed to be looked at, and had just come to the conclusion that it was lamentable waste of time to spend two hours or more of a lovely May evening in a heated dining-room, when the old man-servant appeared, and told her in confidence that her papa had

received a telegram, which had quite prevented him from enjoying his dinner, and had thrown a 'sort of damp like' over his end of the table. She asked no questions, and therefore heard nothing more. It was not a remarkable occurrence, for her father often received telegrams from Uncle Michael, and she thought no more about it; John's power of imagination, too, was extensive, and the 'damp' alluded to by him was probably his fancy, for he took very depressing views of telegrams, express trains, and many other inventions of modern date. To Nell, the old man seemed rather an intrusion just then, and she wished there were no such things as telegrams; nor verses of German poetry either, for those words about duty and obedience would persist in keeping up a running accompaniment to every thought or idea that entered her head; she made up her mind to talk to Archie about it at the first opportunity, which did not, however, come that evening. Indeed, to casual observers it might have seemed that Archie was no relation to the tall, rather shy girl in white, whose face reminded one of the party—an artist—of the faces seen in a herd of deer, with the same large loving eyes, and something about the head and throat carried out the resemblance still further. Adela was the life of the party, and was so thoughtful and kind to everyone—so attentive to the old dowagers, taking them off her mother's hands when she wearied of any of them—so friendly and pleasant to Miss Maudlin, who always said 'Yes' and 'No,' whenever she thought it polite so to do, and agreed with everything and everybody. Then, how wonderfully forbearing she was to Mr. Maudlin, who had an irritating habit of thinking that people had said just what they had not said, and therefore—unlike his daughter—always said 'Yes' when he should have said 'No,' and *vice-versa*, which, to say the least, is trying on a sultry evening; and how ready she was with an answer for any of the promiscuous younger lords of creation, who wandered about the room dropping pretty nothings, or uninteresting somethings.

Mr. Middleton looked more than usually worried, and it was rather too evident that he found it irksome to make himself agreeable. His wife watched him, but only betrayed her anxiety by complaining of a slight head-ache, which covers a multitude of short-comings on such an occasion.

The Middletons always managed their dinner-parties so well—there was such life and spirit in them. So thought the guests. Adela sang with so much taste, only equalled by that of the Honourable Percy Lorimer, her sister's brother-in-law, who, with eyes upturned to the ceiling, as though counting the lights on the chandelier, and shoulders shaking as though afflicted with sudden ague, begged to be loved if he lived and loved if he died, and declared that either life or death was quite immaterial to him, if only a certain 'thou' were near to witness the process. And because his eyes, in their restless wandering, happened to come down from the ceiling and settle with a vacant stare upon little Clara Travers, she blushed as deep a pink as the roses in her hair, and

immediately tried the effect of 'the Honourable Mrs. Lorimer' in her own mind, and improved upon it largely, poor little thing, in her dreams that night. Meanwhile, Nell was becoming very weary of a portly mamma, who had asked her the name of everyone in the room, beginning with Archie, whom she described as 'that charming young man, with the very good figure and sweet expression.' Poor Nell! she heartily wished that Archie would leave Adela and notice her a little. Snatches of their conversation reached her occasionally.

'I spent the whole of Saturday afternoon in the Eastern Annexé amongst the machinery,' he was saying. 'And do you know that the motive power of one engine—' Here his voice was drowned in the strains of music from the other end of the room; but she watched his eager expression, and the way in which he suited the action to the word.

Adela provoked her by seeming to understand it all; she actually heard her say, 'Go on, please; you don't know how much I like talking about these things!' when only that very day, to Nell's certain knowledge, she had begged her mother not to go near the machinery, as she detested it. Archie looked so pleased too, and came up to Nell soon afterwards to tell her how much he thought Adela had improved, and how particularly well she looked that evening. Nell said nothing, for she would not say what she felt, namely, that Adela in company and Adela at home were two different people. Just at that moment she was called upon to take her part in amusing the guests, who seemed to her insatiable; besides, as they had done little or nothing in the way of amusing or pleasing anybody, she thought it very unreasonable that they should expect her to add her mite to the fund of entertainment provided for them.

Unwillingly enough she sat down to the piano to play the simple old Scotch air, tortured into pages of variations, feeling so out of tune herself, that she knew it would be a failure. Archie was older after all, therefore of course he preferred talking with clever people like Adela; and she began to think that dinner-parties were dreary things, and to wish it were bed-time. She could hardly see a note before her—quavers were running into crotchets, and there was a terrible crash of discordant notes, when a kind hand came forward and placed the candles in a different position, and Archie's voice said, 'Count to yourself—you will find it so much easier—the candles are better so, because all those ugly black notes want the light.'

No words were forthcoming to thank him; so she just did as he told her, and steadily counted. By some strange association of ideas—or perhaps there was no association at all, but simply one of those unaccountable rebounds which our thoughts sometimes take over past years and days gone by—Nell was reminded of one spring day at the Grange, when Archie had spoken about the bright side, and she had said that she would always look for it, however difficult it might be. It must always be where he was, she felt sure.

As she rose from the music-stool, he took the piece of music from her, saying, 'Don't go back to the other room, everyone will be off directly. What was the matter with you just now?'

She made no answer at first, but looked up in his face so earnestly that he smiled as he put the question again; and then she replied, 'I don't know exactly—I do believe that it was partly because I was not looking at the bright side till you shewed it me.'

'How was it possible for anyone to see at all, with the candles where you had placed them?'

Before she could speak, he asked her, in a low tone, whether anything were amiss with her father, adding that Adela was so anxious about him.

'It is not at all like Adela to be anxious,' answered Nell, almost indignantly. 'She very seldom notices Papa or Mamma except to say good-night or good-morning.'

Archie was silent. At last he said, 'It is not at all like you, Nell, to make such a speech. Whatever Adela may be, she has eyes that see through everything and everybody, and she has certainly used them to the best of her power this evening. To me, it seemed that she managed most cleverly to bring the right people together, and to relieve your father and mother of all the troublesome ones just at the right time. A girl that can do that deserves to be spoken of in a different way by her sister. Take the best side of a character, not the worst.'

Nell busied herself, with bent head, in putting away her music. There were leave-takings going on now in the drawing-room, and there was a driving away of carriages outside; but those two young people remained undisturbed at the further end of the little drawing-room.

Archie felt very sorry and uncomfortable when he saw Nell's face—raised at last. Had the artist seen her then, he might have put her into his picture as the stricken deer of the herd. She conjured up a smile nevertheless, as she said, 'Thank you, Archie; I can almost fancy that I am having tea in the Grange garden, and see myself being shaken.' He looked at her rather wonderingly, thinking what a blessing it must be to take things so little to heart as she evidently did; and with strange inconsistency or want of penetration he left her and joined his uncle, who stood on the rug with folded arms and bent brows, lost in thought, whilst the other members of the family all tried not to shew what they nevertheless all felt, namely, a strong conviction that something was coming. For a few minutes there was an awful silence, till at last Mr. Middleton said in a growling tone, looking at Archie, 'What did your mother think of Ann Dawson when she was down there last year?'

His nephew was rather taken aback by the abruptness of the question and the very suddenly started subject, but he was, as usual, ready enough with an answer.

'Indeed, I can scarcely remember, but I believe her opinion was that

she was like nobody else she had ever seen. Whether her peculiarity were extreme beauty or extreme plainness, I entirely forget.'

'How provoking it is that you always entirely forget the very thing you are expressly wished to remember!' complained Mr. Middleton.

Archie could not refrain from laughing, as he apologized for his want of memory, by saying, 'that he really had not thought it necessary to bear in mind any remarks upon a cousin whom he had never seen, and was never likely to see.'

'Can you remember whether your mother thought her lady-like?'

'I believe so. I did not hear anything to the contrary,' was the still more surprised answer.

'Does she talk with a north-country accent?'

Archie was quite thankful to be able to reply in the affirmative this time, for he did remember that his mother had remarked upon it, and said she rather liked it.

'It is to be hoped that we shall like it,' grumbled Mr. Middleton again, 'as we shall soon have her with us. The telegram I received this evening,' he added, turning to his wife, 'brought me the news of her father's death. It must have been sudden at the last, though, as you know, I have been expecting it ever since Christmas. Of course he leaves her penniless, and of course, as I am the next of kin, she must become one of my children; there is no help for it. When my poor sister was living, and before she married, some of my happiest days were spent with her down at the old home. When she married that scamp Dawson, I thought it my duty to have nothing more to say to her. Now that he is dead, I think it my duty to take their orphan, for nobody else will.'

There was another silence, in which everybody looked at everybody else, and Mr. Middleton looked at them all. His wife sat tapping one hand impatiently on the other, as though not trusting herself to speak. Archie's elevated eyebrows expressed his supreme astonishment, which might not be uttered in words, so he looked at his watch instead, and said he must be going.

'Wait a minute,' interposed his uncle, taking a letter off the mantelpiece, 'I have heard from Michael about the school-treat at the Grange. He wants to know whether you will be disengaged on Whit-Monday, to go down with the girls, who, it seems, are bent on going.'

'Only I, Papa,' burst in Nell eagerly, feeling it quite a relief to be able to say something. 'Adela says she does not care a bit about it, so it will only be Miss Modus and myself.'

'Indeed, Nell, you are quite mistaken,' said Adela sharply. 'There is nothing I should enjoy more, than seeing all those dear little children so happy.'

Was Adela bent upon being contradictory that evening? Archie looked at Nell rather meaningfully, and then turning to his uncle, discussed the pros and cons of spending a day at the Grange with his cousins.

‘If it is to be on Whit-Monday, the girls cannot go,’ said Lady Matilda, in her most decided tone. ‘So like Michael! he never takes these things into consideration. As if I should allow them to travel by rail on that day, with so many excursion-trains running, and holiday people about.’

Nell looked terribly blank, and her cousin, feeling for her—feeling, too, that he owed her perhaps some amends, said, most hopefully, that he would get ‘Old Finch’ to change the day; whereupon Nell brightened up considerably, for she could trust implicitly to his getting things done as he wished. But Lady Matilda felt herself aggrieved, that she was denied even that outlet to her irritated feelings. Here, the clock on the mantel-piece, in its weak tremulous treble, and the church clock, in its strong deep bass, chimed a midnight duett; and Archie, seeing that—as matters now stood—the smallest spark might cause a large conflagration, or even explosion, wished them all good-night, and took his leave.

‘What stupid things dinner-parties are!’ yawned Adela at Nell’s bed-room door.

‘I thought you seemed to enjoy yourself,’ replied the wondering Nell, to whom her sister was a perplexing enigma.

‘Seemed! Yes, of course I seemed—wishing myself anywhere else the whole time. When you have been out as long as I have, my dear, you will have to “seem” too.’

‘You must say you did really enjoy talking to Archie,’ urged Nell.

‘Well—yes—I did, because he is fresh, and genuine, and a change. But there! that will do—wait till you are as old as I am, and you will see that there is not much satisfaction in enjoying anything. One gets far more credit for seeming than being. Good-night.’

Nell’s head was full of many thoughts when she put it on her pillow. There were longings to see this unknown cousin, longings for the expedition down to the Grange, with just a little tinge of disappointment as she dreamily reviewed the past evening, and ever so small a shade of sadness as her sister’s last words came back to her, in the way that words and events—and faces too—will sometimes return with startling clearness before we lose consciousness of them and everything else in sleep.

‘What a pity that Adela’s best side should be “seeming,” and that she is so disagreeable when she is “being”!’ sleepily argued Nell, with closed eyes. ‘I wonder whether I shall be, or seem, next spring, when I come out. Adela never cared much for Archie; and you know I always think he is an angel unawares, though he is not a stranger. I wonder what made me think of that verse in the Bible! Indeed, I will try to be obedient—but it won’t go to this tune—the variations are so—’ But before she could make it quite clear to herself what the variations were, her drowsy half-waking dreams melted into one great dream of

indefinable happiness, which, much to her sorrow, she could not recollect in the least, the next morning.

Adela, meanwhile—poor little woman!—in spite of her sadly-wise advice to Nell, was kneeling at her bed-side in the next room, crying her eyes out almost, praying to be a little child again; at least, that would have been her prayer had it been shaped into words, but she was sobbing too much for that. She was by no means a happy individual. From always imagining herself slighted when a child, and at the same time being so reserved that nobody had any idea what her imaginings or thoughts were, she grew up with this continual sense of injury, growing within her; so that at last she fancied nobody at home cared for her, and was consequently so disagreeable, that it was not surprising she was no favourite. Therefore she told herself that she would just try to live for the ‘outside’ and nothing else, which, being interpreted, meant—that she would make herself as agreeable as possible in society. She did so, most effectually—hearing herself spoken of as ‘clever,’ ‘amusing,’ ‘warm-hearted;’ and then she thought, that if it would only last, this might satisfy her. No one ever understood her at home, and this would do instead. But it did not do; and she knew very well that it was all wrong, although she made excuses to herself and for herself, on the plea of being too old to change. Poor child! too old at nineteen! what would she be at fifty? She did sometimes wish that her mother would stroke her hair and tell her what she ought to do, and that Geoffrey would occasionally say to her, as he did to Nell, ‘What a blessing it is to have a sister!’ But how could he know that she was starving for the want of such little words, when if he did by chance ask her to do something for him the answer invariably was, that she was wanted to ride, or drive, or stay with some of her numerous friends. As to her mother, she was so pleased with Adela’s taking ways everywhere but at home, that she made excuses for her by saying she was one of those people who constantly require excitement. But she never contemplated the possibility of finding out the cause of that want. So, with mistaken kindness, stimulants were administered to the poor patient, when plain bread and water would have been much better for her.

And this is why the ‘life’ of that evening’s party knelt and cried when everyone else was in bed and asleep. Thank God that our prayers are not answered only according to the forms in which they are set. Thank Him again, that the answers are not always sent as we, with our short sight, see them and cry for them.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH RAJA : JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Dyak tribe of Singé, numbering eight hundred fighting men, inhabited a well-nigh inaccessible mountain of the same name. Nominally they were controlled by an old chief named Paremban, practically the majority followed a younger man known as Steer Raja, Paremban having made himself obnoxious by a long course of tyranny. He was a very refractory subject; and, unmindful of the new order, was now amusing himself by decapitating his neighbours, from whom he had gained three heads, though not without losing two of his own people in the fray. So grave an offence brought Raja Brooke himself to the spot to investigate matters. It must be confessed that Steer Raja had provoked and challenged Paremban to the act, though refraining himself; but with the older man it was the habit of a long life, and came also as a crowning stroke to other misconduct, while of Steer Raja there was good hope for the future. The following is the account of the investigation.

On our ascending the mountain, we found the heads guarded by about thirty young men in their finest dresses—scarlet jackets ornamented with shells, turbans dyed bright yellow, and decked with an occasional feather, flower, or twig of leaves. On reaching the public hall of Steer Raja, I immediately called a number of the chiefs together, and opened a conference with them on the subject of Paremban having attacked and killed the Dyaks of Sigo. They all disapproved of it highly, asserting that the Sigos were their younger brothers—that no sufficient cause had ever existed—that Paremban had acted badly, and must pay (to the Sigos) to purchase peace. Were they, I asked, willing to force Paremban into payment? They were. Would they insist on the heads being restored to the Sigos, and receive those of their own people? They would. Paremban, having been called before me, declared that the heads belonged to the Simpoke, and that he had not attacked the Sigos; and as I was not quite certain of the fact, I thought it unjust to proceed against him till I had stronger proof.

The Simpoke were not Saráwak subjects, and the Raja's prohibition against head-taking did not affect the relations between his people and the outside world. His tribes were to be at peace with one another; but at once to aim at more would, he felt, imperil his power to effect even so much as this. So Paremban was left unpunished, except by displacement from his office of Orang Kaya, or Chief, which he had not proved himself worthy of holding; his brother, who was the Panglima, or Head Warrior of the tribe, sharing a like fate. Then followed the formal installation of Steer Raja as Orang Kaya, and the appointment of a new Panglima.

A shed was erected, and about nine in the evening we repaired to the scene. Loud music, barbarous but not unpleasing, resounded, and we took our seats on mats in the midst of our Dyak friends. A feast was in preparation, and each brought his share of rice in bamboos, and laid it in the general stock. As one party came after another carrying their burning logs, (fire-sticks,) the effect was very good; and they kept arriving, until the place and its vicinity was literally crammed with human beings. A large antique slih box was placed in the midst; and I contributed that greatest of luxuries, tobacco. Meantime, some of the principal people were employed in counting the number who were to eat, and dividing the bamboos into exactly equal portions. About six inches were allotted to every man; and it took a very long time to divide it, for they are remarkably particular. This done, the Orang Kaya produced as his share a large bason full of sauce composed of salt and chilis, and a small stock of sweetmeats, and then his installation began. A jacket, turban, cloth, and a kris, all of white, were presented to him as a token of *cold*, i. e. *good*. The chief then rose, and taking a white fowl, and waving it over the eatables, repeated nearly the following words: 'May the Government be cold.* (good.) May there be rice in our houses. May many pigs be killed. May male children be born to us. May fruit ripen. May we be happy, and our goods abundant. We declare ourselves to be true to the Great Man and the Datus; what they wish we will do, what they command is our law.' The fowl was then taken by a leading Malay, who repeated the latter words, whilst others bound strips of white cloth round the heads of the multitude. The bird was next killed, the blood shed in a bamboo, and each man dipped in his finger, touching his forehead and breast in attestation of his fidelity. The fowl was now carried away to be cooked, and when brought back, the dancing began. The chief, coming forward, uttered a loud yell, which was often repeated during the dance. He raised his hands to his forehead, and taking up a dish, danced with it to lively music. Three other old chief men followed his example, each uttering the yell and making the salutation to me, but without taking the dish. The dance over, the feast began, and everything was carried on with great gravity and propriety. I left them shortly after they began to eat, and retired very fagged to my bed, or rather board; for sitting cross-legged for several hours is surely a great infliction.

It was proved afterwards that the Sigos, and not the Simpoke, had been the sufferers from Paremban. Three months later, the old man and his brother, with such followers as they could muster, broke into open rebellion, refused to see the Datus sent to remonstrate with them, and defiantly asserted their right to murder when and where they chose. Steer Raja and the loyal portion of the tribe being unable to bring them to order, Brooke with a sudden spring possessed himself of the mountain, and held it till the two culprits gave themselves up in despair. They came clothed in white as a token of submission, but their words were anything but submissive; and the country round trembled at the prospect of their retaliation if ever free again. This was not to be; for at their trial in open court at Kuching, they were sentenced to death. After this, Singé flourished in peace and prosperity.

To return: hardly was the installation of the new chief over, when,

* With the Dyaks all council is divided into hot and cold: peace, friendship, good intentions, are all included under the latter head; war, &c., under the former. Hot is represented by red, and cold by white.—*Journal*.

seeking out the White Raja in that wild mountain, there came the deputies of three Dyak tribes, not in Saráwak territory, and owning no allegiance to any Malay government. They desired protection, and outlets for their trade, they said, and had ventured farther from home than they had ever dared to go before, because they had all heard—the *whole world had heard*—that a *Son of Europe* was a friend to the Dyaks. 'My visitors,' wrote Brooke, 'drank Batavia arrack with great gusto, declaring all the time it was not half so good as their own; however, at a pinch anything will do!'

Matters being all adjusted, the Raja returned to Kuching, there to be greeted by rumours of invasion. Seriff Sahib was in a worse temper; and a powerful Sarebus chief had hung a basket on a high tree to receive the white man's head after Saráwak had been conquered. To Seriff Sahib were sent despatches from both Rajas, warning him against any aggression; whilst at the same time the district he specially threatened was fortified in native fashion, and the little fleet kept ready for immediate service. The owner of the elevated basket seems to have been thought beneath notice.

Meanwhile, no decision having been arrived at by the Indian Government touching the mission to Borneo Proper, Brooke made up his mind to go on his own account without farther delay. He had received information of two more ships' crews, British subjects, detained there; these must be released: and at the same time he hoped to get the agreement between himself and Muda Hassim ratified by the Sultan, and if possible to restore harmony between uncle and nephew.

So in July (1842) he sailed in the good old yacht, not now the dandified creature of her youth, but as useful as ever. Budrudeen went with him, and another brother of Muda Hassim, named Marsale. There was quite a touching parting when they left. Human life was about the most uncertain thing on earth in those regions of treachery and murder; and Muda Hassim was loveable though feeble, whilst Budrudeen was worthy of the honour and admiration of his elder brother. Each cried over the other as the farewells were said; and Brooke thinks it necessary to excuse himself for feeling very soft-hearted too, for it was an unexpected display of emotion in the usually reserved Malay princes. He took Muda Hassim by the hand, and cheered him with brave words, till the little man could not help looking up with a smile to that kindly face, and allowing himself to be comforted. Then gongs struck up, guns fired, flags waved, and the Royalist spread her wings for the north. Before following her, I give part of a letter from Brooke to his mother, written about this time. After a sketch of the improving state of the country, he says—

I have now a sacred obligation to perform to the people of this river, (Saráwak,) for I am in the strictest sense their only protector. If I be removed, their sufferings will be worse than ever; and if I wilfully leave the post, I shall have much

to answer for to God and my conscience. You know I am not very boastful, but I will say that I conceive what I have already done with my means is almost wonderful; the people are obedient, and all allow themselves happy. The Dyaks are coming down to the river, and building themselves residences, which for many years they have not had; and they shew a degree of confidence which is surprising, and which is only limited by the apprehension that my abode here will be temporary. The Chinese are working, and I hope will succeed in making themselves comfortable in another year; and when once they are established, the country cannot be otherwise than prosperous, for, with many vices, they are an industrious and thrifty race. I do not, however, look to their success as the best criterion of mine; for if I sought only to enrich myself, the readiest way to do it would be by encouraging them, and giving them power over the Malays and Dyaks; and by winking at their oppressions, I might, like the Sultan of Sambas, share largely in their profits. It shall never be said of me that I have entered on this enterprise for the sake of gain; and whatever the pecuniary temptation may hereafter be, and whatever the superior ease of pursuing a bad instead of a good course, I believe I am strong enough to hold the latter and reject the former. I am not by nature greedy of money; my own mere personal expenses have ever been moderate, and as I grow older I am less ambitious than I was; but those far away, living in ease and safety, cannot imagine the ties which bind me to these people—the strong desire I have to confer a lasting benefit on them by the introduction of *some* government approaching to good, the deep feeling of commiseration for the Dyaks, and my indignation at the atrocities to which their ruin and the rapid decline of the race towards extinction may be attributed. At a distance you, my Mother, cannot form a full idea of these feelings—of the stern resolution they inspire to prosecute my designs, to urge my relatives to appeal to every person of humanity to aid the cause, to lay aside all selfish and mean considerations, to exhaust all my means; and if all fail, and I receive no help from without, to fight out the battle, and to *die*, as I have latterly lived, for the good of this people. When I look at what I have already done, and see how little is needful to render it permanent—some assistance *perhaps* in a pecuniary way; an occasional demonstration by a steamer or man-of-war; an effort on the part of Government to suppress piracy—I cannot believe I shall be pushed to the last extremity, or that it will be required of me to ruin myself quite in this undertaking; but if the Government or individuals do not come forward, it will require all my energies, and all the assistance of my relations. The former I can trust to as yet, on the latter likewise I have great reliance; but I cannot expect they will take the same views as I do, or that they should lay aside permanent claims. But this I am certain of; that right and noble objects, consistently and warmly advocated, will be attended to: and many who would coldly listen from afar, will be roused to exertion whenever these objects are fairly laid before them, and pressed upon their attention. I am well aware of the coldness of heart which civilized life begets, and the reluctance and deadness most persons have to assist or advocate any cause the success of which is problematical; but energy rouses energy, warmth creates warmth, and one single individual animated by enthusiasm is sure to awake it in hundreds or thousands. It is on this account I want to rouse you all, to animate you to exertion, to induce you to lay aside all despondency; for you must remember, that this despondency applies to me personally, and that my life or the life of any other individual is the smallest possible consideration in an undertaking which embraces the happiness and lives of thousands, which may confer an ultimate benefit on my own country as well as on this people, may open the commerce of this vast and most important island, and carry the blessings of civilization and religion into regions now unknown. . . . Danger and death are ever near to man: if it be the latter overtakes me, remember, my Mother, that I shall die as I have lived, with the purest feelings of affection towards you; and that I die nobly, trying to benefit my fellow-creatures. . . . Though you may know that I have a

great deal to do, yet I continue most of my lazy habits, and generally compress a good deal of work into a short compass. I have absolutely read every work in my library, many of which are of a tough sort I certainly should not have managed to go regularly through amid the distractions of civilized life.

This habit of reading continued through life. Of books on theology he possessed a more wide and intimate acquaintance than many clergymen. In fiction he delighted, and high amongst novelists he ranked Miss Austen. 'My favourite Elizabeth Bennet' was often quoted, and was quite a household friend.

The visit to Bruné succeeded entirely. On casting anchor, a boat was despatched to inform the Sultan that there were letters for him from Muda Hassim.

I gave particular directions, (writes Brooke,) in case the Sultan asked about me, that my ambassadors were to say that I had been corresponding about the English coming; that I was not a man in authority, or belonging to the East India Company, and that they were sure I should not land unless he invited me to come and see him. At the unconscionable hour of 2 a.m., a mob of pangerans came on board, not fewer than fifty, and with a multitude of followers. They awoke us out of our first sleep, and crowded the vessel above and below, so that we could scarce find room to make our toilet in public, whilst the heat was suffocating us. However, we did manage it, and sat talking till daylight. Our visitors were chiefly relations or adherents of Muda Hassim's, and some of the first men in the country. Budrudeen and Marsale were in their glory, and happy; and it was evident at once that our affairs were likely to succeed. All were anxious and eager about Muda Hassim, and wishing his return. The Sultan, Pangerans Usop, Mumin, and others, declared Borneo could never be well till he came back. It was clear that the country was in distress and difficulty from within, trade ruined, piracy abounding. At daylight a boat from the Sultan arrived to carry up the letters; but Budrudeen and his brother resolved to proceed first before giving them, in order to make sure of an honourable reception for the dispatch. At seven o'clock there was a stir, and I saw them all over the side with delight, and gave them a salute with pleasure. Breakfast done, I was too happy to lie down and sleep till past mid-day, having then only to wait for Budrudeen's return. At three o'clock he came, bringing good news of the most favourable reception from all parties—all wishing for reconciliation and the return of Muda Hassim. Tomorrow boats are to come for the letters, which are to be conveyed in state. The day following I am to go up, and am likewise to be received in all honourable form.'

The interview took place as arranged; the same etiquette prevailing as on Brooke's first introduction to Muda Hassim. The objects of his visit were stated, and favourably received. The Sultan would sign the agreement that made over Saráwak—he was anxious to be on friendly terms again with his uncle, and to have him back at Bruné—and he would release all his captives who were British subjects. It struck Brooke that the Sultan had not many wits, and that what he had were in somewhat of a chaos; but such as he was, he did his best to be amiable to the Englishman.

He was pleased (runs the journal) to express great personal regard for me, and every five minutes I had to swear eternal friendship; whilst he, clasping

my hand, kept repeating, '*Amigo sua, amigo sua!*' meaning, '*My friend, my friend!*' He professed great readiness to give me Saráwak, inquired the amount of revenue, seemed satisfied, and said, 'I wish you to be there: I do not wish anybody else; you are my friend, and it's nobody's business but mine; the country is mine, and if I please to give you all, I can.'

He was delighted with the presents Brooke made him, but greedy after more, and constantly inquiring what there was still in the yacht. 'She is stripped bare,' said Brooke at last; but the Sultan had his doubts on the subject. It was agreed that the revenue due from Saráwak to Bruné should that year be paid in kind, Brooke promising to send his schooner with British goods. 'Let her come before our great fast begins,' implored the Sultan, 'or what shall I do without soft sugar and dates!'

On the 1st of August (1842) the return letters to Muda Hassim were completed, and the contract confirming Brooke as Raja of Saráwak discussed and signed. 'An important day in my history,' is the journal entry, 'and I hope one which will be marked with a white stone in the annals of Saráwak.'

The liberated crews of the ship-wrecked vessels, Sultana and Lord Melbourne, were safe on board. They were all, twenty-one in number, British subjects, but coloured men, and Brooke felt that the latter fact had delayed their release by the proper authorities; 'though for the life of me,' he exclaims, 'I cannot see where the distinction lies between one subject and another!' Among them were three that had been sold to an Arab trader, from whom Brooke bought them, and so doubly set them free; and the little schooner, though most inconveniently crowded, bore a light-hearted party back to Saráwak, where they were received and welcomed with great *éclat*. No disturbance of any kind had occurred—though, as usual, all manner of rumours had been industriously propagated. It was held for certain that Brooke would never return alive; an army of Chinese were marching on Saráwak from Sambas, &c., &c. But now birds of evil omen hid their diminished heads, and on an appointed day the Sultan's letters were produced in all possible state. This is the account:—

On their arrival, they were received and brought up amid large wax torches. The person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform; standing below him was the Raja, Muda Hassim, with a sabre in his hand; in front was his brother Jaffer, with a tremendous *kempilan* drawn; and around were the other brothers and myself, all standing, the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Saráwak. After which the Raja descended, and said aloud, 'If anyone present disowns or contests the Sultan's appointment, let him now declare!' All were now silent. 'Is there any Pangeran or any young Raja that contests the question? Pangeran Der Makota, what do you say?' Makota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged and forced to promise obedience. The Raja then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, 'Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan's mandate now received,

I will separate his skull!’ And at the moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Makota, striking the pillar above his head, and pointing their weapons at his breast. A motion on his part would have been fatal; but he kept his eyes on the ground, and stirred not. I, too, remained quiet, and cared nothing about this demonstration, for one gets accustomed to these things. It all passed off, and in ten minutes the men who had been leaping frantically about with drawn weapons and inflamed countenances were seated quiet and demure as usual. This scene is a custom with them, the only exception being that it was pointed so directly at Makota.

In spite of the display of force in this ceremony, Brooke’s real power lay in the fact that his accession was the will of the people. To shew this, and in their own words, I must anticipate a little. As years went on, his position became an uncomfortable perplexity to the British Government; and Hans Andersen’s ugly duckling was not a greater trial to the respectable bird that hatched him out, than was our Raja to the good folk in Downing Street. In 1855, Mr. Spenser St. John was appointed Consul General in the Island of Borneo, on the supposition that this would give him jurisdiction in Saráwak without official acknowledgement of Brooke as the Raja. The Saráwak Government, however, refused to acknowledge the authority thus imposed; and at the Council of State, convened for the purpose of formally declaring their decision to Mr. St. John, one after another of the representative native chiefs asserted the independence of Saráwak, and gave as a proof of it that they had chosen their Raja. According to their statement—although it was true that from time immemorial they had paid a fixed annual tribute to Bruné—they had always claimed the right of independent management of their own affairs. Before Brooke’s arrival, the tyranny of Borneo had become so unbearable that they had rebelled, and in despair offered Saráwak to the Dutch, who had entertained the proposal, and promised help, but given none; that meanwhile Mr. Brooke had arrived, and that without his assistance the Borneon party would never have succeeded.

‘The Saráwak chiefs,’ said the Datu Bandar, ‘at first determined to abandon their country, and some retired to Sambas; but having confidence in Mr. Brooke, they subsequently returned, and after discussing the subject amongst themselves, they resolved to select him as their ruler. In consequence, they sent a deputation to request him to become their Raja, offering to support him by force of arms.’

The Datu Tumangong here observed that the Datu Imaum and himself had gone to Mr. Brooke to place the government at his disposal, and they told him that the Saráwak people were in arms, and ready to support him. . . . They had chosen Mr. Brooke to be their Raja; they would support him, for the bond between them was as close as their skin to their flesh! The Datu Bandar said that the people of Saráwak held themselves to be a free people, and had ceased to look upon the Sultan as their head. They looked only to their Raja, who had protected them and advanced their best interests, who had turned an ‘empty country into a full one.’ Was it possible for the Saráwak people to think of acknowledging such a government as that of

Borneo? Was not Saráwak flourishing? But what portion of Borneo had any trade? 'The people of Saráwak,' said the Datu Imaum, 'were, it was true, few in number; they could not resist a great nation, but they would prefer abandoning their country to having their laws and customs interfered with.'

I have taken the above from a copy of the Minutes of the conference. A note, handed in to Mr. St. John at the same time by the Raja, puts the whole matter in its true light.

The Raja of Saráwak holds his position from the people, the cession from the Sultan of Borneo being an incidental confirmation of possession, peacefully reconciling the claims of Borneo with the undoubted rights of the people. As Saráwak, therefore, has no connection with the Government of Bruné, or with the numerous other governments in the Island of Borneo, it will be requisite for Mr. St. John, previously to undertaking the duties of Consul General (here), to receive an *exequatur* from the Government of Saráwak.

The consequence of this bold stand was the recognition of Brooke as Raja by the British Government.

Two days after the coronation, if such it may be called, we find Brooke writing to Mr. Templer of the miserable condition in which he had found Bruné.

To say it is in the last stage of decay, gives but a faint picture of the condition. There is no government. The chiefs are poor and rapacious, the people oppressed; the territory is occupied by any adventurers who are strong enough. The pirates ravage the coast, and threaten the capital; and in one year, the Borneons assured me, six hundred men had been carried away into slavery from the mouth of their river, and from proas sailing in the vicinity. In short, it is in that state, that it must fall into the hands of an European power.

And then comes the burden of so many of his letters. Will not England come? Will not her Government, her Merchantmen, her Press, turn some little attention that way?

If my views were magnified—if I talked of millions or hundreds of thousands, or regiments of soldiers, or fleets of ships, then they might look and hesitate before they leaped; they might doubt the advantages which should repay so large an outlay; but the objects I propose are greater than may be supposed—they are dictated by humanity. The outlay is nothing, and that outlay would be added to the account of commerce. Can the Government hesitate? Will they not even inquire?

His own success justified his highest expectations as to the result, should those who had greater means take up the work. How he looked back in later years on this bright imagining, we shall see. Meanwhile, in so far as its accomplishment depended on himself, it should be, and it was done. 'Much work,' he wrote, 'is still before me, but it is work which it is gratifying to fag at; and as wave succeeds wave, it is proud to ride triumphant over each in succession.' One of these waves is described in a letter to his mother, written in August, 1842.

The Sarebus Dyaks have not once been out of their river in force, and I may say with pride that *this year only* there have been hardly any lives lost; every other season two or three hundred heads were a moderate prize for the Dyaks. I cannot tell you, loved Mother, what pleasure your letter gave me—its cheerful tone, its affectionate encouragement, its appreciation of my plans, and its *latent* enthusiasm; and now that I can convey to you such cheerful news, such complete success, such good prospects for the future, I know I shall make your heart glad, as you have done mine.

In October he wrote to Mr. Templer:—

Six large Saluk pirate proas came on the coast, but did not stay long enough to enable me to attack them; they all know that English are here, and the fame of our prowess and power far exceeds the reality. . . I have constantly a steamer and man-of-war at command in *nubibus*, and these ideal vessels answer the purpose for the present! . . . Internally we flourish. The Dyaks are all I could wish. I breathe peace and comfort to all who obey, and wrath and fury to the evil doer; and they are so accustomed to be ill-treated, that they are obedient under most circumstances. This letter goes by a 500-ton ship, which has come here on her own account!!!

Among other plans for the advancement of the country, was the formation of a company of merchants, who, in return for the security to life and property afforded by the Raja's government, would guarantee the expenses of his administration, while their capital developed trade.

I dislike trade (he writes) because I am so ignorant of it; but you may rest assured I shall not foolishly throw away any chance to benefit myself which is consistent with the benefit of the country. You must at the same time bear in mind that had I acted on the *principle of a trader* I should not have held my present position, and in grasping at my own advantage I should very likely lose the moral influence I possess over the people. If fortune is an effect resulting from security and good government, I will not, be certain, throw it away; but I have always endeavoured to take an enlarged view of the subject—to hope that thousands will be benefited when I am mouldering in dust; and that my name will be remembered, whenever it is thought of, as one whose actions shewed him above the base and sordid motives which so often disgrace men in similar circumstances. No personal consideration has deterred me from proceeding; and if I can govern with a moderate fortune, clear of trade, my influence would be very great; but expenses must be paid, and what is worse, I must hold the monopoly, which is wrong on principle; and anybody who succeeds me ought to insure me a *maintenance*, and, I think, repay me my expenses. To yield the government would be madness, for my influence is as yet personal; and my mantle could not suddenly be transferred, especially as it is incumbent that a successor should be versed in the native language, and acquainted with native manners. I hate the idea of an utopian government, with laws cut and dried ready for the natives, being introduced. Governments, like clothes, will not fit everybody; and certainly a people who gradually develop their government, though not a good one, are nearer happiness and stability, than a government of the best which is fitted at random. I am going on slowly and surely, basing everything on their own laws, consulting all their head men at every step, reducing their laws to writing, and instilling what I think right, merely in the course of conversation—separating the abuses from the customs. Their minds thus prepared, I shall take a forward step, arrange, and print.

A few days ago I was up a high mountain, and looked over the country. And sitting there most lazily smoking a cigar, I called into existence the coffee plantations, the nutmeg plantations, the sugar plantations, and pretty white

villages, and tiny steeples; and I dreamed that I heard the buzz of life and the clang of industry amid the jungles, and that the *China Colius* 'whistled as they went, for want of thought,' as they homeward bent: all this I dreamed; and it might be realized easily enough, but as I have no magical means of convincing others, I must leave things to take their course.

This was written in November, 1842. The dream is now, to a great extent, reality. Towards the close of the same letter, after speaking of the difficulty of creating sufficient interest to gain the necessary support, he concludes with—

The details of business, like the details of life, are not hero-like; and in civilized life it requires art, watchfulness, flattering eloquence, and a shower of penny pamphlets, to work up the public mind to any given point. It is considerations like these that make me think I never shall succeed; for though I devote time and risk life, I could not fawn or guzzle even to protect the Dyaks; it is not in my nature.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN ART.

VII.—THE TWO FLORENTINE MONKS.

AMONG the throng of artists who crowded day after day to the Carmine Church to study the frescoes which Masaccio was painting there, was a lad of fifteen or sixteen, wearing the habit of the Carmelite order, and called Fra Filippo Lippi. Left an orphan very young, Filippo was sent by his guardians to a convent when eight years old; a convenient and not uncommon method of getting rid of orphaned children at that period. In the convent school he shewed himself as clever with his hand as he was dull in his books, which last fact perhaps is no matter for wonder, since he employed the time when he should have been reading them, in covering the pages with caricatures. The monks, seeing the boy's talent, had him taught drawing; and in this chapel belonging to the monastery, as he grew up, he spent his time, and practised his art, forming his taste on Masaccio's paintings with such success, that those who saw his first efforts said that the spirit of Masaccio had descended on him. His first picture was painted in the convent cloister; and had he been content to work on there for a while, training for his artist life, he would probably, with his really great powers, have both attained to a higher artistic merit than he did, and been saved from the moral deterioration which is so strongly impressed on his works. At the age of seventeen, however, his impetuous undisciplined nature could bear no longer the restraints of convent life, and he finally broke loose from it, and threw off his habit. Shortly afterwards, as he and one or two companions were making an excursion on the sea, they were seized

by pirates, and carried off to Barbary as slaves. Here he remained a prisoner for eighteen months, but one day drew so striking a likeness of his master with charcoal on the wall, that the Moor gave him his freedom; and after painting several pictures for his captors, Filippo went home laden with presents. On his return to Florence, Cosimo di Medici befriended him, and employed him to paint in his palace, endeavouring throughout his life, Vasari says, to win him from his desultory and dissolute life into habits of regular work; notwithstanding which patronage, however, a letter of his remains, dated 1439, complaining of his great poverty. His principal remaining works are in the Cathedrals of Prato and Spolito, and one fresco at Florence.

Filippo was perhaps the earliest painter of real landscape in the Florentine school, substituting it as a background for his pictures, instead of those architectural distances which are such a characteristic of Masaccio's painting. There is a marked advance in technical skill in some respects, from the art of Masaccio to that of Filippo; and also as signal a change in the motive and general moral and spiritual tendencies of painting. It is noticeable that while Masaccio always painted earnestly and conscientiously, never disregarding his subject, though allowing himself to be carried away by his devotion to the study of outward forms, Lippo took the further and fatal step of degrading his subject into a mere accessory of picture-making. He was the first artist who tried to paint texture and material, neglecting often the grace of line and fold, in his anxiety to practise his dexterity in these respects; and for this purpose dressing his angels in the Florentine garb of his time, to the no small detraction from their celestial appearance. He first too, to his lasting disgrace, placed on the throne of the Blessed Virgin the face and form of his mistress Lucrezia Buti, and painted as saints the portraits of other women of her stamp. His loss of all sense of purity is further shewn by the introduction of vulgar incidents and low characters into his backgrounds, apparently for the mere pleasure of doing so. No spiritual presences move in his pictures; everything in them is of the earth, earthy. And this Lippi did deliberately, living in the atmosphere of the holiness of the Madonnas of Cimabue and Giotto, and in the midst of the angel hosts of Orcagna; not as now faint memories of departed glory, but glowing with all the life and colour which the masters' hands had left there. All that Lippi painted was stamped with the impress of a nature naturally coarse, its worst instincts developed by indulgence, and expressing themselves in that art which should have helped him to elevate and discipline them. Having hastily cast off an unwelcome yoke in early youth, he seems to have gone from bad to worse, and spent a life of recklessness and dissipation, untrammelled by the ordinary principles of morality. While painting for the nuns of St. Margherita at Prato, he saw and became fascinated by a beautiful girl named Lucrezia Buti, either a scholar or novice of the convent, and persuaded the nuns to allow him to paint her portrait. He then found means to carry her off, apparently

with her own consent; and she remained with him for the rest of her life. Reports vary as to the amount of blame which falls upon him in this transaction; some accounts telling us that the dispensation necessary for his marriage with her was not procured from the Pope in time to make the only reparation in his power; while others assert that he might have married her at the first had he chosen to do so, and attributing his death by poison to the vengeance of Lucrezia's relations. Vasari tells a story of the manner in which his patron, Cosimo di Medici, tried to cure him of his undisciplined habits. Finding that Lippi left his work for days together, and would remain idle whenever he was not in the mood to paint, Cosimo had him shut up in his palace on one occasion, intending to keep him there till he had fulfilled his commission. This, however, was misery to the vagrant Lippi, and after two days confinement, he contrived to let himself down by his bed-clothes into the street; after which Cosimo let him come and go as he would, only trying to keep him faithful to his employer and his work by kindness. Mr. Browning has told this story, and depicted Lippi's character, so vividly in one of his poems on 'Men and Women,' that we can only recommend those of our readers who do not know it, to make themselves acquainted with it. In it he has said all that can be said for Lippi and the school of which he was the representative—more indeed for both than we should feel inclined to say;—and there is a deep pathos in the words which he puts into Lippi's mouth, which the tenour of his life, as we know it, hardly bears out.

'For me, I think I speak as I was taught;
I always see the garden, and God there
A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.'

It is impossible not to feel some compassion in reading the romantic story of the orphaned boy, thrown with his warm nature and strong passions into the unnatural restraints of convent life, and then coerced into the fatal mistake of accepting a life for which he had no vocation. We are not called on to pass judgement on his chequered life, so full both of opportunities and of perhaps overwhelming temptations; but if Fra Filippo could look back through the centuries on the result of his work, it would be a saddening sight for him to see the share which he, a Religious, had taken in the final desecration of Christian Art.

At the same time as Fra Filippo Lippi was living out his restless life, another monk-artist was fulfilling his career in the Dominican convent at Florence. We know little of the early life of Fra Giovanni Angelico, save that he was born in that same sweet Val d'Arno, whose peaceful pasture and flower lands had been the school of so great a race of artists; that at the age of twenty he and his brother received the habit

together at Fiesole, and that they were professed in 1407; our artist by name of that Apostle whose loving character he strove so earnestly to imitate, and his brother by the name of Benedetto. The latter is well known as an illuminator, and it is said that the two worked much together at first, and painted the choir-books, for which the convent was celebrated, and some of which still remain. The brothers seem to have been one in heart and soul, as happy in each other as they were in the quiet convent life which they had chosen. We do not know under whom Fra Giovanni studied, though an artist called Don Lorenzo, himself living a monastic life in Florence, is mentioned by Kùgler as his probable master. He is said to have studied the Sienese school of painting much, retaining always some of their peculiarities of colouring; and also to have learned much from Orcagna's paintings in the Strozzi Chapel, from which he evidently borrowed his representation of Hell in his principal picture of the Last Judgement. His first frescoes, in Sta. Maria Novella, were destroyed during the 'restoring' process to which the church was subjected some time afterwards. Most of his other early works are at Cortona and Perugia, at the first of which places it is thought that he spent his noviciate, according to the Dominican custom of passing their monks from one house to another at different intervals. When the brothers of the convent at Florence returned thither in 1418, after the exile consequent on their adherence to the cause of the deposed Pope Gregory XII., Angelico is thought to have been with them; but there being no dates to his pictures, we have no means of knowing the order in which they were painted.

Cosimo di Medici, the great patron of Florentine art, rebuilt the church and convent of the Dominicans on their return, at his own expense. This work was finished in 1439; and Cosimo gave the commission to Fra Giovanni to paint the altar-piece for it, of which fragments only remain. There are perhaps, notwithstanding the destruction of some and injury of others by ignorant restoration, a greater number of his pictures remaining, counting both frescoes and tempera paintings, than of any other artist of his age. Among the most beautiful of his smaller works is a series of panels executed for the plate-chest of SS. Annunziata, and now in the Gallery of the Fine Arts at Florence, thirty-five in number, and representing the Life of our Lord from the Annunciation to the Last Judgement. He made the walls and cloisters of St. Mark glow with his frescoes, and lighted up every cell with his inspired touch. Many of his works are in the galleries of Florence; among them the loveliest of all his tempera pictures, of which the subject is the Last Judgement. We are fortunate enough to possess in our National Gallery one of his principal pictures of the same subject, and there is a small Madonna surrounded by saints and angels by him in the University Galleries at Oxford.

We have already noted the characteristics of two great pictures, representing, in two former periods of art, the ideal conception of the

Last Judgement by the greatest religious painters of their own or any other age. It may not, therefore, be out of place here to place before our readers the conception of the same subject by Angelico, in this, his greatest picture; since, though differing widely in calibre of mind and habit of thought from both of them, he yet belongs to that same school of Catholic Art, which inspired the genius of Giotto and the imagination of Orcagna.

The Lord is seated as usual in the centre, a cloud of Seraphim surrounding Him, of glowing red, to express the fire of their love; the nine orders of the heavenly hierarchy are ranged according to their rank around, each order marked with its traditional badge. An angel bears the cross in the midst, while the trumpets sound on each side. The Blessed Virgin sits on the Lord's right hand, in white star-spangled robe, lined with green, symbol of that eternal spring of which the Church has worn indeed the symbol on earth and in anticipation, but which is now hers in truth. She turns towards her Son and Saviour, her arms crossed on her breast, a look of earnest supplication on her face, as for the trembling world beneath. The Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and chief Saints, are behind; St. John offering his lamb, St. Peter with his golden key of Paradise and silver of Purgatory; each one with his own recognized emblem. Lines of glory radiate from their place on high, marking it as the region of God's immediate Presence. The lower part of the picture is divided by a long 'Campo Santo' of open graves, ended by the closed tomb of Christ. On the extreme left are seen the seven circles of hell, with Lucifer consuming the lost, after the manner first adopted by Orcagna; even Angelico's tender loving soul fearing to omit the lost souls dragged down to hell by demons, though it is evident that he has passed through this part of the picture as rapidly as possible, and as an unwelcome duty. On the right are the elect, gazing towards the Divine Presence—

'Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of Love;
Drank love, and bathed in love, and mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.

Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
Hands locked dear hands, never to sunder more;
These were the new-begotten from the dead,
Whom the great Birth-day bore.*

A pope and emperor lead the procession towards the city into which the kings of the earth shall bring their honour and glory; then religious, bishops, and the rest follow, all in their ranks. But the sweetest feeling and tenderest touches linger over the places where the angel-guardians kneel, half supporting half caressing those who have been their sacred charges and dear companions through the battle of life, and to whom they now whisper words of reassuring love as they lead them onwards. And we

* *Goblin Market and other Poems*, by Christina Rossetti.

follow them to a meadow 'made green for wearied eyes,' where crowned with roses they join in dance and song, and thus pass onwards two and two towards the shining walls of the heavenly city, through the gates of which, shut no more at all by day, the golden rays are pouring, and into which our eyes dimly see two blessed ones just passing, lost in light.

Angelico might doubtless have taken a more prominent place than he did, both in his order and the outer world, so great was his fame as a painter, and the reverence in which he was held for his holiness of life. Cosimo di Medici would have showered his favours on him, and Pope Nicolas V. offered him the Archbishopric of Florence. Angelico, however, prayed the Pope to appoint instead Fra Antonio, a Dominican monk of great holiness, who, being raised to the office, filled it so well that he was afterwards canonized by Adrian VI. 'It was so much safer,' Angelico would say, 'to obey than to rule.' 'He who practises the art of painting has need of quiet,' he often said, 'and should live without cares or anxieties; he who would do the work of Christ must dwell continually with Him.' It is said of him that he was never known to be angry, or to reprove, save in gentleness and love. Fulfilling his own maxim of 'dwelling continually with Christ,' as no other painter perhaps ever did, he never began his work without prayer, nor painted the sufferings of the Lord without tears of sorrow. Looking on his work as an inspiration from God, he never altered or improved on his designs when once completed, saying that 'such was the Will of God.'

He acquired the name of Angelico, by which he is chiefly known, from his purity and heavenly-mindedness. Beato is thought by some to have been a title of reverence given him by the people after his death; but it seems more probable that 'beatification' was an honour conferred by the Church, and inferior only to canonization. He is called by one Italian writer 'un Beato dell' Ordine Domenicano.'

Angelico's merits as an artist have been as much over-rated by one school of thought as they have been denied by another, and it therefore behoves us to consider carefully the extent and limit of his power, involving as the question does an important principle.

In the calmness of his gentle passionless nature, nurtured and developed in his cloister life, he doubtless looked with distress and perplexity on the resistless sweep of paganism over art and religion, and the consequent renunciation of Christian tradition and teaching. He, far removed from the region of speculative thought, must have looked with such feelings as we can well imagine, on the revolutionary spirit of his age, withdrawing himself more and more from the taint of its presence, and living in the atmosphere of those earlier ages of religious mysticism—to the school of which he belonged, rather than to that of the age in which he really lived. He united the spiritualism of the early school of Siena with that fine sense of colour which he inherited from the Florentine school. Like the painters of the Sienese school, the power of his pictures is in the expression and in the ideal beauty of his conception of spiritual things,

attaining the highest perfection in his types of angels. His power is wholly spiritual as distinguished from intellectual; the former being in Art dependent on intensity of expression for its force, while the latter has a tendency to express itself by predominance of external form, in the representation of which Angelico always failed. For this reason his highest successes are in the groups of his angel choirs and glorified saints, no two of which are alike in face or form, and each one perfect in grace and spiritual beauty, while his power visibly fails him in the pictures of our Lord, whether in His earthly or glorified Body, the representations of which are always inadequate, and wanting in majesty and dignity. This is owing in a great measure to his neglect of the study of the human form, in which his knowledge was very defective; and of which his drawing is sometimes very bad; he was, in fact, reactionary in this as in most other respects to the spirit of his age, refusing the scientific knowledge which his contemporaries were turning to such questionable account, and basing his work on half-truths turned into exquisite harmonies. He is also incapable of expressing evil, or sin, or any human passion whatever; so that there is a feebleness about all his efforts to represent historical facts, such as the Passion of our Lord, which negative their spiritual power, and detract greatly from their moral force.

Is it not right, then, it will be asked, that Art should shun representation of evil, and dwell on noble and beautiful subjects? And we answer, Assuredly, if the avoidance does not degenerate into cowardice, and if the choice be made not in weakness but in strength. But the lessons of life are not learned or taught by shrinking from the contamination and ignoring the presence of evil, nor have the great teachers of mankind ever done their work thus for human nature. Orcagna tells us in his sublime picture of the Campo Santo, with all the force of his mighty mind, what he thinks of Death and Judgement. There is no doubt whatever in his mind that they will verily come as a thief in the night to a careless world. He sees, in his mind's eye, the Lord coming in the clouds of heaven, and hears the Archangel's trump, and puts his soul into the figure of the cowering guardian-angel, trembling and sorrow-stricken for the multitudes of lost souls; and he has to try and make a froward generation understand, as they pass, how awful and terrible are Death, Judgement, and Hell. And if they do pass unmoved, as one must think few could do, he knows that he has delivered his own soul, and that one thing more will be against them in the day when the Books are opened. No amount of spiritualized half-truths and one-sided facts could have pierced the consciences or awed the souls of men as the stern notes of Orcagna's preaching in that day of the decline of Florence.

Such painting as Angelico's can never ordinarily teach or help any but child-like, simple minds. He lived in an ideal world, where Christ and His saints dwelt continually, and angels passed to and fro, and in which the sun always shone and the flowers blossomed;

and we must not under-rate his painting, or forget its great devotional value, so long as in this land of shadows we need help, and must grasp thankfully all means of raising our clouded imaginations to contemplate their highest objects. Angelico's work is marked with the impress of noble art, because, painting in honesty and simplicity what to him were real facts, he did probably the best thing which he was capable of doing, in the most earnest, loving, reverent way he knew how; and so doing, it was given to him to paint the forms of the spiritual presences around us as none other ever painted them, and to tell us sweet thoughts such as no other painter has ever dreamed, of that world where the flowers are unfading, and the sun sets not, and the angels are waiting for us.

We have said thus much about the ideal school of painting, of which Angelico was the representative, because it seems to us that this very principle of idealization, which, true and beautiful as it was in the age and under the conditions in which he worked, has been the ruin of modern religious art; so that weakness has become associated with purity, and incapacity with devotion, as in the school of German religious painting. Evil being an inevitable condition of human things, is not to be combated by being ignored, or conquered by being fled from. As there is in life no true rest from temptation by what is purchased, nor victory over evil but what is won, so there can be no true and helpful art which deliberately avoids all representation of evil from morbid dislike to contemplate it, or feeble fear of its contamination; and in proportion as it falls into this error, will Art lose its power to attract, and its strength to help, the perplexed, the sorrowful, and the erring. Mr. Hunt has shewn us that true and noble symbolic art, uniting realism of detail with high imaginative power, accepting all things in their natural relations, and yet dwelling on deep spiritual truth, is still possible for us.

In some respects, indeed, Angelico's paintings belong to a high order of art; inasmuch as he habitually put his imagination to its first and highest use, of realizing those truths which shall remain when the facts of this fleeting world have passed away. It would be difficult to live with a picture of Angelico's before one's eyes, without realizing sometimes the presences which compass one about. In sorrow it would remind us of the land where all tears shall be wiped away; in joy, of the perfected bliss of the Beatific Vision; in temptation, of the invisible armies which are with us, and which, it would be well for us to remember oftener, are 'more than they which be with them.'

And none ever attained to such perfection of ideal beauty. His angels, as they float on their blue clouds, or stand in choirs, need no burnished gold or waving flame to tell us that they have come fresh with their rainbow-dipped wings from the sea of glass. His Madonna needs no starry robe or shining crown to mark her as queen in the hierarchy of spirits; for the light of Heaven is on her brow, and the halo round it can add no radiance to its calm loveliness.

So, too, Angelico's colour is unrivalled, and exquisite with a purity unattainable by any other means than this shadowless, mosaic-like painting. Dwelling in the atmosphere of Heaven, he wants to express the rainbow hues of its perpetual spring and unclouded skies; and so his angels move in their star-spangled blue garments like a part of the transparent atmosphere; and the lights which shoot from the Throne fall in rose-colour and amber on them, their sweet faces tinted with clearest pink, and the glory playing on their golden hair, which no wind has ever ruffled out of its waving rest.

(To be continued.)

A. C. OWEN.

ON DIALECT.

THE French philosopher who began a course of lectures by telling his pupils that for his part he always expected to find people ignorant of what they ought to know, probably spoke from sad experience, and was certainly right in the main; but notwithstanding the known truth of this assertion, the less philosophical mind is tempted to wonder at many things; amongst others, at the number of people there are, who though they have spent their whole lives in the country, without by any means holding aloof from their poorer neighbours, yet know nothing of the words peculiar to their own district; who, if they were questioned on the subject, would probably deny that there were any such words in existence. I do not mean those who have been taught to think that anything provincial must of necessity be vulgar, and who confounding dialect with slang, think proper to eschew both, but those who are really and genuinely ignorant. Still more numerous is the class who habitually make use of many distinctive expressions, without being in the least aware that they are not to be met with in the pages of Dr. Johnson or any of his successors. I remember a case in point, of a young Cornish squire, who was always called 'Dimorts' by his brother officers, because he happened to say one day shortly after he first joined, that he had been doing something or other in the 'dimorts'—an explanation being called for, it was found that he meant the twilight, but he himself had not the slightest idea that the word he employed was at all uncommon.

There yet remains a third class of people, chiefly to be found among the writers of tales or tracts for the poor, whose notions of dialect are of the crudest, but who exemplify the truth of the proverb that a little learning is a dangerous thing; for having picked up one or two words without having any very clear idea of their sense, they scatter them broad-cast through their works, intending to give a local and familiar colouring in this way, but often conveying an entirely different meaning from what they wish—as did the clergyman, who attempting to preach to

a Welsh congregation, electrified his auditors by declaring that 'the chickens were the heirs of eternal life;' or the unhappy judge, who having learnt that 'nagod' meant go slow, and 'brysie' make haste, and being alarmed at being driven full pelt along the Welsh roads, mismatched his words, and vainly tried to moderate the pace, by calling out 'Brysie, brysie!'

'Even in the lowest depth there is a deeper still;' and there are few things more absurd than the queer mixture which third and fourth-rate novelists indulge in; the Scotch and the Cockney predominating, probably because anybody with a tolerable memory can reproduce sentences enough of Scott or Dickens to give what the writers fondly imagine to be a touch of nature, whereas the jargon they produce belongs to no known locality on *this* planet, and tempts one to wonder whether they ever had the luck to have half an hour's conversation with a genuine poor person in the whole course of their lives.

I remember once reading of a clergyman (I think in Essex) who made the curious calculation that about three hundred words, all told, were sufficient for the wants of his parish. I have no means of knowing how far his reckoning is correct; but it is obvious that if the vocabulary is limited it is the more necessary to know as accurately as possible the meaning of each word; though that knowledge of the fitness of things which the educated call tact, and the uneducated 'gumption,' is especially needful, to avoid the mistake made by a young would-be M. P. for some Yorkshire constituency, who was as he thought going to delight his hoped-for constituents by a speech in broad Yorkshire, but was only supposed to be making game of them.

Of course any educated ear must be struck by the great dissimilarity, both in accent and pronunciation, which exists in the different parts of England. Not merely the more marked varieties, such as the north-country burr, the sing-song tones employed in the eastern counties, the deep inarticulate growl used along the south coast, (which is almost as difficult of comprehension, and sounds quite as quarrelsome, as the high-pitched rapid utterance peculiar to the counties bordering on Wales, where the most amicable conversation always gives one the impression, if one's eyes do not come to the aid of one's ears, that the interlocutors are on the verge of a pitched battle,) or in the transposition or omission of the letters, the vowels being like school-children, always ready to occupy themselves with anybody's business so long as it is not their own, while the consonants, having apparently a due regard to Lindley Murray's axiom that the English language drops all superfluous letters, and a modest opinion of their own merits, strike work altogether, and leave it to one or two hard-worked *ms* and *ns*, *ss* and *zs*, to supply their places; but in the difference between the respective drawls which are perfectly distinct and perfectly dissimilar, but which one would despair of ever being able to reproduce, seeing that pronunciation is almost as difficult to render in writing as it would be to express by notation the

quarter-tones in music, though where it is done by a master hand; as in Tennyson's 'Lincolnshire Farmer,' the effect is marvellous. What can be more delightful than Southey's 'Terrible Knitters of Dent,' or more charming than some of the poems in the Dorset dialect? 'Jenny from Hwome,' 'The Vaices that be Gone;' or this, for instance—

'O there be angels evermwore
 A passèn on wards by the door,
 A zent to teäke our jōys, or come
 To bring us zome, O Meārianne!
 Tho' doōrs be shut an' bars be stout,
 Noo bolted doōr can keep em out,
 But they wull leäve us ev'ry thing
 They have to bring, My Meārianne!'

Angels by the Door.

But perfect as these are in their various ways, they are only appreciated when heard, *not read*, by uneducated people, even though they are quite up in the spoken tongue of their different counties. I was once told of a north-countryman who was so charmed with the Lincolnshire Farmer, when he heard it at a penny-reading, that he begged to borrow the book, but soon returned it, being able to make nothing of it; and the same was the case, when the experiment was tried of lending Mrs. Gaskell's 'Silvia's Lovers' to a farmer's daughter, who it was thought would have been able to comprehend it.

The fact is, that an attempt to write in dialect for any but cultivated persons must of necessity be a failure, by reason of the phonetic spelling which is required, which is an insuperable bar to the unlearned, to whom even the ordinary contractions, such as *can't*, *sha'n't*, *don't*, and *won't*, present a formidable stumbling-block.

Those who can read have been taught to do so in pure, or, as an old school-mistress I know calls it, Bible English; and having with pains and patience arrived at recognizing certain combinations of letters as forming certain words, if these words are taken to pieces and built up of what looks like a different set of materials, they fail to know their old acquaintances, and are completely at sea again. Many an otherwise suitable book, which I have thought would be certain to be generally popular, I have had returned to the village library, with the message that 'Mother said she did not set much store by dat 'ere book. It was so simple, (or so coarse,) she couldn't make head nor tail of it.' *Simple* and *coarse* being convertible terms, both used to express *unintelligible*.

But though one's poorer neighbours may not appreciate written dialect, they are very quick to perceive when the books that they read are not true to nature, or not in accordance with what they think good manners, and I think some writers would be amused and edified if they could hear the comments that are sometimes passed on their works. At the risk of wandering from my subject, I cannot forbear giving as an instance a remark that was made anent one of the S. P. C. K. books, by

an old woman upwards of seventy, who having by reason of a broken thigh been obliged to spend the last fifteen years of her life in the infirm ward of a country work-house, where she could do nothing but read, was in consequence as great a book devourer as the veriest novel reader that ever subscribed to Mudie's. 'I did not make much of that last book you brought,' she said to me. 'It was what I call very or'nary, very or'nary indeed. The people had not no manners. There they were all a Dick-ing and a Tom-ing each other who best—not one to mend another, and not a Master nor a Mistress to the whole lot on 'em.' I have often been reminded of dear old Mrs. Lapworth's speech since it was made.

I do not know if it is the same everywhere, but certainly we south-country folks are very particular in both giving and receiving our proper styles and titles; the great land-owners being the only people who are supposed to be able to dispense with a prefix, and being simply called 'Crevecquer,' 'Alard,' &c., though to do so to anyone else would be a grievous insult, the principle being the same as that which formerly governed the use of the pronoun *thou*. *Thou* being alike the greatest token of affection or the greatest slight that one person could shew another.

The farmers, half-mounted gentry, and bettermost kind of people in general, are scrupulously Mr., and the distinction is sometimes curiously marked, as thus: 'This here belongs to Oxenbridge, but Mr. Mills, *he* uses the land.' 'Oxenbridge' being the landlord, and 'Mr. Mills' the tenant.

A married labourer, whether young or old, is 'Master,' even to his most intimate friend and fellow workman, all the while he can earn his own livelihood; but as soon as he becomes past work he turns into 'the old gentleman,' leaving the bread-winner to rank as master of the household. 'That accey * I had last autumn made a gentleman of me,' an old man told me, when he was lamenting that he was no longer able to go to work; while another gave as an excuse for his being obliged to go into the work-house, (which was so obviously the best place for him, that one would have thought it a work of supererogation to think of finding a reason,) 'I was that bad with the rheumatiz that I could not do a hand's turn for myself, and I'd neither chick nor child to make a gentleman of me.' The word *gentleman*, being used to signify one who does not earn his own living, is sometimes applied to a sick woman, or even an animal. 'I can't tell what Mother would be at. If she's not a gentleman I should like to know who is!' was the complaint of an aggrieved daughter, who had unluckily overheard her mother confiding to me the trouble she suffered from her over-care; and it certainly appeared to me that poor old Mrs. Skinner ran as great a risk of being killed with kindness as anyone I ever saw: while the game-keeper's answer to his master's inquiry after an old retriever was—'Sloth got so

* Pronounced *axey*—meaning ague.

deaf that he did more harm than good, so I asked the young ladies if they would like to make a gentleman of him.'

An unmarried man is never 'Master,' but would continue to be called 'young' by his elders and betters—as, 'young Frank Paine,' 'young Nash,'—if he lived to be a hundred, while he would be 'mate' to his equals. 'Mate' meaning friend or companion. They are mates—or they mate together—being said when two boys are great allies.

A stranger is always a foreigner, and if he comes from any part of England excepting Sussex, Kent, and sometimes Essex—the Home-circuit, in short—is said to come from the 'sheeres;' while a genuine foreigner, whether French or otherwise, is a Frenchy, the nationality being added or not as the case seems to require. An old fisherman was telling me about a Swedish vessel which had been wrecked on the coast one or two winters ago, and wound up his discourse by saying that he thought the French Frenchys, take 'em all in all, were better than the Swedish Frenchys, for he could make out what they were driving at, but he was all at sea with the others; while the same old man, after he had been talking for ten minutes with a Lincolnshire game-keeper, (neither being able to make out the other's meaning,) at last burst out with, 'I reckon you be a foreigner?' to which the Lincolnshire man, thinking that he was supposed not to be an Englishman, made indignant answer—'No, but you be.'

As to the women, the wife is always *Miss*—Miss Neave, Miss Woodsel—*Miss* being a corruption of *Mistress*, or as it is usually pronounced, *Mistuss*; and it is sometimes funny to hear a mother and daughter inquired after, the former as Miss Culpepper, the latter as Mrs. Bertha. The title is thought so much of, that the Christian name is generally totally ignored after marriage, and letters are signed, 'Mrs. Potter.' This being the case, the greatest affront that can be offered to a house-mother is to call her woman; even 'my good woman' is taken *à l'envers*, and being considered a term of reproach, usually provokes the rejoinder, 'No more good than you.' It was only yesterday, when being required to hear the details of a grand quarrel at present raging in the parish, I was told, as the crowning insult, 'And then what do you think he says? why he says 'ooman, and I aint a going to be called out of my name by such a fellow as hun, I can promise him.' It was in vain for me to try and convince my friend that though it was no doubt said with a view to annoy her, yet there was really nothing so very objectionable in the word itself.

Another cardinal rule is that if you want to ask a person their name, you must say, 'How do they call you?' this being considered a more polite form of inquiry than the direct question, 'What is your name?' I was once asked by the wife of one of our round-frock farmers if I would hear her children say the Catechism, which she had taught them herself, as they were too young to go to school, which was some miles distant. Of course I began in the usual way, 'What is your name?

The child stood and stared, evidently not understanding what was meant; and I, thinking that she was shy, was about to repeat the question, when there came a vehement whisper of, 'How do they call you?' from the mother, which elicited the right answer.

The girls and little children are 'maids,' but I believe this is common in many parts of England, and by no means confined to Sussex; at least I have heard it used in Devonshire, and met with it in one or two of Canon Kingsley's books, and also in the Poems in Common English—

'Oh could I see, as may be known
To angels, my little maid full grown,
As time would have made her woman tall,
If she had lived—if lived had she—
And not have died now so young and small.'

It is at any rate a more civil method of speaking of them than that used in Normandy, where the custom is to call the boys *enfants*, (children,) and the girls *créatures*, (creatures.)

I have sometimes met with the word 'maid' used for children of both sexes who are too young to work, but this is not common. The first time I heard it applied in this way was by a widow, who was lamenting that all her children were 'maids.' As I was personally acquainted with two tiresome little urchins who bore the unenviable reputation of being the worst boys in the school, I was somewhat perplexed; and even after she had explained that what she meant was that none of her children were bringing in anything, I was by no means clear, till when I was reading Archbishop Trench's *English Past and English Present*, some little time later, I lit on a passage that enlightened me.

'Words not a few were once applied to both sexes alike, which are now restricted to the female. It is so even with *girl*, which once meant a young person of either sex, and no less so in French with *dame*, by which form not *domina* only, but *dominus*, was represented.'

This rule will also help to account for the habit of addressing a young lady as 'Sir,' which used to be another of my puzzles. For though the good old fashion of 'Mrs. Audrey,' and 'Mrs. Phyllis,' has not quite died out, and even the possessive pronoun still lingers here and there, (though it is usually applied to the sons of the great house as 'Our George,' 'Our Hugh,') yet it is by far the most customary practice to speak to a superior, whether masculine or feminine, as 'Sir.' I much fear, however, that this practice will not survive the present generation, for I was greatly exercised in mind at a recent school-feast, by hearing the mistress scolding one of the children for calling me 'Sir.' I longed to tell her how infinitely I preferred it to her own habit of calling me by name every second word, till I was so sick of the sound that I should have liked to have denied all knowledge of any such person; but I had not the courage, and therefore went on my way with the sad conviction that my dearly beloved 'Sir' was destined to be improved off the face of the

earth. Certainly it had its advantages. A genuine Sussex man would have made nothing of the difficulty experienced by a neighbour of his in Kent, a countryman, who being spoken to by an aunt of mine when she was riding, and never having seen a lady on horse-back before, or being puzzled by the masculine head-gear, began, with much hesitation, 'Sir—Ma'am—Sir—Ma'am—' and at last exclaimed, 'Be ze a man, or be ze a woman? Danged if I know which ze be.'

Nor is 'Sir' the only doomed word; and this brings me back to the thread of my discourse, for though, to borrow a comparison from Sydney Smith, it would be easier to poultice the hump off a camel than to obliterate an accent, still so many of the quaint words, and still quainter forms of expression, are in danger before the modern school-master and school inspector, who being the champions of progress, must of necessity be the sworn foes of archaicism in every form, that it is a thing to be thankful for that there is now forming a society,* proposing for its object the collecting and preserving the words and phrases still current amongst the provincial population.

Everyone may assist in this desirable object, as all ought who value the history of their own language and have the love of their mother tongue at heart. Learning and skill were required to re-construct the lily encrinite from the quaint forms that our forefathers called St. Cuthbert's beads, or tell the story of the ammonites supposed to be snakes which he had turned to stone; yet the unlearned could collect and take pleasure in the specimens they found, and so we all may with words, which, as Archbishop Trench has said, are very often fossil history.

We have an instance of this in East Sussex and Kent, in the local names of a kind of cherry largely grown throughout the district, which is called indifferently 'geen,' or 'gaskin,' having been brought from France by Joan of Kent, when her husband the Black Prince was commanding in Guienne and Gascony. And there is among the records of Berkeley Castle a curious glimpse of the home life of former days, telling how the Lord of Berkeley found housekeeping too costly, and how he agreed with the widow of a Kentish nobleman for lodging and maintenance for himself, his wife, her two waiting-women, six serving-men, and horses for the whole party, at £200 a year, and how he died before the year was out, of eating too many cherries.

I remember too, reading of a kind of cake still made in Scotland, called 'petticoat tail'—the name being said to be given in memory of poor Mary Stuart. The words are really a corruption of the French *petit gatel*, but the receipt for making them is supposed to date from her reign.

Besides the cherry, the black currant is also known in Sussex by a name of French derivation, *gazel*, which clearly comes from *grozeille*; and the use of the compound form as one word, 'A bread-and-butter,' or 'the bread-and-butters,'—which is common in Sussex, but not, I think, elsewhere—seems very like a translation of the French *tartine*. Any

* The English Dialect Society. (Trübner and Co.)

stick cut for a staff or wand is called a bat, (the log shod with iron trailed behind a wagon to block the wheels while the horses rest on a hilly road, is called a squat bat;) this *bat* is evidently from the French *bâton*; and I have sometimes thought the word *or'nary*, which is frequently used to denote something decidedly bad of its kind, may in the first instance be of French derivation. I heard it first applied to a road where the ruts, *ornières* as they would be called in France, (though the word *rut* itself is derived from *route*,) were more than knee-deep in stiff miry clay. An orn'ary road would thus be so bad, that the word would lose its first meaning, and be applied to anything bad. However this may be, the Sussex roads seem to have had the character of being orn'ary in both senses of the word, at least to judge by the description given of them by Fuller. 'Sussex.—A fruitful county, though very durty for the travellers therein, so that it may be better measured to its advantage by days journeys than miles. Hence it is that in the late order for regulating the wages of coachmen, at such a price a day at such a distance from London, Sussex alone was excepted as wherein shorter way or better pay was allowed. Yet the gentry of this county well content themselves in the very badness of passage therein, as that which secureth their provision at reasonable prices, which if mended, higglers would mount as bajalating* them to London:' while I have heard it given as a reason for the height of the Sussex women, (who are mostly a well-grown, or what they themselves would call an 'upstanding' race,) that they stretched their legs by having constantly to pull them out of the mud.

The common expression, 'Make your obedience,' for 'Make a bow,' is from *obéissance*. So too *sushy*, for want of water, as 'We're very sushy here,' or 'as sush as sushy,' meaning 'We have no water,' from *sèche*; *budge*, a water-cart, from *bouge*, the swelling of a cask; riding-coat, a habit, from *redingote*—witness a country tailor who sent in his bill for mending a torn habit-skirt, 'To fine drawing Miss Anne's riding-coat.' A *boco*, a great many, from *beaucoup*; *parly*, to gossip, from *parler*; and many others.

It is not difficult to account for the prevalence of French words in Sussex, for the French were constant visitors both in peace and war to this part of the coast. Four times, if not more, was the town of Rye entered and burnt, the last time in 1448; nor did Winchelsea, Hastings, Appledore, and Portsmouth, fare much better, though the Abbot of Battle, Hamo of Offington, once successfully defended the former place in 1377; for when the French 'came to the towne of Winchelsey, they understanding the Abbot of Battle was come to defend it, they sent him word to redeeme the towne; unto whom the Abbot answered, "He needed not to redeem the thing that was not lost, but willed them to

* Fuller's Worthies. *Bajalating*, hence *Bagers*. *Badgers*, a pedlar, a corn-factor, sometimes a person who purchases eggs, butter, &c., at the farm-houses to sell again at market. (Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.)

desist molesting the town, on pain of what might follow." The French, exasperated with this answer, requested him that if he would not have peace he would send forth to fight man to man; but neither would the Abbot admit the one request or the other, saying "hee was a religious man and therefore not to admitte such petitions, and that he came hither not to fight, but to defend and preserve the peace of the country." These things being heard, the Frenchmen supposing the Abbot and his people wanted courage, they assaulted the town with such instruments of warre as cast forth stones afar off, not ceasing from noone till evening; but by the laudable prowess of the Abbot and such as were with him the French prevailed nothing, but left it as he found it.*

In later days Rye four times served as a harbour of refuge to the Protestant French during their religious trouble—six hundred and fifty refugees coming from Normandy alone in 1562; ninety-two men came over in 1568; six hundred and forty-one came on the 27th August, 1572, three days after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; while the fugitives after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1680, were more numerous than at any previous time, though no list of the numbers was kept. Many of the descendants of these refugees have continued in Sussex till the present time, and though their names have undergone some curious transformations, such, for instance, as Le Tellier into Taylor, Hammon into Amon, yet they are still clearly to be traced, more particularly among the quite poor, who for the most part have forgotten all about their French origin, and would be extremely indignant if they were told that they were not 'out-and-out Englishers,' but who yet retain one or two words of their former language; while the black eyes and hair, thin faces, and yellow complexions, (though the ague may have had some share in this last,) which are frequently to be met with in this part of the world, added to a certain excitability of demeanour and a great determination of words to the mouth, have all been handed down from their French forbears. Nor does our French end with 1680. French prisons and prisoners in the old war time, the latter of whom were always escaping from their prison at Ashford, and lying hid in the great Sussex woods till they could be safely put across, the smuggling in later days, and the practice, common among the shop-keepers and townsfolk of the present time, of exchanging children in order that each may get a smattering of the other's language, have all done their part towards keeping the French element alive with us. The Sussex custom of turning the *th* into *d*, as *dat* for *that*, *dee* for *thee*, *dey* for *they*, I have heard cited as a clear proof of our close connection with France, the *th* proving an equal Shibboleth on both sides of the Channel;† and

* Hist. Winchelsea. (Stowe Chron. 279.)

† Since writing the last sentence, I see that it is said in the Sussex Arch. Cor. that the *des* and *dat*, the *dem* and *dose*, the *ourn*, *yourn*, and *theirn*, of our ploughman, shew plainly their German origin, so that I fear I must relinquish my theory. (S. A. C., Vol. XIII., p. 211.)

the double negation, which is so common that it is a never-ending struggle between teachers and taught to prevent its being introduced into the Commandments. 'Thou shalt not do no murder,' being the favourite rendering of the Sixth, as 'Thou shalt not bear no false witness,' is of the Ninth.

Elynge from *éloigné*, (a lonely place being spoken of as 'so very elynge,') is another word of French extraction, but this is, I think, of older date than any of the previous examples, as it is to be met with in Spenser. Another very favourite word, *whist*, is also used by both Shakespeare and Milton:—

'The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the water kist.'

Ode on Nature.

'The wild waves whist.'

Tempest, Act I., Scene 2.

That is, were hushed or silenced. 'He be a ter'ble whist boy,' is as high praise as a Sussex mother could give her son.

It would be a hopeless task to try and give a list of *all* the words peculiar to this part of the world, but here are a few of those that I have most frequently heard used. *Flue*—weakly. Thus a horse looks flue when his coat stares, and a delicate girl is said to be very flue. *Scaital*, or *skeddal*—for I have heard it pronounced both ways—dishonest. A scaital cat is an incurable thief. *Footy*—little or poor. 'That's very footy,' means 'that is almost worthless.' A footy dossit is a small help, while a footy little thing is something either useless or silly. *Platty*—uneven; usually said of a crop, as 'Apples are very platty this year,' there being a quantity in some places and none at all in others. *Lue*, used as a substantive. 'There's a good lue there,'—There's plenty of shelter. *Teal**—to set open; as, 'Teal the door.' *Coop*—to upset. *Shore up*—to support. *Bly*—a look of. 'You favour your father, but I can see a bly of your mother now and then,' being said to a person who bears the greatest resemblance to his father. *Swarly* and *nunty* both mean cross, the former being usually applied to animals, the latter to human beings. *Pinnock*—a little bridge over a ditch, or a tunnel under a road, to carry off the water. *Skreel*—to scream. *Sock*—for pet; a sock lamb meaning a lamb brought up by hand, and a spoilt child being also called a sock; and *owl* for moth. *Pharisee*—fairy or bogy, I am never quite sure which. *Rippier*—seller of fish. *Shim*—a horse-hoe, called in Kent an *edget* or *idget*. *Piker* or *piky*—a tramp. *Flaw*—to strip; to go tan-flawing is to be employed in stripping the bark off the trees; and many others.

It is not always possible (particularly for anyone who is ignorant of the science of languages) to trace the derivation, or to follow the history

* *Teal* is not a Sussex, but a Dorset word

of these words, though in the few cases where one can do so it is very interesting. The word *healing*, for instance, still retains its old meaning, and is also used in the sense of *to hide*. I recollect being told by a neighbouring clergyman how much he was puzzled, on first coming to the parish, by an old woman telling him that her bed wanted healing. It took him some time to find out that she wished him to give her a blanket. It is a great help in explaining the Creed, to be able to shew that the word *hell*, to which such a different meaning is now attached, originally meant no more than a place hidden, covered, or as we should say, healed over. *Hover*, which is in constant use, comes from *heaven*, or as it was formerly written, *heofen*, meaning heaped or heaven up.* A sick bird whose feathers are all puffed out looks very hover; sand or dust lies hover, and a hen hovers her chickens when she gathers them under her wings.

To all who have to do with village and Sunday-school teaching, a knowledge of the local words and phrases is invaluable. Only a day or two ago, in questioning on the story of King David, one of the school-children was asked what David was doing when Samuel came to Bethlehem. 'He was lookering,' was the reply, and a very good answer. The sheep on the large pastures of Romney Marsh require little attention for most part of the year, but they do need some, and the men who take charge of them are called *lookers*, while their occupation is *lookering*. They go with their dogs, muster the sheep, (which latter animals are always called *ship*,) *tell their tale*, and pass on to another flock, looking them over, and of course singling out any that want special care and attention. *Telling* is another word still used in Sussex in the way in which Milton would have used it.

'Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.'

No one born and bred in Sussex would make the common mistake of supposing the shepherd making love to his Amynta, instead of the more practical business of counting his flock. I remember also a curious rendering of one of the Collects by a Sunday-school boy, the force of whose answer would be lost to anyone unaccustomed to the sense given in the district of Kent and Sussex to the word *interrupt*. He had been asked what was meant by an adversary, and at once replied, 'Anyone that interrupts me;' while another boy gave as a good and sufficient reason for not attending the night-school during winter, that he knowed the Pharisees would interrupt him if he went out after dark, and as his mother backed him up by declaring that he was '*that* timersome,' I was forced to let the excuse pass muster.

Besides the words that are peculiar to the district, there are many that are employed in a sense quite different, and sometimes opposed, to

* 'A Restivtion of Decayed Intelligence concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation,' by Richard Verstegan, 1634.

their usual meaning. *Terrify* is one of these, being used in the sense of to teaze or worry. I was told the other day by an old gardener, that he had no fruit this year, the blackbirds had terrified him so; while a maid answered an inquiry after her mistress's welfare by saying that she had not had a very good night, she had been so terrified by a gnat. So, too, *valiant* means fine or well-grown. I remember hearing the parish-clerk deploring the winter absence of the squire's family, and winding up by saying that church was not church without them, they were all such 'valiant folk' to look at; and we were much amused by the compassion needlessly aroused in a visitor from London, for a poor woman who had come to ask for assistance, walking with what in Sussex are called 'stilts,' but elsewhere crutches; as is usual with the hop-pickers on any farm, she made it a plea almost amounting to a claim, that she had hopped here. 'You don't mean that the poor thing hopped all the way up that hill?' exclaimed the visitor, only knowing the word in its usual sense.

Tedious, *mortal*, and *terrible*, are all used for *very*. 'I am tedious poorly.' 'I am in a terr'ble big hurry,' or 'mortal tired.' *Kindly* for *fat* is another. I was cautioned, a little while ago, against patting a strange dog, and told that he was very swarly for all he was so kindly. So, too, *fighting* for *punishing*; a constant message sent by the more tiresome of the villagers to the school, when their children have been kept in or otherwise punished, is that they don't see why their children should be fought with more than anyone's else's. 'What they want is more larning and less fighting.'

Idioms too have a remarkable adherence to locality. The *whilst* used in Lincolnshire for *until*—'The ship will not sail whilst Monday;' the *that* used in Sussex for *so*—'I was that tired I did not know how to bear myself;' and the *to* for *at* in Devonshire—'Fine doings up to Exeter to-day,'—will shew what I mean. 'To go up town,' or 'down shop,' is said instead of 'I am going to the town,' or 'to the shop;' to give a boy a box on the ear is 'to fetch him a clout side the head;' to accuse anyone of a fault is to check him of it, while to speak sharply is to be very short. If you ask the age of a child, you are told that she is in her nine, that her birth-day is come next hopping, and that A—— or P—— is her native, meaning her birth-place. With these may be classed the proverbs and sayings common to the place—the

'Till St. James's Day be come and gone,
There may be hops, or there may be none—'

which is always quoted when any inquiries are made about the hops—which are the staple commodity in this part of the world—before the 25th July; the 'I'm neither sick nor sorry,' meaning 'I am quite well;' and the 'Ague in the spring is physic for a king,' which bears reference to the complaint most prevalent in this part of the world, and which is supposed to be cured by the following charm, which to be efficacious

must be written on a three-cornered piece of paper, and worn round the neck till it drops off.

‘Ague, Ague, I thee defy—
Three days shiver,
Three days shake—
Make me well for Jesus’ sake!’

Or, as I have heard it, ‘Three days shiver and shake,’ which would be certainly preferable, as limiting the time of the disease.

Space would fail me if I endeavoured to give all the examples that are crowding upon me thick and threefold, as I draw near the end; indeed, the only remaining peculiarity that I can find time to mention, (if indeed it is not an Irishism to call it a peculiarity, seeing that it is a common failing with all uneducated people,) is the love that the Sussex people have for long words, which they apply or misapply, as the case may be, without the slightest regard to their meaning, after a fashion which would puzzle Œdipus himself. It is but fair to add that our words are often as great a perplexity to them: witness an old man who told the clergyman, after he had been preaching about *veracity*, that he thought his was a capital good sermon, but he did not know what he meant by saying so much about the innards of a pig. A woman once told me that she could make nothing of her neighbour, she was such a *fornicator*—i. e. a fawning person; while another declared she could make a pudding if she had the *grievances*, meaning the ingredients. And the men are every bit as bad: one of the parish elders of a country place talking to the clergyman’s sister on the subject of original sin, mystified her greatly by declaring that the fish was on his side—the deficiency was what he meant to say; while a village clerk created a scandal in another parish, when the clergyman had gone to do duty for a neighbour, by telling the congregation that there was no afternoon service, for Mr. B—— was fishing at P——. The illnesses suffered from are also sufficiently singular. I was once appealed to to cure a man of horse-racing in his stomach, the complaint was really ulceration; and another who had erysipelas, was puzzled to settle whether he had got Harry’s shoes or Harry’s slippers, he knew it was one or the other; while the influenza is a great stumbling-block—I last heard of its being called the frimsy-wimsy.

I do not know if I have said enough to shew how interesting this subject may be to anyone who cares to work it up, (nor, independently of other things,) what an additional zest it lends to the parish visiting, which always falls to the share of anyone living in the country; but if this paper proves only one quarter as amusing to those who read it as it has been to me while writing it, I am sure it will be highly successful—and certainly, however numerous may be the ‘fishes’ to be found in it, they are not owing to any lack of love for my subject.

B. C. C.

SUMMER DAYS IN A RUSSIAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

'ARE these the vehicles in which we are to accomplish our thirty-five versts?' was my mental exclamation, as I emerged, very wearied, from a little road-side station, about a hundred and fifty miles east of Moscow; and, to a stranger, the vehicles in question and their appointments were well worthy of astonishment. Picture to yourself a large open carriage, of the barouche kind, with four piebalds harnessed abreast, with complicated and curious adornings, bells about their heads, and guided by a coachman dressed in a black velvet coat, (a long sort of coat with a full skirt put into plaits around the waist,) without sleeves, those of his bright pink cotton shirt doing duty instead; on his head he wore a high steeple-crowned hat, gracefully encircled with much tarnished gold braid about an inch wide, and his feet and legs encased in high boots, much the worse for wear and want of blacking. Next in order stood a phaeton, called in Russ tarantass, very strongly built, without springs, and with three horses abreast—the centre one with a large wooden arch over his head, which was attached to the shafts, and in the middle of which hung a loud-sounding bell; the side horses were apparently but indifferently attached to the vehicle, for they pranced about much as they pleased. The third carriage was a dusty humble copy of the second, with three farm-horses and a bigger bell. For the luggage and servants there were telegas, little country waggons of most simple construction, which look as if a few good jolts over Russian roads would end their days; but in a wonderful manner, they survive for many years.

The phaeton was the carriage into which I entered with my companion, and the coachman in everything resembled number one, save nationality; at the first glance I thought I must have stumbled on a Chinese driver but I did him injustice, he was only an honest Calmuck.

We got under weigh in about ten minutes, and when I had recovered my senses, which had been quite scared with the screaming, shouting, talking, cracking of whips, shaking of reins, and other violent gesticulations, by which the horses were made aware they were to move on, we were some way beyond the little village. Just at first the independent proceedings of the side steeds made me a little uncomfortable; they capered about at their own sweet wills, at one time on a bank above us, and then in ruts and holes as much below, and as often as not on one side up and the other down; but I soon discovered somehow or another they made progress whether above or below.

After enduring for a fortnight the dust and dirt of Moscow during the Exhibition, I was delighted to look ~~ground~~ on a pretty undulating country, in parts thickly wooded, and with blue misty distances, and here and there dotted about with white green-roofed churches, looking

often as though they must have suddenly sprung from the ground, or fallen from the sky. The fatigue of being perpetually jolted from my seat and lodged on my companion, or having her in like manner deposited on me, certainly took off much of the enjoyment of the drive; but there was a decided novelty in the situation, and as my companion could speak German, there was mutual consolation in being able to pour out our respective sufferings into sympathizing ears. The villages through which we passed had a very miserable woe-begone appearance; they were merely clusters of wooden houses placed generally pell-mell in the middle of the barest piece of ground that could be selected; they were quite black from exposure to the weather and from sundry coatings of dirt and smoke, with neither trees, gardens, nor a flower, to vary the dinginess of their hue.

The houses in themselves are often not bad; and all the better kind have a shed for the horse and cow, which the richer peasants now always possess; but I suppose it is the universal dirt and untidiness which pervades the domestic arrangements of Russian—in that respect like the Irish—peasantry, which gives the dreary forlorn character to the villages; but, of course, in this matter I can only judge of that one part of the country through which I have travelled; in the south, I am told, and in Little Russia, the cottages are built of brick, and are of much prettier brighter aspect.

We had been bumped and jolted about three hours, and my patience and fortitude were becoming sorely tried, when the coachman partly turned, and threw, as it were, a few words over his shoulder, by which we inferred he wished to intimate we were nearing our destination. My spirits then began to brighten, as I cast a glance over the landscape, and pictured to myself many pleasant walks and excursions (on foot, not in any sort of carriage!) amid the wooded valleys and hills through which our route lay, and by which I hoped to beguile the long hours of a three months residence in the middle of Russia.

This visit to P—— had rested on me with the weight of a night-mare for some time, I had been so warned of the ugliness of Russian scenery, the immensity of the corn plains, the abundance of wolves in the woods, the complete isolation from society or neighbours, and above all, of the badness of the road, and difficulty of locomotion—that I may well be forgiven if the prospect had prepared me for an exercise of much patient endurance rather than pleasure. The last drawback, however, the absence of anything to be called a road, had certainly not been exaggerated—in fact, not vividly enough represented to my imagination, for, unless taught by sad experience, no pen can venture to describe the pain and grief entailed on both body and mind of the luckless wight who ventures on a good long country drive in the central part of Russia.

As we galloped through the last village, which was certainly the best we had seen, the people all turned out and salaamed much in the Eastern

fashion, so we concluded our journey was nearly at an end. In a few minutes a church tower was visible through some trees, and a little beyond it a house, which prompted our coachman again to jerk a few sounds over his shoulder, indicating that what we saw in front was P——. Very glad indeed we were to take leave of the tarantass, though the getting out of it was a work of some difficulty, for the perpetual jolting had jammed all the bags and parcels stowed under the seat, to that extent, that it was next to impossible to extricate my feet; moreover, I was so stiff I could scarcely walk, when my efforts were at length successful.

The white house, with two large projecting balconies, a bright green roof surmounted by a cupola, from which fluttered a flag, looked very cheerful, and our party were welcomed by the kind châtelaine, who had for some time been on the look-out for our arrival. The view from the principal balcony, on which the sitting-rooms opened, and which was filled with flowers, was very pretty, and reminded me of England greatly. The house stood on rather high ground, and thus overlooked a valley, through which flowed a river, about a verst distant; and over the tops of some intervening woods the opposite hills were far enough off to have the lovely purple and pink tints of the evening light, and far away several churches, at wide intervals, stood out in bold relief, with their bright roofs, amid endless plains of golden corn. To watch the cloud shadows chase each other over those waving sheets of gold, was one of my greatest delights when tired or home-sick.

It took me some days to become accustomed to my new domicile, with the various contrivances and *contretemps* entailed by the advent of so numerous a party, for it is not the Russ habit to make much preparation in advance, when married members of a family visit their old home. The guests bring much household gear and other necessities with them, and shake down much in their own way. A stranger is greatly surprised by the happy unconsciousness of any better way, in which Russians undergo what seems the greatest discomfort, and forego, without apparent reason, what to English appear the necessities of civilized life. There are such strange inconsistencies in the mode of house arrangements and management, that one is really often carried back to the stories related of life in the middle ages. The indifference to bed-rooms, for instance, and the love of reposing pic-nic fashion in sitting-rooms, consequently dressing under the greatest difficulties, is a fancy for which I cannot account, but it is very general. Those unfortunate people who cannot manage to conform with decent grace to varied habits of life, must often find it truly most trying to be domesticated in a genuine Russian *ménage*. There was nothing special in the interior of the house, the dining and drawing-rooms being much like others in foreign countries, and the bed-rooms were small though numerous; from the window of mine I looked on the church, which was not a stone's throw distant, and rather picturesque in character; and the priest's and deacon's cottages.

were grouped together a little further on the road; rudely built, however, and but little superior to those of the ordinary peasant.

The morning after our arrival was most lovely, and I gladly took the first opportunity to look around, and my eyes were gratified by the sight of a very pretty flower-garden, in which the kind lady proprietress took infinite delight. At some little distance from the house, and leading to it, was a plantation of silver birch, with two avenues affording most grateful shade; and after the accounts I had received I felt on the whole most agreeably impressed. On the property were some five hundred head of cattle, including a great number of beautiful horses, some of which were trained for the races, held in the early spring at St. Petersburg, where they take place on the Neva; the ranges of stabling and out-houses were, in consequence, numerous, and gave life and animation to the immediate surroundings.

One of the most original and striking novelties at P——, and I might say the principal character, was a little old dwarf about seventy years of age, called Ephrem Vassiliwitch. He was a relic of the customs of olden times, when each noble house kept a dwarf as a kind of necessary appendage to the dignity and wealth of the family, and I should think this one must be one of the last survivors of the race. Ephrem has been forty years or more at P——, and used, I believe, in his younger days to act as a sort of hunter, catch fish for the table, and help in hawking—a pastime to which his master, Count Q——, was much devoted; now, poor Ephrem's sporting days are over, and he can only, in fine weather, gather a few mushrooms, or go nutting. He is very small, not above three feet in height, and rather hump-backed, with the quaintest little yellow face imaginable—such a mass of wrinkles, that room could not be found for a pin's head between them. He used to toddle about the house and place, with his little hands clasped behind his back, generally contemplating his toes, or absorbed in his meditations, which I am afraid were chiefly directed to the stinginess of the world in general, and towards Ephrem Vassiliwitch in particular, for the little man had a great fondness for roubles. Often during the week he would walk into the dining-room *sans cérémonie*, during the five-o'clock dinner, take a good look at us all round, and then, wishing the company every prosperity, make any little remarks he deemed *à propos*, and toss off a glass of wine with great gusto, wiping his mouth in the sleeve of his coat; after which he would kiss the hand or shoulder of the hostess, and depart. It was really quite delightful to watch him at other times, especially on rainy afternoons, when he would look us up in the drawing-room or cabinet, and after a little chat, subside into silence, diligently amusing himself with the pictures in the London Illustrated News, which however I generally found he studied upside-down! Another phase of Ephrem's character was his earnest love of the Church; he was always to be found in his place on every Saint's-day and Sunday; he bustled about as fast as he could, busily pushing some

little folk out of the way, while he nudged others for inattention, or staring at the quality, of which we were the representatives. When, during the service, the alms were collected, little Ephrem would closely follow the other man, who was decidedly tall, with a sort of missionary box, nearly as big as himself, in which he gathered pence for the conversion of the Caucasians; his bow of gratitude, and the dignified rattle he gave his box when you put in a few kopecks, were most eloquent of his zeal and devotion in the cause; but I fear the Caucasian conversion will be long postponed if it depend on poor Ephrem's exertions—though, poor little man, he did his best, and is certainly a very true and faithful servant. He lived in the accountant's house; and report goes, that when he considered that he was unfairly dealt by at dinner, he used to poke the accountant's little children with his fork. I think this, however, a libel on Ephrem, who on the whole was kind and good-natured, and very fond of society.

It pained me much when I first came to Russia, to find the clergy so totally ignored in all society, and spoken of as unsuited in any way to associate with, on account of their uneducated manners and habits; when I saw, however, the style of the men from which the Priesthood is drawn, I no longer felt surprise; of course there are some exceptions, but speaking of the vast majority, they have not the slightest pretensions to refinement, and are scarcely one remove above the simplest peasant, so that they can acquire no influence, nor have any social feelings in common with the educated or higher classes.

The old Priest at P—— had been at his post for numberless years, and was almost past the duties of his office, and, in consequence, in constant fear lest he should be removed and pensioned off on the score of infirmity. His coadjutor, the Deacon, was still older, and quite blind, so that he could only occasionally assist in the services, and chant those portions he knew by heart; and at times it was really quite affecting to hear his old voice quavering up and down. During our visit at P——, however, his niece married an aspirant to Deacon's Orders, and most probably, he has by this time entered the sacred profession, so that the old one has now ceased to act, and the younger reigns in his place. The lady had, I hear, many suitors; but I fear they only regarded her as a stepping-stone to preferment, for she was neither pretty nor very agreeable, and the fortunate aspirant was chosen, engaged, and married, within a week—both parties seeming equally desirous to lose no time. She was so far lucky in her choice, that he had an excellent voice, and could read well in the manner required by the Church. Half those men who take Deacon's Orders do not advance further, but continue in that office for life—partly from insufficient education, and the disinclination to exert and fit themselves for the higher calling. They perform much which in our churches is the duty of the sacristan—such as looking after the building, arranging whatever is required, &c.; but they undertake also those portions of the service which fall to the Deacon in the

Anglican communion—especially waiting on the Priest in his sacerdotal functions. Until the clergy are taken from a better rank of life, and are themselves more highly educated and trained, with some hope of preferment, it seems vain to hope for much improvement in education, or that religious knowledge should make much progress among the peasantry. Everything appears at a stand-still; and as they have hitherto been, so they are content to remain.

There are no regular schools in the villages, and unless the Priest, or some member of his family, choose to teach the children, this generation will grow up as ignorant as the last.

Here, the daughter of the old Priest is much respected, and a very good person, quiet and gentle in her dress and manner; whatever the village children know, is the result of her teaching; and as we passed the cottage in our walks, we could see through the tiny little windows small boys in their shirt-sleeves, evidently in the agonies of spelling and summing. The kind lady of P—— also takes an interest in the children, and the little bare-footed urchins present themselves in the garden on a Sunday afternoon, when, after proving their diligence by reading a few lines, she gives them some little book—chiefly small tracts translated from the English.

Among the neighbouring Priests of other villages, there was a very nice Father Basil, whose mind was opening to the necessity of doing something more for his people than celebrating services in the church; he took a personal interest in his flock, and had inaugurated a little school, which was pretty well attended, and he seemed pleased with the results. He used sometimes to come over to P——, and occasionally assist on the eve of a Saint's-day, calling at the house to gather any crumbs of news from the outer world.

Another, in a progressive state, but not so far advanced as Father Basil, came over to borrow the papers, and amused me by the lively interest he took in the Pope, his health and doings. He always carried away a large packet of old Russian newspapers; and in about a week Father Nicholas would re-appear, generally when we were at luncheon, with a neat bundle, tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief, under his arm, which I should see him most carefully untie before entering the house, that they might be returned quite clean and uninjured—an example, I thought, many of Father Nicholas's superiors in other parts of the world might follow with advantage in the matter of borrowed books. I cannot imagine how he survives the loss of his papers through the long winter months. These were our only regular visitors; and I observed, it was for their office, more than for the individual, that respect was shewn them.

On the whole, I think our weekly letter days occasioned the most stir and excitement. About once a week a telegae, with butter for the Moscow market, was despatched to the little station, taking also our communications with the outside world, and returning on the following

day with the week or ten days' collection of letters and newspapers. As the time for the man's approach drew nigh, we were always on the eager watch, and as a rule, when the roads were not unusually bad he was fairly punctual; one day, however, our patience was quite exhausted, we had looked out, like 'Sister Ann,' very often, with very much the same hopeless result—till we were so tired, and it became so dark, we were obliged to go in-doors, lost in surmises as to what could have befallen the old man and his precious bundles; it was between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, when he at length appeared, more dead than alive. According to the account he gave of himself, it seemed he had been way-laid and suddenly seized by some evil men, in the hope, no doubt, of finding money in his possession; fortunately he had none, and the butter had all been delivered, so that he had nothing with him but our longed-for letters, which they did not care or venture to molest; thus, after a severe fright, they let him go, and returned (as he related) to their post of observation up in a road-side tree.

Very shortly after our arrival, the busy scenes of hay harvest commenced. In the north and central parts of Russia, all agricultural work is pressed into such a short space of time, that in many districts it is barely possible to get sufficient hands. The crops are carried, the fields ploughed, and the next year's grain sown, in less than a month; so it may be imagined during that period a general state of commotion and hurry-skurry reigns supreme. Everyone runs eagerly to the barometer to forecast the weather, and the intendant and his horse are nearly worked to death, scampering from field to field (and they are of immense size) looking after the labourers, for unless they are well watched they take matters very easily, and work much according to their own pleasure. In our case, the hay had not been all carried and stowed away in the great barns by the river side, before the corn, or rather rye, was ready to cut. The peasantry are getting more independent every day, as they gradually begin to realize they are their own masters; and when they have work on their own piece of land yours must wait their convenience! owing to this, labourers are now generally hired for the job, and come from distant governments, leaving their own affairs to be managed by their wives and children, who work, as a rule, much harder and better than the men. When their contract is over they return with their summer gains, though, too frequently, they drink them out by the way. The oats succeed the rye crops, and last of all is cut the buck-wheat.

The women wear a very picturesque costume for the reaping, so that the harvest fields look quite gay when many are working together. A white calico petticoat, with a broadish band of red or blue, according to taste; a loose body belted round the waist, and trimmed to match; and round and over the head a red or blue handkerchief, arranged to hide all the hair. When the wearers are young and pretty, it is most becoming; but here, as elsewhere, the peasant women quickly lose their

youthful appearance, and get haggard and old, and many are brown as mulattoes. I never saw such gay colours in my life as they adopt in their gala costumes; they have, like the negress, a passion for everything of the most brilliant hue—reds, yellows, greens, pinks, blues, and you may often see a fortunate lady looking like a rainbow, with all these colours worn at the same time.

During the stay at P——, I was fortunate in witnessing, on several occasions, the village *en fête*. The first took place about three weeks after we came, when I heard an invasion of a monkish character was expected. As I had never met any of the reverend monastic fathers of the Greek Church before, I was naturally much on the *qui vive* to see and hear what might be done and said. There is in the town of V——, the chief place of the Government in which we were situate, a monastery possessed of a miraculous, or rather miracle-working picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Many centuries ago, so the tradition runs, the Blessed Virgin appeared in a vision to one of the Grand-dukes of Russia, of the House of Rurick, either before or after a battle, I could not ascertain clearly which, and in commemoration of this holy privilege vouchsafed him, he caused this picture to be painted, now venerated as the Black Virgin. What miracles the picture had worked, or continues to work, I failed to make out; but that it is greatly revered, and believed sincerely by all to be endowed with miraculous powers, is beyond doubt. Once a year some eight or ten monks of this monastery make, with the picture, a tour of the country around, visiting all the villages possible during a given time. In this manner they get a pleasant outing for themselves, and reap thereby no small harvest for the benefit of their monastery. The good men were to arrive one Saturday evening in time for Vespers, pass the night at the accountant's house, where rooms were set apart for them, and after Mass on Sunday morning, and a good luncheon, to proceed on their religious travels to the next village. We had everything ready for their reception; the rooms prepared, the river well dragged for fish, and a sumptuous supper dressed, (which, alas! was quite spoilt from waiting,) but yet they did not make their appearance. At length it became so late, that the household retired to rest, much disturbed by the fear that something serious must have befallen. The window of my room, as I previously mentioned, looked towards the church; the weather was very warm, and I had it therefore secretly a little open, so as to indulge in a modicum of fresh air, an innovation unknown, and greatly deprecated, in Russia. About one o'clock a.m. I was awakened by the sounds of many telegae bells, and much talking and stir without, so I jumped up, and opened my window, noiselessly, a little more, and popped out my head. The sacred picture had arrived, without question; and the Monks, with our Priest and half the village, were reverently placing it in the church for the night. After a great deal of running about with lighted candles, the removal from the travelling-waggon was accomplished, the

church doors locked; the peasants departed to the village, and the Monks betook themselves to their quarters, and all was again quiet, so I returned to my slumbers. At five o'clock, however, I was again awakened—this time by the church bell calling to early Mass, so I did not disturb myself; but when I came down at nine o'clock to make breakfast, the bell again commenced for High Mass. Everyone was in gala dress, and there was a general holiday in the village and on the estate, so the little church was filled to its utmost extent. After Mass was concluded, I stood some time on the balcony to watch the little congregation troop homewards, and a gay and pretty sight it was in its way, with the gorgeous colouring of the garments and bright sunshine; as they dispersed, I saw the Priest with the Monks form in procession, and with the picture carried on the shoulders of several men and women—for everyone was, of course, most anxious for the honour of bearing part in moving so great a treasure—proceed towards the intendant's house. It seemed he had begged to have a Litany recited in his rooms. When this had been done, the simple procession returned to the church, where their venerated burthen was safely placed, and the Monks came in to take luncheon with us. The Superior of those present on this occasion had often been to P—— on similar visits, so he chatted away in most friendly manner, and told us their delay the previous evening had arisen from finding the bridge broken across the river, and thus they had been obliged to make a *détour* of many miles; he was a fat unctuous looking man, and I cannot say that either he or his brethren ranked cleanliness as next to godliness. The others remained together in a separate room, and looked nervous and very shy. They had an excellent lunch provided them, of fish in every form and shape, stewed mushrooms, vegetables, and fruit, which had been preceded by strong coffee and bread, and was followed by tea in tumblers, flavoured with thin slices of lemon. Duly refreshed and invigorated by all this, they shortly announced themselves as ready to celebrate a Litany in our rooms, one of which was made ready for the service therefore, and the picture brought with the same ceremony from the church, and carefully deposited in the east corner of it, with lighted candles duly arranged in front. The Litany was recited in Slave, not Russian—I could not, in consequence, follow the service in the least; but I had the opportunity of closely investigating the picture, which resembled all those in the Greek Church, and with which the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, in London, have made most English familiar. It was entirely covered with thin plates of metal, either gold or silver, with the exception of the hands and face, which were painted, but which were so black from age that you could distinguish no lines whatever, and, as far as I could observe, there were no jewels set around the face. They had, with unaccountably bad taste, hung wreaths of very dirty and tawdry artificial flowers over the picture, which tended to dissipate entirely any feelings of reverence its subject and age would inspire. After the Litany was ended, everyone,

save myself, devoutly kissed the blackened face of the picture, and made the sign of the cross.

At three o'clock the Monks took their leave, the best-behaved of our coachmen, as a great honour, being selected to drive the carriage in which the picture was placed, to the next village, some of the Monks sitting behind it, and the others following in a telegae. I think our hostess was much relieved when, for this year, the ceremonies and entertainments were happily terminated. But we found our share of ecclesiastical visitors had not yet been completed; for no sooner had we recovered a little from the inroad of monks, than notice was sent to prepare for the arrival of the Coadjutor-Archbishop of the diocese of V——, who was making the round of all the villages, and inspecting the churches. Our poor old Priest came up to the house trembling with fear, lest any complaint of his doings—or *non*-doings, rather—should be made to the Bishop; happily, as it was, the Bishop only inquired if his eye-sight was too bad to enable him to read, to which the poor old man replied his sight was perfect, and that for his age his health and strength were wonderful, so the Bishop was well content to let him off without further trouble. Again a fish luncheon was got ready, and as his Holiness came punctually it was served up to perfection; but he looked far too good and venerable, with his long white beard, and thin refined countenance, to care for eating or drinking. He had formerly been at Moscow for many years, and, I was told, was a popular and much esteemed confessor there, so that he and our hostess had many mutual friends, and he remained for some time chatting after luncheon. He wore the usual dress of a Greek Bishop—a black satin robe with large sleeves, and the high monastic cap, with a long thick black veil falling behind; around his neck hung a very handsome and massive gold chain, with a large oval medallion of the Blessed Virgin and Child, set round with jewels, pendent from it; and in his hand he carried a long pastoral staff, which also served him as a walking-stick. He had no private chaplain with him, but was accompanied by a Priest whom we happened to know; he had, something like our Rural Deans, the oversight of a certain number of parishes, though here they would not be called so; and as long as the Bishop was visiting within his district, it was his duty to be in attendance; at the boundary of his authority, the next priest holding similar office would meet them, and be ready to take his place. The carriage of his Holiness was of most unepiscopal character—nothing better than a very dirty old telegae with a hood, drawn by wretched old cart-horses, harnessed with ropes! it was my great wonder how they got along as they did; and although they had a sort of police official preceding in case an accident should befall, they frequently lost their way, which with such tracks for roads was not surprising, nor that as often as not they were detained by regularly sticking in the mud. I know I pitied him most sincerely, for he was too fragile and venerable to be victimized over those dreadful roads, in such a rough conveyance.

After this visit we were left for some time to our own devices, and our life was not very varied, and, had the weather been wet, would have decidedly been very dull; but the summer was exceptionally fine, and in July the heat was very great, though we did not, on the whole, suffer much inconvenience. The flies and gnats were the torment of my life part of the time, and whenever I walked out my resource was to take a branch of a tree, and perpetually wave it round my head, but without altogether benefitting, for the wretches managed to settle and bite and sting, notwithstanding, and the irritation and swelling often rendered me quite an object of compassion. Occasionally we took a drive in the evenings with the four piebalds, who used to go at full gallop, which probably was the best plan to overcome the inequalities of those primitive roads; but after an expedition to an outlying farm, a few versts off, I was so disabled by a bad sprained side, from my superhuman efforts to keep my equilibrium in the rumble of the carriage, that I afterwards fought shy of excursions beyond reach of my own legs. It is but fair, however, to confess that one does in time become, in a measure, used to the bumps and jolts; and ere I left, I was surprised at my own courage and fortitude.

The villages are thickly strewn about in the neighbourhood of P—, but there is not the slightest beauty or interest in the collection of from fifteen to, it may be, fifty black or brown huts, which constitute them; and when they are near, one church often serves for two or three. The peasantry are very civil, and when you pass they always bow in a most lowly manner; but no personal interest appears to be taken in them, and no one dreams of visiting them in their dwellings, or taking any pains to raise their tone. Since the abolition of serfdom, the independence they assume in some parts, I am told, in this first stage of their liberty, rather tends to widen the separation of classes; but it is most difficult to form any judgement, during a short sojourn, on a question of such importance, for in the present condition of country life, local circumstances, and attachment to particular proprietors and estates, must occasion such varying appearances.

Although the drives were not unalloyed enjoyments, I had not been mistaken in the anticipation of numerous nice scrambling walks of exploration, in the charming broken wooded hills and valleys about; and in the country, even in the midst of Russia, there is always something going on; when hay-making and harvest were over, therefore, we had the small excitement of seeing the beautiful horses of the *haras* exercised in the training *droschkis* every morning, and in the evening, the cattle and mares and foals returning from the pastures. In our expeditions also through the woods, there was special interest in the expectation of meeting *Messieurs les Loups*, who had their headquarters in one very near, doubtless to be handy when any foals or calves might wander from the herds. Notwithstanding all my efforts to do so, I never, I am grieved to say, succeeded in seeing them; but some

of our party, while resting on a sloping bank leading out of a wood near the river, had that pleasure. A big grey wolf stole out, thinking the coast was clear, evidently on his way to the river to drink; but as soon as he heard shouting, and saw the flutter of pocket-handkerchiefs, he retreated to his quarters. Six of the sheep, and a fine young pig, were taken off under the very shepherd-boy's nose, during our sojourn; but though such a loss was considerable, the more as the sheep belonged to the Priest, who had none too many, no one ever suggested a raid against the marauders, and shooting a few. The remains of the last victim were discovered by one of us in the centre of a wood, half devoured; clearly the feast had been disturbed, or, being too much for one meal, quitted till the sated beast could resume it with more relish. Just before we left, we traced the recent tracks of one of our friends close to the house; he had evidently been to and fro, in the early morning, between the yard and his den, but as nothing was missed, I fear his prowl for a savoury breakfast had not proved satisfactory. In the summer they seldom or never form into packs, and at that season, when tit-bits are plentiful, and they wander singly, they are more easily terrified by you, should one come across your rambles, than you need be of them.

Another set of marauders made sad havoc amongst the poultry, namely the hawks; they were of a large and powerful species, and very daring. I longed intensely to shoot them, as they sailed or hovered all day over the house and premises, eyeing especially the unfortunate chickens, which were kept, after a charming Russian inconsistency, under the balcony of the front entrance, and let out every afternoon for a run. Of course the chickens were intended for our eating, but the hawks by no means permitted such a monopoly, and enjoyed with us a considerable share: they were so bold, that I have often been only a few yards distant when they have swooped down on the poor little wretches. Still, though frequently called on to deplore their loss, it seemed to me no cause for wonder; and the air, I do think, might have been darkened by the voracious birds, before anyone would have thought of shooting them. I verily believe some of those hawks must have got too fat to fly ere the summer was ended, and their lives forfeited from over-eating.

The Sundays were, I am sorry to say, rather *triste*, and gave me little satisfaction, for one could not help feeling isolated, and, so to say, lost in a wilderness. The church being so small, it was impossible for a person unfamiliar with the services not to attract the observation of the peasants and others, and in any case we were, as 'quality,' a source of great distraction. Moreover, the services were conducted in Slave, not Russ, so I could not follow one word, and the difficulty of saying my own prayers standing, and perpetually kneeling and rising from the floor, to say the least, was disturbing; thus at first I remained at home. Latterly I learnt to understand better the order of the Mass, and, very unwilling to abstain from public worship, I used to attend the Celebration; but

the Office was quickly and early concluded, so that even then the day appeared endless from want of books or definite occupation, for as a rule there were no Vespers or Offices of any kind in the afternoon or evenings. I was greatly interested in witnessing the administration of Holy Communion to little children of the tenderest age, according to the custom of the Eastern Church. Before they are carried to the Sanctuary to receive, the mothers bow, with their infants on the arm, in such manner as to include everyone present, thereby to signify a request on the part of the children for pardon for any fault or annoyance by which they may have given offence; this done, one by one they approach the Priest, who, with the Deacon, stands outside the doors of the Sanctuary on the steps, corresponding to those of our Altar; he then, with a spoon, gives out of the chalice into the recipient's mouth the holy Elements, the Bread being sopped in the Wine. I am told, the Priests and Emperor are alone privileged to receive them separately. After the Consecration, and before, I believe, the Priest himself communicates, he comes from the Altar into full view of the congregation, (for there is a thick screen, with doors, separating the Sanctuary always,) bearing on his head the chalice and paten covered by a veil; for some time I did not feel quite sure what it might really be he supported so reverently and carefully on his head with one hand, as I was unable, of course, to follow the prayers, and was reluctant to ask too many questions, lest it might be deemed idle curiosity—and information was not volunteered without; but by degrees I made some advances, though I still understand comparatively little of the ritual order of the Greek Communion. Russians in general, I find, if at all interested in the matter, regard the Church of England with much liberality; esteem her not so very far from the Orthodox Faith, and much less committed to heresy than that of Rome; in emergency they will therefore attend our Service in preference to any other.

I must not omit to mention the blessing of the water, which is celebrated through all Russia on the 1st of August, Old Style. When there is a lake or river conveniently near, a rustic pavilion is erected on the banks, in which the service takes place; but at P——, this year, one of the springs was selected, which flowed from a well, through a long hollowed trunk of a tree. It was a favourite resort of water-wagtails and tom-tits; I have often watched them disporting by the edge of the trunk, and in the stocking-holes near, made by the cattle, scores at a time.

The ceremonial commences by a short service in the church, after the conclusion of which the congregation formed into procession, preceded by the Priest, the old Deacon, the newly-married aspirant, and others, carrying the banners and pictures, and walked down to the well; there a table had been arranged, covered with a white cloth, and bearing candlesticks with lighted tapers, while in the centre was placed a large loaf of black bread, such as is eaten by the peasantry, and a pitcher of water:

As soon as those present were duly placed, suitable prayers were again said, and the water in the pitcher blessed; after which some of it was poured into a deep plate, and the Deacon presented it to everyone, in order to dip in their hands and sign the Cross. I, alas! not being aware of this part of the ceremony, had kept on my gloves, and being one of the nearest in order, unfortunately had not time to remove them in readiness, whereat he passed me over with a very surprised look, doubtless much scandalized at such heresy; but as it was involuntary, and I could not help it, he judged me, I fear, too hastily. On this estate it had been the custom, from time immemorial, to bless the grain also, before beginning to sow the new crops; the two services were therefore combined, and after that at the spring was ended, we all walked, as before, to the field which was to be sown. A corner of this field had been ploughed that morning; in fact, the horse and plough were present during the proceedings. A sieve full of corn was placed on the table, which was arranged as before, also numberless bags of corn, brought by the peasants to be blessed at the same time. We knelt down in the freshly turned furrows during the prayers, and were, with them, sprinkled with some of the holy-water. The Priest then pronounced the form of blessing over the sieve, and threw a few grains into the furrow himself, before presenting it to our hostess, who, as owner of the land, sowed the first handful, the rest of the family in due order following her example. The man who had ploughed sowed the remainder; he was a much valued servant, and for ten years had done so, and would have felt broken-hearted at the withdrawal of so marked a privilege. The peasants have firm faith that, if the consecrated portion comes up well, the crops and harvest will be prosperous. The whole ceremony was most simple and touching, and thoroughly suggestive of dependence upon God for the blessing of increase on man's labour, a practical and thankful acknowledgement also that the produce of the earth is indeed a gift of His bounty—and one regrets that it is so purely local; later a similar service takes place, when the apples and walnuts are gathered in, and the peasantry will not commence eating their stores till they have thus been blessed. In all these proceedings, I must not omit mention of little Ephrem Vassiliwitch, who took a prominent part in their performance, and, I observed, was always anxious to carry something much too large and heavy for him.

One or two of our favourite walks are perhaps worthy of description, in order to give a fair idea of the characteristic scenery. When our courage was equal to a long expedition, that to the mill on the river was most enjoyable. It required a good bit of time, and while the corn was standing, no little agility. We generally set off, about six o'clock, through the fields skirting the chief abode of the wolves, and it required vigorous resolution to breast the corn for two or three versta, for it was high as our shoulders, and often higher, as well as very thick. The reward was, however, well worth the fatigue, for from the crown of the

descent towards the river the view was charming, as one traced it winding through the large flat green fields of the valley, which bordered it on either side, now and then broken by spaces of wood-land, and the distances glancing in the slanting rays of the evening sun-light. Innumerable herds of cattle were generally grazing, or grouped for drinking, near the banks, in such manner as would have delighted the heart of Cooper to sketch, and which made me also long for the time and skill to paint. We used to repose, as well as the gnats would permit us, on the logs of wood always lying about near the mill, and occasionally hold little talks with the miller, anent the corn, and the floods, which had lately broken down the wooden bridge and injured the dam, thereby causing much consternation and talking, stopping work also at the mill for ever so long. Not that that, I fancy, really made much difference; for in Russia everything in the country seems to proceed at a most leisurely pace, and no one ever appears in a hurry—save the intendants during harvest—not even to catch a train.

Another long scramble we likewise enjoyed, was through a wood to the river, and then along the fields I have mentioned, which reminded me greatly of the Jugs in Yorkshire, which border the Wharfe in some parts, to some high sloping ground divided by wooded ravines, which come down to the meadows, and are very pretty, each ravine being quite different from its neighbour; from this ground you look down on the herds of horses and cows as they graze, mapped below you in the sun-light; and during the hay-making, the meadows, filled with the gaily costumed women at work, formed a charming picture of rural life.

Coming home from this walk, one Sunday afternoon, the Priest's wife waylaid us, to ask us to come in and pay them a visit. We entered through a little sort of wooden passage, very much darkened with age, into a good-sized room, boarded, and with three tiny little windows. The walls were coloured, and hung with bright pictures of various kinds, much in the manner of our cottages. A table stood against the wall, on which she had set out quite a little feast, in our honour, of apples, biscuits, and bon-bons; and a few wooden chairs, and an old sofa, completed the chief pieces of furniture. The old Priest and his nice daughter were waiting to receive us, and after we had been helped most liberally, the daughter came to entertain me; but, as the language still remains my weak point, when called on to converse I could only smile amiably, and say 'Yes' and 'No,' with a few other short phrases of interest, alternately, as I thought applicable to the conversation. She seemed, however, much pleased, and, as I have before said, was a very nice and sensible person; and ere I left P——, I was glad to give her a little *souvenir* of the English lady. Both she and her mother, when we rose to take our leave, kissed me most affectionately. 'Mrs. Priest' was on the whole a good old soul, though rather addicted to gossip about her neighbours; she came now and then to the house, when anything of an ecclesiastical

kind was going on, and usually appeared in a print gown, with a bright little shawl pinned across her shoulders, and her head swathed around with an old black handkerchief.

The latter part of our stay the weather became stormy and cold, and disappointed us in taking farewell walks to some of our favourite haunts, as we had planned to do; and although I was sorry to leave the country life, of which I am fond, a craving frequently possessed me after my fellow-creatures, and intercourse with the rest of the busy world, with which our communication was so very limited, and in these days, so old in its news when it reached us.

The day before we left, as, late in the afternoon, I was passing through the hall to go out, I saw a little black figure on the floor, close to the door-mat; and, prostrate with his forehead on the boards before the Holy Picture in the east corner of the room, I recognized, to my surprise, on near inspection, little Ephrem. I waited quietly till he had finished his devotions; and then he arose, and told me he had been praying that we might have a safe journey to St. Petersburg, and return to P—— another year. I think he said a special little prayer for me also, because I had given him a present in which his heart much delighted, and he told me, in his thanks, that he should ever do so.

Our return journey to the little station was as trying to the flesh as that of our arrival, only that, instead of being smothered by dust, we were drowned, so to say, with mud; and after wading and plunging through slush two feet deep for versts together, the horses were so caked in mud, from the tips of their noses to those of their tails, that they looked like beasts of a new development.

Although I should be very sorry to spend my life in Russia, yet I shall always remember, with pleasure and interest, the summer days I first passed in the heart of that gigantic empire. The rapid advance effected during the last ten years, gives fair hope that, ere long, greater facilities of communication with the interior will be organized, and a good system of roads commenced; the people would then soon evince greater desire to improve, and make livelier efforts to emerge out of the well-worn grooves in which, for so many generations, they have been content to plod. When that time arrives, the many habits and inconveniences, which now a stranger may well be forgiven for finding rather a trial, will rapidly die out, and be remembered, or quoted, as customs and prejudices of an age gone by.

E. M. B.

INGRATITUDE. *

A MAN lay dying beside the way:
Many came near, but none would stay;
Fearing the plague, they hurried by,
Leaving the sick man there to die.

The Vicar heard of the poor man's state,
Glad to find it was not too late;
Not for plague or filth did he care,
And home the helpless man he bare.

He laid him down on a snow-white bed,
There to be tended, nursed, and fed;
Whilst he returned to work and pray,
Through live-long night and live-long day.

The sick grew whole, and rose from the bed—
Never a word of thanks he said—
Dressed himself before it was day,
And passed unheard, unknown, away.

From then till now was it never known
Who the man was, and whither gone:
He took his life and passed from sight,
Like an evil dream of the night.

Perchance he lives. Perchance he is dead.
The Priest now rests his weary head.
Either they met, or yet shall meet,
Standing before the Judgement Seat.

The man will seem less unnatural there,
And we perhaps his shame may share:
One Who did more our thanks to earn,
Meets far too oft a like return.

* This was done by, and happened to, the late Rev. J. A. Cook, Vicar of South Bemfleet, during the Cholera, A. D. 1854.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1874.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

In Mawddach's rosy vale
The April sun shone bright ;
Each tufted crag was flecked
With gleams of golden light.

The mountain streams leaped down,
Alight with glittering spray,
As though this cloud-wrapt home
They joyed to leave for aye.

Proudly the river sped
Its free, exultant way—
A scene when hearts will think,
'For ever as to-day.'

'Life such as this,' I said,
'Surely to me is given—
Life in a world so fair,
Shadowing the bliss of Heaven.'

Joyous I bounded on,
With slackened, careless rein,
As though my steed might share
My heart's own lightsome vein.

Brighter, each step we strode,
The landscape seemed to ope,
Unfolding visions fraught
With ever-brightening hope.

Till from the embowered road
 Before me, there uprose
 Great Cader's rampart-wall,
 As if my way t' oppose.

Upon its broad grey brow
 Rested a snowy cloud,
 Prophet of storm, tho' still
 As infant's burial-shroud.

I needed not to shape
 Thoughts that at once upsprang;
 Clearer than uttered words,
 A voice within me rang—

A voice, which seemed to say,
 'He who the Christian's life
 Would win, must lose it first,
 In toil, and tears, and strife.'

* * * * *

Nigh fifty years have passed
 Since this my spring-tide dream;
 Again I stand and muse,
 By Mawddach's lordly stream.

The evening winds blow chill
 Down the deep-bosomed vale,
 The leaves are gilded *now*
 By touch of Autumn's trail;

The blue encircling hills,
 Linked, chain-like, bay to bay,
 Tell, as of old, of hopes,
 Still far, alas! away.

But true I've found, e'er true,
 That early warning voice,
 Which spoke of toil and strife,
 As man's best, wisest, choice.

Now, round great Cader's head,
 The brooding storm-clouds lowe,
 Fit emblems of the past—
 Of sin's dark dreary hour,

Of toils but feebly borne,
 Of combats falsely fled,

The living blindly sought
Among the buried dead.

Yet as these gathered clouds
Hide the sun-lighted sky,
And wrap earth's littleness
In solemn mystery;

So, o'er a troubled past,
God's pitying mercy may
Shed bright and blissful gleams
Of His own peaceful Day.

Barmouth, 1871.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXVI.

THE CROWN OF BOHEMIA.

A. D. 1464 TO A. D. 1476.

SHORTLY after his successful campaign in Bosnia, Mátyás wrote to Louis XI. of France, in a manner which was very characteristic of himself and his age, saying, 'If Hungary were fighting with the Ottomans only for her own interest, she would long ago have concluded peace, and then other parts of Europe would be smarting under the Turkish arms. But Hungary is fighting for the cause of all Christendom.' This might be all very true; but the other nations of Europe, who lived far away from the Turks, and fancied themselves in perfect safety, cared very little about the threatened destruction of Hungary, and could not be roused to come to her assistance. The Pope indeed was making vigorous preparations, and had made an urgent appeal to all the Princes of Christendom; but as yet he had obtained little but the promise of a few galleys from Venice. So eager was he to see the realization of his cherished scheme for uniting all Christendom in a crusade, that, feeble as his health was, he set out for Ancona intending to lead the expedition, or at least to bless the warriors. But alas! the galleys had not arrived, and the few crusaders assembled were many of them in so destitute a condition that it was necessary to dismiss them to their homes. The fleet made its appearance indeed a few days later, but not soon enough to rejoice the heart of Pope Pius, who had died broken-hearted by the failure of his plan, conjuring the Cardinals with his latest breath, to prosecute the war with all diligence, and to send forty thousand ducats to the King of Hungary as a contribution towards his expenses. The money was duly

sent, but the crusade was postponed; for the new Pontiff, Paul II., despite the oaths he had taken before his election, was no sooner established in the Papal Chair, than he found other and more congenial affairs to occupy his mind and energies.

Happily, the King had had too much foresight to trust greatly in the promises of Rome; and having raised a sufficient army, he proceeded by forced marches up the Save, as soon as he heard of the approach of Mohammed. Zápolya, who was shut up in Jaicza, had been closely besieged for twenty days, and had repulsed several assaults, when the advance of Mátyás brought relief to the hard-pressed garrison.* There were still a couple of days march between the King and the beleaguered fortress; but without waiting to risk an encounter, the Sultan hastily raised the siege—so hastily indeed, as to leave some of his heavy guns and baggage behind him. Mátyás followed the flying enemy, but want of provisions soon obliged him to abandon the pursuit; and he led the greater part of the army into Servia, where he laid siege to Zworink, but met with such vigorous resistance from the Turkish garrison, that the operations lasted throughout October and far into November, without producing much effect. Disheartened by their want of success, and distressed by the cold wet weather, the Hungarian army began to shew signs of discontent and disaffection, which developed into open mutiny when a rumour arose that the Grand Vizier was marching to the relief of Zworink. Mátyás found himself obliged to raise the siege, and march back to Hungary, where he held a court-martial, and visited the instigators of the mutiny with condign punishment. This disgraceful episode served further to strengthen his growing conviction of the necessity which existed for the re-organization of the army, and for the formation of a nucleus of standing troops, to be under his own entire and immediate control.

The Sultan, meanwhile, had sent ambassadors with presents, both to Venice and Hungary, offering them his friendship, with the secret design of dissolving the alliance between them; but Venice had rejected his proposals, and Mátyás had not permitted the embassy even to cross the Hungarian frontier; so Mohammed had sworn with a great oath to be avenged, and had then been forced to leave Europe by the outbreak of fresh troubles in Asia. Relieved for the time from any fear of an immediate attack in this quarter, Mátyás employed his army first in quelling some disturbances in Croatia, and then in chastising certain Bohemian troops, who, growing weary of the discipline of a regular army, had quitted his service, and attempted to return to their old wild life of plunder and free-booting in the north.

But besides being thus actively engaged, Mátyás had also much food for serious reflection in a certain letter which had reached his hands before he quitted his camp on the Drave. This letter came from the new

* The incident of Dugovics Titus is sometimes, but erroneously, attributed to the siege of Jaicza. (See Vol. XVI., p. 124.)

Pope, and began with some sufficiently sharp reproofs of the King's tardiness in carrying on the war with the Turks. 'The enemy of Christendom had devastated parts of Illyria in the spring,' wrote the Pontiff, 'and yet he was still sitting quietly at home. His Holiness could not imagine that he was unable to protect the frontiers from the inroads of the Infidel, and he must beware of using the subsidies sent him for any other object, but should boldly advance and attack the enemy in his own territory; in this case he might rely upon support and continued supplies of money, but otherwise, the Pope would call God and man to witness that he had not deserted the King, but that the latter had deserted himself.' So far the letter was simple enough, and the reproofs therein contained may have been perhaps not wholly undeserved; but it soon became evident that the defence of Christendom was not the object which lay nearest the Pope's heart, and that indeed he was anxious to obtain help from Mátyás in a very different business, namely, the execution of the sentence he had just hastily pronounced on Podiebrad of Bohemia.

The late Pope, Pius II., had issued a Bull on 14th June, 1464, summoning Podiebrad to appear before him in Rome within one hundred and eighty days, and there give an account of himself as a heretic and an enemy of Christendom; but before the expiration of the allotted time, the Pontiff himself had received a summons from a yet Higher Power; and King George soon found to his cost how much better it was to have to deal with an educated intelligent man of the world, such as Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini had been, than with an ignorant violent-tempered person like his successor.

Paul II. lost no time in also issuing a summons for his appearance within one hundred and eighty days; but not content with this, four days later he published a decree, ordering his relations, allies, and subjects, to renounce him, and threatening with excommunication all who should do him any service. Having thus committed himself, the Pope felt he should require the help of some secular prince to execute his judgement, and his choice fell on the Hungarian King. Accordingly, after administering the reproofs above mentioned, the letter went on to announce 'that Podiebrad had been excommunicated and condemned to the loss of his throne, and that if he persisted in his disobedience to the Holy See, a powerful arm would be needed to put the sentence against him in force; and His Holiness hoped that Mátyás, as an obedient son of the Church, would not fail to give the assistance required.'

So much for Pope Paul's great anxiety touching the war with the Turks. Here was he now in his pitiable blindness drawing away and diverting into unworthy channels the energy and attention of the only man capable of defending Christendom. Mátyás answered the letter on the 2nd October, 1465, beginning, as in duty bound, by exculpating himself. 'His Holiness,' wrote he, 'should be made aware that the Sultan had not left Constantinople throughout the year, and had not sent any army into

Illyria. The Pope should give more credit to his trustworthy reports than to the foolish rumours coming from Dalmatia and Epirus. As for the accusation of lukewarmness in the war with the Infidel, his own clear conscience and the successes he had hitherto won, were sufficient answer; but to prevent every inroad of each separate band was quite impossible. He had hitherto spent in the war not only all the sums sent him as contributions, but also the greater part of the revenues of the kingdom. This very year he had taken the field in person, but had been prevented from undertaking anything by the inroads of Austrian, Bohemian, and Polish freebooters; and the sums of money lately sent were still in the hands of the Papal commissary. With so little help as he received, His Holiness must not expect any extraordinary results; but if he were vigorously supported by His Holiness and the other powers, he would next year go and meet the enemy on the Hellespont; otherwise, he would call Heaven and earth to witness that it was the fault of others, not of himself, that the Turks were not entirely driven from Europe, and that the faithful could not worship God their Saviour in eternal peace.' Having thus rebutted the Pope's accusations, Mátyás proceeded to answer the more important half of the letter in a manner which completely satisfied the Pontiff, promising complete submission to his will, and all the assistance he might require.

Hatred of the Hussites must indeed have blinded the eyes of Pope Paul, when he could thus call away Hungary's warrior king from defending his land against the Infidel, to go and attack Christians who had as yet no desire to separate from Rome, and whose only crime was a wish to use their mother-tongue for the worship of God, and to celebrate the Holy Eucharist after the manner of primitive times. Mátyás too had a natural antipathy for the 'heretics,' and he had no great liking for Podiebrad; but though these circumstances may have influenced him in a degree, he had other and more weighty reasons for acceding to the Pope's wishes. It was the Pope who had supported him in his wars with the Turks, and had called on the other European powers to give their assistance; it was the Pope who had shewn him favour, and had confirmed the Hungarian clergy in their submission to him, thereby making of none effect the ill-will of those Magnates who still despised him as a parvenu; moreover, Podiebrad, if he came off victorious in his struggle with the Pope, might prove a dangerous neighbour; and lastly, the Bohemian kingdom, or even a portion of it, would be no bad addition to his dominions. The Pope's favour and a dream of ambition—these were the mess of pottage for which Mátyás sold his birthright, the inheritance of war with the Turks bequeathed to him by his father.

He still, however, felt some anxiety on this score; for a rumour was current that the Sultan was encamped near Sophia, and was preparing to advance with his whole army against Belgrade. The Diet was therefore called early in the year; (1466.) and the King announced that he should leave Buda on the 3rd May, and that everyone who did not

appear in the camp at Belgrade by the 8th, should lose his head and his estates. This time, however, the Sultan's preparations were directed not against Hungary but Albania, the land of strongholds and brave men. George of Castriot, Albania's hero, had been persuaded by the eager Pius II. to break the peace with the Turks. He had received subsidies from the Pope, and had several times defeated the Infidel; but at last he had been overpowered by superior numbers; and though the new Pontiff, Paul II., had received him in Rome with honours and presents, he had given him no assistance in carrying on the unequal warfare. Thus the once glorious Skanderbeg had died a fugitive in the island of Lissa, on the 17th January, 1466; and now the Sultan was preparing to subjugate Albania at once and for ever. The Hungarian campaign was therefore given up for this year, as the nobility could not be led beyond the frontiers of the country.

Meantime, the unfortunate Podiebrad had vainly sought to be reconciled with the Pope; and Mátyás too had vainly tried to gain time for him. On the 23rd December, 1466, he was publicly put under the ban, and the Emperor, as well as the Kings of Poland and Hungary, were called upon to execute the sentence against him. The two former declined to interfere; but Mátyás, true to his word, began to prepare for the war, in which, as it would lie beyond the frontiers, he could rely only on his own paid troops. But he was more independent now than formerly; his throne was firmly established; his treasury was well filled; he had got at least the nucleus of an efficient standing army which he could dispose of as he pleased; and to crown all, order, peace, and prosperity reigned throughout his kingdom. If now he could have devoted himself to what seemed his mission, centuries of misery might have been spared. The Hussites themselves longed for peace; they were no longer so fanatical as they once had been, and might even, by judicious treatment, have been reconciled with the Church, which they had no wish to leave. But as, a few years previously, Rome had allowed Constantinople to fall a prey to the Turks, rather than help the Christians of the Greek Church; so now, in precisely the same spirit, having profited not a whit by her past experience, she did not shrink from diverting the arms of Hungary from the Infidels, against the, in her eyes, more reprehensible 'heretics.'

The religious strife had already begun in Bohemia, and there had been various encounters between the two parties, when on the 13th April, 1468, (having been hitherto detained by disturbances in Transylvania and Wallachia,) Mátyás set out on his campaign, taking to himself the title of 'Protector of the Catholics,' and issuing a manifesto in which he disavowed having any private interests in the war. With him went his famous generals, the two Zápolyas, Báthory István, his secretary Czezing, Bishop of Fünfkirchen, Magyar Balázs, and Kinizsi the Giant, who had till lately been only a miller's boy, but had been noticed by Magyar for his great strength, taken into his regiment, and adopted as

his son. Twice Mátyás would have made peace, but the Bishops in his train urged him on; and in a short time nearly the whole of Moravia was in his hands.

We will not, however, follow the progress of this miserable war, nor tell how the Emperor Friedrich encouraged Mátyás to continue it by promises that he should be made not only King of Bohemia but even King of the Romans; how the Emperor went to Rome and cringed to the Pope in the expectation of gaining Bohemia for himself, and winning also a promise of the reversion of Hungary; how weary Mátyás became of the war, and how he entered into negotiations for peace, which the legates took care should come to nothing; how on the 3rd May, 1469, he was elected King in the Cathedral of Olmütz by the Catholic party; how he made a solemn entry into Breslau, and received the homage of the burghers; and how, just as he seemed to be on the point of realizing the object of his ambition, he was suddenly disconcerted by the news that the Bohemian Diet at Prague had, with the concurrence of Podiebrad, elected the Catholic Prince, Vladislav of Poland, as successor to the Bohemian throne.

Mátyás had great reason to complain of the apathy of the League, and still more of the Emperor's bad faith. Moreover, since the election of Prince Vladislav, the Pope's zeal had visibly cooled, and his affection for the Hungarian King had so much decreased, that he could not be induced to say which of the two kings-elect he intended to recognize. Meanwhile, so great was the misery in Bohemia, that prayers for peace were openly offered even in the Catholic churches; and Mátyás, finding the whole burthen of the war fall upon his shoulders, began heartily to regret that he had ever entered upon it. Having once begun, however, it was not easy to leave off, as he found to his cost. The spring of 1470 was spent in marches and countermarches without much result; but just when the summer was at its height, came news from the East which thrilled all Europe with dismay. On the 12th July, Mohammed, after a weary siege of Chalcis, its capital, had succeeded in making himself master of the island of Eubœa. It was just what might have been expected, but the consternation felt especially in Hungary and Italy was none the less wide and deep; nor did it tend to allay the general alarm, that the Sultan's hordes made another inroad into Croatia, Styria, and Friuli about this time, while the apprehensions of the Hungarians were much quickened by the sudden building of a fortress on the right bank of the Save. It was quite evident that the Sultan was planning new conquests, and that his schemes were directed primarily against themselves. The wood for this fortress had been felled in mountain forests, and brought hither on the backs of hundreds of camels, while the bulwarks had been completed in an extraordinarily short space of time by twenty thousand labourers. Either careless or corrupted by bribes, Thúz, the Ban of Croatia and Slavonia, had apparently made no effort to hinder its erection, and had shewn so little energy in repelling the attacks

of the Osmons, that Mátyás angrily threw him into prison, and replaced him by Magyar Balázs. All eyes were now turned anxiously towards Mátyás as the only man capable of defending Christendom against this formidable foe. The Pope and the Venetians, who thought themselves more immediately threatened, were loud in their cries for help and promises of subsidies; but when Mátyás, foreseeing that he and his people would have to bear the chief brunt of the war, demanded from Venice, as a preliminary step, the restoration of Dalmatia, which she had appropriated, he was met by a decided refusal. However, in the face of the threatening danger, he was himself becoming daily more inclined to peace; and the Hungarians began to complain loudly and openly that all the resources of the country, including some extra taxes which pressed heavily upon them, were being squandered upon a fruitless war, while they were left defenceless to the mercy of the Turks. In Bohemia, the desire for peace increased with the increasing misery, and was ardently longed for even by the most zealous Catholics. Negotiations were therefore begun, and the year closed with some hope that an arrangement might be effected. Early in 1471, Pope Paul sent Mátyás a consecrated hat and sword, together with eighteen thousand ducats; but this present only made the King more desirous of concluding a peace; for though he was gratified by the distinction which accrued to him as defender of the Church, he had expected, not a sword, but a crown; and as for the money, it was a mere drop in the ocean compared with the sums he had expended on the war. In spite of some delay, all hopes of a compromise were not abandoned, when, on the 22nd March, George of Podiebrad suddenly died, and peace seemed further off than ever. Having been already elected king by one party, Mátyás thought he might now expect the votes of the other; but he was disappointed. The Diet, influenced partly by the fair promises of the Polish ambassadors, partly by the machinations of the Emperor, and yet more by the representations of certain Hungarian malcontents, decided against Mátyás, and chose in his stead Prince Vladislav of Poland. Three years, as well as two million and a half of ducats, wasted on the war, and all for nothing! This was more than Mátyás could bear with indifference; and as a rejoinder to the election of Prince Vladislav, he ordered the promulgation of a Papal brief, which, out of deference to the feelings of the Bohemians, he had hitherto refrained from producing. This brief ratified his election as King, and was solemnly published by the Legate; but it had no effect on Prince Vladislav, who was crowned at Prague on the 22nd August; and thus Bohemia had two kings—one of whom lived in the capital and ruled in name; while the other actually governed the greater part of the country.

Meantime, while Mátyás was thus pursuing the Bohemian crown with redoubled zeal, he was running a serious risk of losing the Hungarian; for the discontent which had long been brewing at home, though Mátyás had disregarded it because he felt such confidence in his own strength

and in the affection of his people, had now broken forth into an open insurrection, with the great ecclesiastical dignitaries of Hungary at its head. The fact was that the Bohemian war had consumed large sums of money, and that to raise funds, the King had frequently laid a special tax on the higher clergy with the consent of the Pope. Vitéz, formerly his tutor, and now Archbishop of Gran, had been one of the chief sufferers; but Mátyás might reasonably feel himself justified in what he had done, inasmuch as he was fighting in the cause of the Church; and these same prelates who now felt themselves injured, had been foremost in urging him to the war and in promising to give him large assistance. Moreover, it was but just that they should bear part of the burthen, instead of letting the whole fall upon the burghers and peasants, who had already taxes enough to pay, and were besides little interested in the issue of the struggle. However, the prelates apparently thought otherwise, and considered that the most crying injustice had been done them. But besides this, Vitéz felt injured by the King's evident preference for Beckensloer, the crafty Bishop of Erlau; and in conjunction with his learned relative, Czezing, Bishop of Fünfkirchen, he complained of the King to the Pope, thereby drawing down upon himself the displeasure of Mátyás, who deprived him of some of his numerous abbeys, and dealt even more hardly than before with the lords spiritual of the kingdom. It was easy for the injured prelate to find among the lords temporal some who were ready to join him in a conspiracy against the King, some who were dissatisfied with his government, who resented the stern justice which he meted out impartially to all of whatever degree, some who did not love the strong hand beneath which they were forced to bend; and some who, with more reason, complained of the heavy taxes, which were spent not on the defence of the country, but on the conquest of Bohemia. The longer the war lasted, the more numerous grew the malcontents, and the greater became their ill-will against the King, whose frequent absences from the country afforded them a free field for the perfection of their bold schemes. Vitéz, Czezing, Ujlaky, and Rozgonyi, placed themselves at their head, and entered into a conspiracy, which had for its object nothing less than the dethroning of Mátyás and the replacing him by Prince Kasimir, the second son of the King of Poland. Very soon all the Prelates but two, and nearly all the Magnates, were involved in the plot; and while Mátyás was busied about the Bohemian election, they entered into serious negotiations with the King of Poland, who received their overtures very graciously, and promised to send his son with an army into Hungary, there to be met on the plain of Rákos by his adherents.

But, meanwhile, the Canons of Gran and the citizens of Breslau had already warned Mátyás of the conspiracy; the Bishop of Erlau had told him the names of the leaders and the chief persons implicated. And now the King took his measures with wonderful wisdom and generosity. First, he sent part of the Moravian army into the upper districts of

Hungary, to help Zápolya in defending them against the Poles, and also to prevent the defection of the towns in case they should have been rendered disloyal by the heavy taxes lately imposed upon them. Then, with a chosen body of troops, he hastened to Buda, where his sudden arrival so terrified the heads of the conspiracy, that they at once fled from the capital to their castles. But Mátyás, as if he had had no precise information as to their treachery, and as if the conspirators were quite unknown to him, treated all the suspected persons with the utmost confidence and kindness. In the royal summons which he issued for the meeting of the Diet in Buda, he expressed the firmest confidence in the loyalty of the Magnates, counties, and towns, promising to defend them stoutly against the King of Poland and the unknown conspirators. Ujlaky, the most dangerous and powerful of his foes, he made King of Bosnia, in fulfilment of a promise given some twelve years previously, and his son Lörine he created Duke of Ujlak; and from Ujlaky he asked advice as to whether he should at once attack the enemy or wait till he had increased his forces.

‘The King must wait,’ answered the conspirator, ‘for those who are now in arms against him will every day become fewer; they will return to their allegiance, and will fight for instead of against him.’

And, as might have been expected, Ujlaky, who had judged of others by himself, turned out to be not far wrong. Overjoyed that the King should be unaware of their crime, and anxious to clear themselves from all suspicion, they hurried to Buda; and before the opening of the Diet, the States, who were assembled almost in their full numbers, were fully reconciled with their king, so graciously did he receive all without distinction. The absentees were—Vitéz, who shut himself up in the castle of Gran; Czezingé, who excused himself on the score of illness; Rozgonyi, and a few others.

When, therefore, Mátyás, seeing himself surrounded by so many of the great lords, looked round and playfully inquired, ‘Who will entertain Kasimir on his arrival?’ the whole assembly with one consent began to accuse the absent Archbishop, who was consequently selected for punishment, and forthwith suffered the confiscation of his large estates.

Still greater was the triumph won at the Diet by this sharp-witted king, who so well understood the people he governed. He yielded everything that the States desired, and yet maintained his own rights intact. He promised never to levy any extraordinary tax without permission of the States; and yet it seems probable that at this very Diet an extraordinary tax was granted of four times the usual amount. Mátyás had gained the victory by his own strength of mind, long before the enemy appeared in the field.

When Kasimir set out at the beginning of October to take possession as he thought of the proffered Hungarian throne, he found but few adherents waiting for him in the north; and when he advanced to Pest, which he was allowed to do without opposition, he found to his extreme

astonishment that Mátyás and his troops were drawn up on the plain of Rákos, to offer him a reception very different from that which he had expected. Kasimir's army was the larger of the two, but his generals would not venture to leave their commanding position on the heights of Gödöllő and Isaszeg to encounter Mátyás in the plain. Here, therefore, the Prince waited for a day or two, still expecting to be joined by those who had summoned him into the country; but seeing that no one appeared, he at length turned northwards, hoping to find support in the castles belonging to the Archbishop of Gran. These were, however, garrisoned by the King's troops, and he was obliged to retreat yet further till he reached Nyitra, which, by command of the Archbishop, opened her gates to him. Here he was joined by Bishop Czezingé with two hundred men. Men's minds were naturally in so disturbed a state, that a lost battle, or even one that was indecisive, might be attended by the direst consequences; and Mátyás therefore contented himself with following the enemy at a respectful distance, driving him from the neighbourhood of the capital, and compelling him to retreat. When, however, he had surrounded the castle of Gran, where the Archbishop still remained, he pursued the Poles more swiftly; and arriving before Nyitra, offered a full pardon to all who should take a fresh oath of fidelity within three days. Want of pay and provisions had by this time dispersed the greater part of the Polish army; the remainder, with their prince, now withdrew into the citadel. Czezingé fled to his home, and the town surrendered to the King. Feeling sure that the citadel must surrender sooner or later, Mátyás turned his attention to what seemed more important, the taking of Gran and the humbling of the stiff-necked Archbishop. Before, however, he had had time to carry out his determination, several of the great men of the nation, whose fidelity to himself had never wavered, came forward, and reminding the King of the great services rendered to his own family and the country at large by Vitéz in former days, succeeded in concluding a treaty between the two. The Archbishop was of course to renounce his connection with Kasimir, and take a fresh oath of allegiance to Mátyás. He was to allow none but Hungarians to command the garrisons in his castles, and these were to take an oath to the King as well as to himself; moreover, his castles were to be always open to the royal troops, and he was to induce the Poles to evacuate the castle of Nyitra as soon as possible. The King, on the other hand, was to restore all that he had taken from Vitéz, and to repay seven thousand ducats which he had borrowed. Eight days later, Prince Kasimir left Nyitra to avoid being taken prisoner by Mátyás, and shortly afterwards the castle surrendered.

The Pretender had been ignominiously driven from the country. The conspiracy was utterly extinguished; and Mátyás, who had shewn himself magnanimous before victory, was not less so now. Not one of the traitors was called to account except Vitéz and Czezingé, the two whom he had formally pardoned; and we can only suppose that these two had

given the lenient King fresh cause for provocation. Perhaps he was exasperated by their obstinacy in holding aloof, and refusing, as they alone did, the hand which he held out to them in token of peace; perhaps they still kept up relations with the enemy; but however this may be, Mátyás summoned the grey-headed Archbishop to Buda, and sent him a close prisoner to Visegrád, where, however, he was set at liberty on the intercession of the Legate, after a detention of barely a month. He was allowed to return to Gran to administer the affairs of his province as usual, and to enjoy his revenues undiminished; but the number of his servants was limited to thirty-two, and they were obliged to take an oath of obedience to the Bishop of Erlau, and until the conclusion of peace with Poland, the captains of the Gran garrison and the other archiepiscopal fortresses were placed under the command of the same Bishop.

Four months later, Vitéz died, unable any longer to survive the humiliation and mortification which he had brought down upon himself. It is true that in former times he had been the King's tutor, and the faithful friend of his family, and that he had indeed been a main instrument in placing Mátyás on the throne; but the King's father had richly rewarded his services; and Mátyás himself had loaded the Archbishop with so many honours, dignities, and riches, that it was almost a question which of the two had the better right to expect devotion and gratitude from the other; and finally, it is hard to accuse Mátyás of being wanting in either of these respects, since it was not he, but Vitéz, who severed the old bonds of friendship, first by becoming guilty of high-treason, and then by rejecting the King's generous pardon.

Czezingé, to escape imprisonment, had fled to Croatia, where he died a fugitive in the prime of life this same year. Under the name of Janus Pannonius, he was well known both at home and abroad for his learning and for his Latin poems. The clergy of his diocese had his body brought back to his own cathedral, but were afraid to bury it in the crypt, lest the King should be offended. Mátyás, however, was far above all such littlenesses, and on hearing of the difficulty, took care that all the last honours should be duly paid to the man who had once possessed his good-will and confidence. As, however, the conspiracy had originated with the clergy, Mátyás shewed his mistrust of them by henceforward bestowing the bishoprics almost exclusively on foreigners—the new Archbishop of Gran being Johann Flans or Beckensloer, Bishop of Erlau.

In spite of the great danger which he had escaped, Mátyás could not make up his mind to relinquish his hopes of Bohemia, of which he had been publicly proclaimed King by the new Pope, Sixtus IV. During the next two years, while he was pursuing this phantom crown, which every now and then seemed to be just within his grasp, there were various attempts made to terminate the strife—now by the Pope, now by Mátyás himself; but all were equally fruitless. When he was in a difficulty, the Emperor would promise to recognize Mátyás as King and Elector; and when the danger was past, he would transfer the promise

to Prince Vladislav, and enter into a plot with him and Poland to invade Hungary. As usual, however, he did little more than plot ; and his allies found, to their cost, that his active assistance was no more to be relied upon than his word ; so that after a most disastrous invasion of Silesia, where Mátyás had speedily made full preparations for their reception, they were glad to conclude a truce which was to last for two years and a half. Henceforward the quarrel for Bohemia was carried on rather in the cabinet than in the field ; but the five years war had done its disastrous work in entailing upon Hungary great expenses, and giving the Turks time to establish themselves firmly in Europe. Very little had been gained on the one side, and much had been lost on the other ; for Szörény, Macsó, Servia, and Bosnia, had fallen in great part under the dominion of the Infidel, who was daily making further encroachments.

Mátyás had mistaken his course during these last five years, and he recognized the fact ; but he was prepared to do his best to rectify the error so far as that was now possible. Bogdanovics, the warlike high-spirited Vajda of Moldavia, had driven away Radul the Vajda of Wallachia, and had refused to pay tribute to the Sultan, who sent a large army to punish him for his temerity. Being in a great strait, Bogdanovics had offered his allegiance to Hungary, and had asked help from the Vajda of Transylvania, by whose advice and assistance the Turks had been lured into the mountains and forests of Moldavia and there annihilated. Whereupon, in his gratitude, Bogdanovics had taken an oath of allegiance to the King. This news reached Mátyás while he was at Breslau ; and as he felt convinced that the Turks would speedily make an attempt to avenge the disaster of their comrades, he at once summoned the Diet to meet on the 24th April.

The welcome announcement which he was able to make of the truce concluded with Bohemia, disposed the States in his favour, and procured him the extra tax needed for the war. It was granted, however, with the proviso that it should be used only and solely for the war with the Turks, and that the nobility should not be obliged to take the field this year, unless Hungary were attacked by the Sultan himself.

Committing the government of the country to Zápolya Imre, Mátyás set out in October at the head of ten thousand men, to attack the new fortress of Szabács, which was garrisoned by five thousand picked warriors, each of whom wore in his turban a plume of feathers, placed there by the Sultan's own hand, in token that he would fight to the death. Constantly sending out bands of plunderers into the neighbouring districts, this fortress had become the plague of Croatia and Sclavonia, and had hitherto resisted all the attacks of the King of Bosnia and others. Possibly it was because he felt the hopelessness of the attempt, that Ujlaky and his wife were just now absent on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was exciting some astonishment by the lavish expenditure of wealth which would have been better bestowed in defending the kingdom committed to his care.

Meantime, the Janissaries were maintaining their old reputation, and

were successfully repulsing the assaults of the Hungarian troops. One day the adventurous King had embarked with three followers in a little boat, to spy out the weak places in the defences, when one of his companions was suddenly killed by a shot from the walls. Quite unmoved, however, Mátyás continued his perilous investigation until he had found out all he wanted to know. In the beginning of February, 1476, on the four-and-thirtieth day of the siege, he again led his troops to the assault, which lasted until evening, when the garrison, wearied out with the obstinate contest, and much diminished in numbers, betook themselves securely to repose, little suspecting that while they had been fully occupied on one side, a number of the Black Legion had crept up on the other and concealed themselves in the ditches. Now suddenly they rose from their hiding-place, and began an attack, which was supported by other troops under the command of the King in person. In vain the Janissaries fought with the rage of despair; they were hewn down; the bastions were scaled; and before daybreak, two hundred of the garrison, who had withdrawn into the inner stronghold, surrendered to their conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty, and took them into his own service. After making several expeditions into the neighbourhood of Semendria, and building three fortifications of earth and wood at the junction of the Morava with the Danube, Mátyás returned victorious to his capital, where he received the congratulations of Venice and the Pope, together with a contribution of ninety-three thousand ducats, the promise of further assistance, and a prayer that Hungary would continue to be the bulwark of Christendom.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER III.

PARISH EXPLORATIONS.

A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Midsummer Night's Dream.

It was quite true that Cecil Charnock Poyntsett was a very intelligent industrious creature, very carefully brought up—nay, if possible, a little too much so. 'A little wholesome neglect' had been lacking.

The only child of her parents who had lived to see a second birth-day

was sure to be the centre of solicitude. She had not been spoilt in the usual acceptation of the word, for she had no liberty, fewer indulgences and luxuries than many children, and never was permitted to be naughty; but then she was quite aware that each dainty or each pleasure was granted or withheld from a careful consideration of her welfare, and that nothing came by chance with her. And on her rare ebullitions of self-will, Mamma, governess, nurse, nay even Papa, were all in sorrowful commotion till their princess had been brought to a sense of the enormity of her fault.

She lost her mother at fourteen, but the same anxious training was carried on by her father; and after three years he married her mother's most intimate friend, avowedly that the perfect system might be continued. Cecil's gaieties as a come-out young lady were selected on the same judicious principles as her childish diversions; and if ever the Dunstone family favoured an entertainment not to their taste, it was after a debate on the need of condescension and good-nature. She had, however, never had a season in London—a place her father hated; but she was taken abroad as soon as she was deemed old enough thoroughly to appreciate what she was to see there; and in Switzerland, her cousin Raymond, who had at different times visited Dunstone, overtook the party, and ere long made his proposals. He was the very man to whom two or three centuries ago Mr. Charnock would have betrothed the heiress in her infancy; and Cecil had never liked anyone so well, feeling that her destiny came to a proper culmination in bestowing her hand on the most eligible Charnock, an M. P., and just a step above her father in rank and influence.

Her step-mother was under orders to spend the winter in Italy, and the wedding had therefore taken place in Venice, so that Cecil might finish her journey as a wife. She had been very happy and fully occupied; Raymond, being younger and stronger than her parents, was more competent to escort her to every height or depth to which she wished to go, hunted up information for her, and was her most obedient servant, only resisting any prolongation of the journey beyond the legitimate four weeks; nor indeed had Cecil been desirous of deferring her introduction to her new sphere.

There she stood, her hair and pretty Parisian winter dress arranged to perfection, contemplating with approval the sitting-room that had been appropriated to her, the October sunshine lighting up the many-tinted trees around the smooth-shaven dewy lawn, and a bright fire on the hearth, shelves and chiffoniers awaiting her property, and piles of parcels, suggestive of wedding presents, awaiting her hand. She was standing at the table, turning out her travelling-bag with the comfortable sensation that it was not to be immediately re-packed, and had just disinterred a whole library of note-books, when her husband opened the door. 'I believe Jenkins is waiting for your appearance, to bring in the urn, my dear.'

'I'm coming; but surely there ought to be a bell or gong, to assemble the family.'

'It might disturb my mother. What sleep she gets is in the morning. I never go to her till eleven o'clock, unless I am going out for the day.'

'And what will she want me to do for her?' asked Cecil, glancing at her empty shelves.

'A woman's tact will soon find out. All I wish is that she should be your first object.'

It was a much larger *all* than could be realized by the son whose happiest moments had been spent in devotion to her, and who thought the motherless girl must rejoice doubly in such a mother.

'But I am free till eleven,' said Cecil.

'Free always, I hope,' he returned, with a shade of vexation.

Therewith they descended the broad stairs into the pannelled hall, where a great fire was blazing on the hearth, and Rosamond and the two young brothers were standing chatting merrily before it.

Julius, she said, had his primary sermon heavy on his mind, and had risen before day to attack it; and she sped away to summon him from Mrs. Poyntsett's beautiful old dressing-room, where he sat writing, amid all the old associations.

Anne was discovered hanging over the dining-room fire, looking whiter and more exhausted than the night before, having indeed been the first to come down-stairs. She was rebuked for fatiguing herself, and again murmured something about family worship.

'We must begin to-morrow,' said Raymond. 'We have got a chaplain now.'

Julius, however, on entering excused himself, saying that after Sunday he should be at Matins at nine o'clock; whereupon Anne looked at him in mute astonishment.

Raymond, feeling that he ought to cultivate the solitary sister-in-law, began asking about Miles; but, unlike the typical colonist, she was very silent, and her replies were monosyllabic, till Rosamond created a diversion by talking to Frank; and then Raymond elicited that Glen Fraser was far up the country—King Williamstown nearer than any other town. They had sent thither for a doctor for Miles, and he stayed one night, but said that Mother's treatment was quite right; and as it was thirty miles off, he did not come again. Thirty miles! what sort of roads? Not bad for waggons. It only took two days to get there if the river was not in flood. Had she not been married there? Yes, they all rode in thither for the purpose. Was it the nearest church, then? There was one only nine miles off, to which Papa went when there was service—one Sunday in three, 'for he is an Episcopalian, you know.'

'And not your mother?' asked Cecil.

'I don't think she was, at home,' said Anne.

'Then had you a Presbyterian Kirk?' asked Cecil, remembering that

in Scotland gentle blood and Anglicanism did not go together as uniformly as she believed them to do in England.

‘There was one at Schneyder’s Kloof, but that was Dutch.’

‘Then did you go nowhere?’ asked Cecil.

‘There was Mr. Pilgrim’s.’

‘A clergyman?’

‘No, a settler. He used to pray and expound every Sunday.’

‘What does he call himself?’ said Cecil, growing more severe.

‘I don’t know,’ said Anne. ‘He gathers together a little flock of all denominations, who only care to hear the word.’

‘Such a voice in the wilderness as often does good service,’ said Julius, with a perception that the side with which he least agreed best deserved support.

He and Rosamond were bent on a tour of parochial inspection, as were Raymond and Cecil on a more domestic one, beginning with the gardens.

Cecil was the first lady down-stairs, all in claret colour trimmed with grey fur, with a little fur and velvet cap upon her head.

‘There! it is a clear morning, and you can see the view,’ said Raymond, opening the hall door.

‘Very prettily undulating ground,’ she said, standing on the steps, and looking over a somewhat rapid slope, scattered with trees to the opposite side of the valley, where a park with a red mansion in the midst gleamed out among woods of green, red, orange, and brown tints. ‘How you are shut in! That great Spanish chestnut must be a perfect block when its leaves are out. My father would never let it stand so near the house.’

‘It is too near, but it was planted at the birth of my mother’s brother.’

‘Who died?’

‘Yes, at seven years old. It was her first grief.’

‘Then it would vex her if you cut it.’

Raymond laughed. ‘It is hers, not mine.’

‘I forgot.’ There was a good deal in the tone; but she added, ‘What is that place opposite?’

‘Sirenwood. It belongs to Sir Harry Vivian; but he does not live there.’

‘Yes, he does,’ said Cecil. ‘Your brothers say he has come back with his two daughters.’

‘There is only one unmarried.’

‘There is a widow come to keep house for him—Lady Tyrrell.’

‘Very likely,’ said Raymond; ‘my mother only writes with difficulty, so I hear little when I am from home.’

‘Is it true that they are horrid people, very dissipated, and not fit for me to associate with?’

‘That is putting it strongly,’ said Raymond quietly. ‘They are not likely to be very desirable acquaintances for you, but there is no reason you should not associate with them on ordinary terms of courtesy.’

‘Ah! I understand—as member’s wife.’

‘I don’t see what that has to do with it,’ said Raymond. ‘Ah! Rosamond!’ as she came down in a Galway cloak over her black velveteen, ‘on the way to view your domain?’

‘Yes, and yours,’ she said, nodding to Cecil. ‘You appreciate such English apple-pie order. It looks as if you never suffered a stray leaf to dance without an old woman to hunt it down. And what’s that red house smiling across the valley?’

‘Sirenwood,’ repeated Raymond; then to Julius he said, ‘Did you know it was inhabited again?’

‘Frank said so,’ answered Julius, without further remark, giving his arm to his wife, who clasped both hands on it; while the other couple looked on as if doubtful whether this were a trying duty incumbent on them.

‘What is it all about?’ said Rosamond, as they walked down the avenue of walnuts leading to the iron gates in the opposite direction from Sirenwood. ‘Which of you was *that woman’s* victim? Was it a sailor love of Miles’s? I hope not! That poor little African might not stand a gay ghost cropping up again.’

‘Miles is far removed from the conventional sailor.’

‘Then it is reduced to the grave Raymond.’

‘I wish I had betrayed nothing.’

‘Now you may as well proceed to betray the rest, instead of leaving me to exercise my fancy.’

‘It is no secret, only such things are best not brought up again. Camilla Vivian was poor Raymond’s *grande passion*, and you may imagine what a grief that was to my mother, especially as the poor brother was then living—one of the most fascinating, dangerous men I ever saw; and the whole tone of the place was ultra gay and thoughtless, the most reckless extravagance. However, he was set upon it, and my mother was forced to consent to the engagement. She seemed equally devoted to him, till she met Lord Tyrrell at some country house, and then a quarrel was picked, either by her mother or herself, about my mother retaining the headship of her own house. It was a palpable excuse, but it served to break the affair off, and Raymond was cruelly cut up. My mother made herself everything to him from that moment, gave up all her former habits to be with him, sent the little boys to school, and fairly dragged him through the trouble!’

‘How long ago was it?’

‘Ten years—yes, ten years. So far as ceasing to care a straw for a heartless woman like that, he has got over it, no doubt; but it has made a graver man of him for life, and I doubt whether, but for my mother’s accident, he ever would have married.’

‘Did you marry for your mother’s sake, Julius, or only tell her so?’

‘For shame, my Lady Mischief!’

‘And do you think the fair Camilla returned with plans that she finds disconcerted?’

‘How can I tell? I have not seen her since I was a lad of eighteen.—Ah! how d’ye do? Betty,’ in a tone of relief, ‘you’ve not seen my wife.’

This was the first of a long series of introduction. Compton Poyntsett was a straggling village, with the church, schools, and rectory, ten minutes walk from the park gates. It had not been neglected, so that Julius had not the doubtful satisfaction of coming like a missionary or reformer. The Church, though not exactly as with his present lights he would have made it, was in respectable order, and contained hardly anything obnoxious to his taste; the schools were well built, properly officered, and the children under such discipline that Rosamond declared she could no more meddle with them than with her father’s regiment.

The Rectory was at that moment level with the ground, and Julius explaining the plans, when up came the senior curate. Mr. Bindon, whom she, as well as Julius, greeted as an old friend, was the typical modern priest, full of his work, and caring for nothing besides, except a Swiss mountain once a year; a slight, spare, small, sallow man, but with an enormous power of untiring energy.

Scarcely had Rosamond shaken hands with him, standing where her drawing-room rug was to be in future days, when a merry whistle came near, and over the wall from the churchyard leapt, first a black retriever, secondly a Skye terrier, thirdly a bull ditto, fourthly a young man, or rather an enormous boy, who for a moment stood amazed and disconcerted at the unexpectedly worshipful society into which he had jumped!

‘Ha! Herbert! is that you?’ laughed Julius.

‘I beg your pardon!’ he breathlessly exclaimed. ‘I was just taking the short cut! I had no idea— Here, Mungo, you ruffian!’ as the Syke was investigating Lady Rosamond’s boots.

‘Oh, I like him of all things! I am glad to welcome you to our future house!’ as she held out her hand to the Reverend Herbert Bowater, the junior curate, a deacon of a fortnight’s standing, whose round open happy blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, merry lips, and curly light hair, did not seem in keeping with the rigidly straight collar and waistcoat, and the long black coat, at present plentifully streaked with green tree-moss, while his boots and trowsers looked as if they had partaken of the mud-bath which his dogs had evidently been wallowing in.

‘Off! off!’ were his words, as he shook hands with his rectoress. ‘Get away, Rollo!’ with an energetic shove of the foot to the big dog, who was about to shake his dripping coat for the lady’s special benefit. ‘I saw you arrive last evening,’ he said, in the conversational tone of a gentlemanly school-boy; ‘didn’t you find it very cold?’

‘Not very. I did not see you, though.’

‘He was organizing the cheers,’ said Mr. Bindon. ‘You shone in that, Bowater. They kept such good time.’

'You were very good to cheer us at all,' said Julius, 'coming in the wake of the Squire as we did.'

'The best of it was,' said the junior, 'that Charlie was so awfully afraid that he and poor Miles's wife would be taken for the Squire, that he dashed in on his way to warn me to choke them off. If she hadn't been ill, I must have set the boys on for a lark! How is she, though?' he asked, in a really kind tone.

'She looks very ill, poor thing,' said Julius.

Here the bull terrier became assiduous in his attentions to Rosamond; and between his master's calls and apologies, and her caresses and excuses, not much more was heard, till Julius asked with mock gravity, 'And are these all you've brought over, Herbert?'

'Yes, all; I'd half a mind to bring the two greyhounds, but my father thought they would get into trouble in the preserves, and there isn't room at Mrs. Hornblower's place,' he answered, with apologetic simplicity.

'What a pity Durham has been reduced!' said Mr. Bindon drily. It would have been the right preferment for Bowater. The Bishop was obliged by statute to keep a pack of hounds.'

'But, Sir,' expostulated the deacon, turning to the Rector, colouring all over his honest rosy face, 'you don't object! You know, of course, I've given up sport,' he added ruefully; 'but only just as companions!—Ain't you, Rollo?' he added, almost with tears in his eyes, and a hand on the smooth black head, belonging to such a wise benignant face, that Rosamond was tempted to pronounce the dog the more clerical looking of the two.

'You are very welcome,' said Julius, laughing, 'provided you can manage with the old women's cats. I should find such companions rather awkward in pastoral visits.'

'I'll teach them, Sir! You may depend on it!' We did have a little flare-up yesterday, but I shewed them the sense of it. You might teach those dogs anything!—Ha! what then, Tartar! Halloo, Mungo! Rats, rats, rats!'

A prodigious scratching and snorting was audible in what had been the cellar of the quondam Rectory; and Rollo, becoming excited, dashed up to the scene of action, with a deep bass war-cry, while, to Rosamond's great amusement, 'rats' was no less a peal to Rector and senior; and for the next quarter of an hour, the three clergymen moved bricks, poked with their sticks, and cheered on the chase till the church clock struck one, the masons began to return from dinner, and the sounds of the bell at the Hall recalled the party to order.

'There, Rose! Our first day!' said Julius, aghast.

'You'd better come to lunch at my rooms,' said the young Curate eagerly. 'Do! Mother has brought the jolliest hamper! Game pie, and preserved magnum-bonums, and pears off the old jargonelle.—Come, Lady Rosamond, do.—Come along, Bindon! There's such a dish of damson cheese! Do!'

That '*do*,' between insinuation and heartiness, was so boyish, that it was quite irresistible to the lady, who consented eagerly, while Julius wrote a word or two on a card, which he despatched to the Hall by the first child he encountered. In a few minutes they reached the nice clean bay-windowed room, over the village shop, comically like an undergraduate's, in spite of the mother's and sister's recent touches.

There ensued a resolute quieting of the dogs, and a vigorous exertion of hospitality, necessitating some striding up and down stairs, and much shouting to Mrs. Hornblower and her little niece, who rejoiced in the peculiar name of Dilemma; while Rosamond petted Tartar upon her lap, and the two elder clergymen, each with an elbow against the window-frame and a knee on the seat, held council, based on the Rector's old knowledge of the territory and the Curate's recent observations during his five weeks sojourn.

The plans to be put in force next week were arranged during the meal, and the junior observed that he would walk home to-night and back on Saturday evening, since after that he should be tied pretty fast.

And he started with Julius and Rosamond on their further progress, soon, however, tumbling over another stone wall with all his dogs, and being only heard hallooing to them as they yelped after the larks.

'That is a delicious boy!' said Rosamond, laughing merrily.

'A nice fellow—but we mustn't make it a custom to be always going in to partake of his hampers, or we shall prey inordinately on Mrs. Bowater's preserves.'

'He was just like the hero of

"Oh, I have a plum-cake,
And a rare feast I'll make."

I do like a boy with a sweet tooth!'

'Like him! Of course I do. The Bowaters are like one's own kindred! I only hope I shall not spoil him.'

'Hasn't his mother done that for you?'

'I wish he had spent a year or two at Cuddesdon! I ought to have seen him before consenting to give him a title at once, but his father and Jenny wished it so much. Ah! come in here. Bindon said Lucy Martin was a case for a lady.'

Rosamond's hearty good-nature was much more at ease among ailing old women than prim school-children, and she gave great satisfaction in the cottages.

Julius did not of course come as a stranger, and had a general impression as to names and families; but he had been absent, except on short visits, for five years, so that Rosamond declared that this was a staple of his conversation: 'Then it was Tom Deane—no, it was John Deane that married Blake's son—no, it was Blake's daughter that died who is living in the next house.'

They finished with a long and miry lane, lying along the valley, and

leading to the cottages of a little clan, the chief of whom seemed to be a large-boned lively-eyed old dame, who after minute inquiries after 'the Lady Poyntsett,' went on, 'And be it true, Master Julius, as that young gentleman of Squire Bowater's is one of your passons?'

Julius admitted the fact.

'And be ye going to put he up in the pulpit to preach to we? 'Pon my word of honour, says I to Sally when her telled I, we shall have little Dick out of the infant school next!'

'We're all young, Betty! Can't you put up with anyone that is not older than yourself! I'm afraid he would hardly be able to get up the pulpit stair.'

The Rector's reply delighted Betty; but she returned to the charge. 'No, no, Sir, I be coming to hear ye next Sunday. Sally have turned my black bonnet a purpose. It be one of the Lady Poyntsett's, as her give I when my old gentleman was took two years after the Squire—when bonnets was bonnets, you know, Ma'am. Now tell me true, be ye to preach morning or arternoon, Sir?'

'In the morning, I hope, Betty.'

'Then I'll be there, Master Julius, to the third seat from the front; but it ain't becoming for a woman of my age, seventy-nine come Christmas, to sit under a slip of a lad as hasn't got the taste of the birch off his back.'

'That's too bad, Betty,' broke in Rosamond, speaking out of conviction. 'Mr. Bowater isn't so young as he looks, and he was too good a boy ever to need the birch.'

'All the wuss for he,' retorted the undaunted Betty. 'Spare the rod, and spile the child.'

The village wit was left triumphant, and Julius proposed to return by a cross-road leading into the plantations. Suddenly, a scud of rain mixed with whirling yellow leaves sent them hurrying into a cart-shed, where, with a sudden start, they found themselves rushing in on someone. Who was it? A girl—a young lady. That was evident, as Rosamond panted out, 'I beg your pardon!' and the next moment there was the exclamation, 'Mr. Julius Charnock! You don't remember me? Eleonora Vivian.'

'Miss Vivian! you have the advantage of me,' said Julius, a little stiffly. 'Let me introduce my wife.'

The hands met, and Rosamond perceived in the failing light a very fine looking maiden, with a superbly carried head and neck, simply dressed in grey cloth. 'Are you sheltering here, or are you sketching?' she asked, seeing some paper and drawing materials.

'I was giving a lesson. See,' exhibiting some bold outlines on large paper. 'Does not my pupil do me credit?'

'Very spirited,' said Rosamond. 'Where is she?'

'He is gone to fetch me his grandmother's umbrella. He is the little Gurth of these parts.'

‘Of whom you are making a Giotto?’ asked Julius, thawing a little.

‘Exactly; I found him drawing on a barn-door with such zeal and spirit, that I could not help offering him some lessons. Only see, does he not get on? I wish I could get him to the school of design.’

‘May I ask what becomes of his pigs?’ demanded Julius.

‘Don’t you hear?’ as sundry grunts and squeals of those eminently conversational animals were audible through the walls. ‘They are driven home to this rick-yard, so here I meet the boy.’

‘Who is he?’ asked the Rector.

‘I only know that he answers to the name of Joe. And here he comes!’ as a boy about ten years old came lumbering up in big boots, with a heavy plaid shawl on one arm, and an immense green umbrella in the other.

‘Thank you, Joe. Make your bow to the lady and gentleman.’

This was a pull of the flaxen forelock, for Joe was a slender, pretty, fair boy, of that delicately complexioned English type, which is not roughened till after many years of exposure.

‘That’s right, my man,’ said Julius kindly. ‘What is your name?’

‘Please, Sir, Joshua Reynolds.’

‘Instinct,’ whispered Rosamond.

‘Or influence of a name,’ returned Miss Vivian.

‘Are you one of Dan Reynolds’s boys, or Tim’s?’ proceeded Julius.

‘No, I bides with Granny.’

Julius made no further attempt at disentangling the pedigree, but inquired about his employments. Did he go to school?

‘When there ain’t nothing to be done.’

‘And what can be done by such a mite?’ asked Rosamond.

‘Tell the lady,’ said the Rector, ‘what work can you do?’

‘Bird starving.’

‘Well!’

‘And stoon-picking, and cow-herding, and odd jobs up at Farmer Light’s; but they won’t take I on for a carter-boy not yet, ‘cause I beant not so lusty as some on em.’

‘Have you learnt to read?’

‘Oh yes, very nicely,’ interposed Miss Vivian.

‘Did you teach him?’ said Rosamond.

‘No! He could read well before I came to the place. I have only been at home six weeks, you know, and I did not know I was poaching on your manor,’ she added, *sotto voce*, to Julius, who could not but answer with warm thanks.

It was discovered that the rain had set in for the night, and an amicable contest ensued between the ladies as to shawl and umbrella, each declaring her dress unspoilable, till it ended in Eleonora’s having the shawl, and both agreeing to share the umbrella as far as the Sirenwood lodge.

However, the umbrella refused to open, and had to be given to the

boy, who set his teeth into an extraordinary grin, and so dealt with the brazen gear as to expand a magnificent green vault, with a lesser leathern arctic zone round the pole; but when he had handed it to Miss Vivian, and she had linked her arm in Lady Rosamond's, it proved too mighty for her, tugged like a restive horse, and would fairly have run away with her, but for Rosamond's holding her fast.

'Lost!' they cried. 'Two ladies carried away by an umbrella!'

'Here, Julius, no one can grapple with it but you,' called Rosamond.

'I really think it's alive!' panted Eleonora, drawn up to her tip-toes before she could hand it to Julius, who, with both clinging to his arm, conducted them at last to the lodge, where Julius could only come in as far as it would let him, since it could neither be let down nor left to itself to fly to unknown regions.

A keeper with a more manageable article undertook to convey Miss Vivian home across the park; and with a pleasant farewell, husband and wife plodded their way home, along paths, the mud of which could not be seen, only heard and felt; and when Rosamond in the light of the hall, discovered the extent of the splashes, she had to leave Julius still contending with the umbrella; and when, in spite of the united efforts of the butler and footman, it still refused to come down, it was consigned to an empty coach-house, with orders that little Joe should have a shilling to bring it down and fetch it home in the morning!

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE OLGA'S STORY.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

PART II.—IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER X.—A LOSS AND AN ADVENTURE.

Methinks my heart is like a limpid pool,
Within whose depths a priceless jewel lies,
And flashes up athwart the waters cool,
Athwart the placid reflex of the skies.—*MS.*

'Fear not then, Andromeda, I will do battle with the monster.'—*Cox's Tales of Ancient Greece.*

ON the day before Lunia left us, she received the Holy Communion, as she was now entitled to do, and my mother again used the privilege promised her by Mr. Campbell, of taking it with her child. By some arrangement concerning a charity sermon, Mr. Noble helped to officiate; and although the moment was full of feeling to him and Lunia, I believe

this service consecrated it to them both. That evening there was a wild rain, and we all remained at home but Hermann, who of course went to his organ at Heslip. Lunia sat at my mother's feet, and presently both laid down their books, and Lunia took my mother's hand and looked up sadly in her face.

'Mother,' she said softly, 'I wish, when you see Mr. Noble, you would tell him that I wished you to bid him good-bye for me.'

'Yes,' answered our mother. 'I will, my darling. My heart bled for him to-day,' she added.

Lunia did not reply.

'He is a good true man, my child.'

'O Mother, I think he is goodness itself.'

'Perhaps some day, when time has healed the wound—?'

I rose to go, but Lunia quietly held out her hand to me, and I came and sat on the other side of our mother.

'Mother, darling,' said Lunia, her eyes resting on my mother's wedding-ring, 'I ought to tell you before I go, that I feel that nothing can ever change me.'

'But, my love, God seems to have set the past so far from us.' My mother stroked Lunia's hair softly while speaking, and her eyes filled with unshed tears. She was wishful for a future of happiness for her pretty blossom.

'I know,' answered Lunia, in a low but firm voice, 'that in all likelihood I shall never see *him* again.'

'And if you did, remember that his station is too high, and his career too wild, for you to share.'

'O Mother!' answered Lunia, blushing; 'I do not think of *that*; I never did: all I mean is this—I think the heart can hold but one deep strong love of this sort—you know what I mean, Mother; and one does not think. What will come hereafter? One only knows that all one's life is full of a thought and an image which cannot be displaced. It does not make me sad, you see, Mother; I would not have my soul emptied of this possession for any other happiness; and I shall be always with you, to help and comfort you, I hope.'

'A dreary prospect, my child,' answered our mother.

Lunia kissed her hand, and laid her cheek upon it, and no more was said.

On the morrow our pupils had a holiday, and we took Lunia to Cranwich station. After the carriage-doors were shut, when we were waiting to see the last glimpse of her face, a little figure came running up—Dolly! She held a pretty basket filled with fruit and flowers, and a small hamper. She put them in to Lunia through the window.

'These are for you on the journey,' she said, 'and these are grapes for your aunt. You are to tell her they were grown in your cucumber frame. Now one kiss, my pet.' The whistle was given, and yet here was that naughty creature perched on the step of the carriage for her kiss. She got it, but we had to pull her back, not before the train was

beginning to move. She drove us home, and was very gentle with my mother. We asked her to come in.

'Oh! may I?' she said, and had already alighted, when Hermann came out to meet us. He was at home earlier than usual. Dolly hung back.

'Come in, Dolly,' I said.

'No, thank you,' she replied, with her old sulky face; 'I forgot that I shall be wanted at home.'

'Wanted, Dolly!' I exclaimed, laughing.

'I hope I am not driving Miss Drew away,' said Hermann, approaching, with his most solemn courtesy. He was always extremely polite to Dolly now, though he spoke of her with anything but admiration.

'Oh! pray do not think you have the slightest effect in the matter,' answered Dolly, and pertly tossing her head, she was in the chaise in a moment, the reins gathered up, and the ponies trotting away, shaking their thick manes. By chance or design, the lash of her whip flicked around Hermann's head, as he stood at the garden gate.

On the morrow, she looked at me as she always did when she thought I was vexed with her; a sort of defiant 'I'm not going to beg pardon' look. But to my mother she was delightful. She went behind her as she sat at her desk, and put two little soft hands round her neck, dropping a choice rose on Lucy's exercise which was being corrected. That simple action, making my mother smile, gave a new turn to her thoughts; for she was already wearying for Lunia.

From Lunia we had long and frequent letters. My aunt was extremely kind; and there was a Mrs. Symes, an agreeable young lady in the neighbourhood, who was taking Lunia to the sights of London, and we had long descriptions of the Tower and Westminster Abbey.

It was in the quiet evenings that we missed her most, for by day we were too busy to think of anything but lessons. I found in myself something of a genius for teaching—more, in fact, than Lunia ever had—and it developed now that the need for it had come. Mrs. Markham Boyd was abroad, and Lady Barry kindly accepted me as a substitute for Lunia. It was difficult to get there, however. Dolly generally drove me; but on one occasion, when she was unable to do so, the walk tired me dreadfully. Half in joke, the next day, I cried out, 'O Dolly! how I envy you! If I had anything to drive! A donkey! I have set my heart on a donkey. We could feed it on our bit of grass, and I should like it better than anything.'

My mother silenced my nonsense, but Dolly nodded sagely: and a few days later Hermann came home brimming over with fun.

'An adventure!' he cried. 'I am a new Perseus, and my Andromeda is Dolly Drew.'

He kept us in curiosity for some time; but at the last, his tale was this. Waiting in a lawyer's office at Cranwich, whither he had been sent on business, he heard a rough loud voice without, and looking into the street, saw a costermonger, with his cart and nice little brown

donkey by his side. He was speaking violently and rudely to a lady—none other than Dolly. Her eyes were flashing, and a crowd was beginning to gather. Hermann rushed to the scene of action, as in duty bound. 'What is it, Miss Drew?' he asked; and Dolly, now frightened, though still holding her ground, took Hermann's arm, and said, half in tears, 'Olga wants a donkey, and that man objects to sell his, or else he wants to cheat me—I don't know which. He is not acting nicely at all.' That he certainly was not; and the stolid open-mouthed English crowd were trying to take in the cause of the fuss.

'The young lady began by saying as how she wanted my donkey,' said the man, or the monster, as Hermann called him. 'She began with that afore ever I said a word. All right, says I, that's your share of the bargain; but am I to sell my donkey, that won the prize at the show, and that I've brought up myself from a baby, for a paltry five pound? That for your five pound! (with a defiant snap in Andromeda's face.) He's worth fifteen, and as the lady said she wanted him, have him for that she shall, and not a penny less, and that's a bargain.'

'No bargain at all, my fine fellow,' said Perseus; 'mind your own business.'

Idiomatic as these expressions appear to me, I suppose the pronunciation was impure, for the monster began to gibe.

'We don't want no young whipper-snapper furriners interfering in our business. A donkey's a donkey, and a bargain's a bargain, and if the lady wants my moke, she shall have him for fifteen pound down, delivered gratis carriage free at her house, as sure as my name's Jem Stokes.—Is my name Jem Stokes, or isn't it?' he appealed to the crowd, who murmured assent, and thought that ended the matter.

'Come along, Miss Drew,' said Master Perseus, flushing. 'I should like to fight him, but I can't, till you are out of this mess.'

'But, Mr. Hermann, Olga wants the donkey, and I would give him the fifteen pounds, but I have only got seven. Would you mind lending me nine—no, five—no—what is it to make fifteen? Please, do!'

Perseus having about five shillings in his pocket, could not well accede to this request, but he bore it off heroically. 'It is very kind of you, but Olga cannot really want a donkey. It is only some of her nonsense. The brute is not worth five pounds, either.'

'Oh! but he was going so nicely. Olga *would* so like him. If you won't lend me the money, I shall go to Mr. Price's, the butcher's. *He* will.'

'Excuse me, Miss Drew, I cannot let you do anything of the sort.'

'Oh! you are worse than the donkey-man!' cried poor Andromeda, trying viciously to withdraw her arm from that of Perseus. But, as he said, no gentleman could let her go back to that mob; so, by the exertion of pure force, he drew her on to her chaise, which he saw happily standing at the end of the street, the little page quite unconscious of his mistress's narrow escape.

'Oblige me by going home,' he said, in a low decided voice.

Dolly gave a look of saucy surprise. 'I suppose I must thank you,' she said gravely, and then added to her page—'I want to go to Price's.'

But Hermann, lifting his hat, turned away as in cool displeasure; and on a sly peep later, he observed that the chaise had *not* turned down to Mr. Price's.

Dolly said not a word to me on the morrow; but, in a quiet moment, I could not help kissing her, and saying, 'Thank you, dear kind Dolly, for your wish to please me; but you know it was all nonsense about the donkey. I should not know what to do with him.'

'He was a very nice donkey,' said Dolly coolly; 'and people should not take so much upon themselves.'

CHAPTER XI.

LUNIA'S HOME.

Home—the home that she had pictured many a time in twilight, dwelling
On that tender gentle fancy, folded round with loving care;
Here was home—the end, the haven; and what spirit voice seemed telling,
That she only held the casket, with the gem no longer there.

A. A. Procter.

Our pupils took their summer holidays from August to the beginning of October, and it was in September that a formal letter from my aunt, endorsed by a loving one from Lunia, invited me to join her in town till her return. My aunt generously enclosed a post-office order to the amount of my fare, and this decided the matter; for otherwise, even the delight of seeing Lunia a fortnight earlier would not have induced me to leave our mother alone, or to go so far to stay with my aunt, of whom I was not very fond. However, the dear mother made light of the idea that she would be lonely, and I went. Lunia's sweet face was ready for me in the dreary hot station, and the visit began very pleasantly; Mrs. Symes was a cheerful kindly young creature, and drove us in great comfort to the sights, which it now fell to my turn to see.

Looking back on our life, the suddenness of the changes we have undergone often overwhelms us. We fancy that such sudden shocks happening again must overpower our weak mortality. But it is not so. The mind is strung up to bear an unexpected shock, while anticipation unnerves and jars it. These thoughts come upon me in remembering that morning when I sat sewing beside my aunt, in her dull parlour; Lunia was out with her friend Mrs. Symes. The maid-servant entered the room with a letter, and gave it to my aunt. She put on her spectacles to examine it.

'This is directed to your mother, Olga,' she said, 'but it must be a

mistake. It is an odd hand-writing. Perhaps it is for Lunia, from some tradesman.—Who brought it, Mary?’

‘A boy brought it, Ma’am. He asked if we knew anything of Mrs. Nordmann. I said the Miss Nordmanns were here. He is waiting to see if there is any answer.’

‘You had better open it, Olga: no doubt it is from some tradesman.’

I did so. It contained these words, in the Polish language—

Most honoured Madam,

If you can look without abhorrence on one who has robbed you of your happiness, there is no face which like yours could cheer and solace the sick, probably the dying, bed of your devoted

BARETOWSKY.

I put my hand to my head. For one moment I felt confused. The Count in England, sick, dying! My aunt saw my emotion, and dismissed the servant.

‘What is it, my dear?’ she asked, very kindly.

I gave her the note, forgetting that she could not read it, until I saw her regarding it with much perplexity through her spectacles. Then I read it to her in English, and told her, ‘It is from our dear kind friend, Count Baretowsky. How he comes here I do not know, or how he knows this address; but I suppose my mother must have given it to him. Oh! what will Lunia do?’

‘Lunia?’ said my aunt sharply.

‘Yes, Aunt; I think you should know it—Lunia and he love each other. But they thought they should never meet again. And now, to meet like this!’ I broke into tears.

My aunt’s womanly sympathies were aroused. Bidding me to compose myself, she went to see the messenger, and ascertain the Count’s situation. The boy only knew that the foreign gentleman was very ill, and gave an obscure address at a few miles distance. My aunt returned, and told me to dress: she filled a basket with restoratives, and we followed the boy to Camden Town. There, in a small but neat lodging-house, we found our friend. Gaunt, lean, haggard, with great sad eyes, he looked towards us as we entered. A look at once glad yet shaded by a certain disappointment, flashed in those great eyes, as he uttered, ‘Olga!’ He took my hand; I could not speak, nor could he. My aunt’s homely stiff ways were very helpful. She came up with simple sensible questions about it all; his illness, his presence in England.

He told us presently how his life had passed since we had seen him. He had never recovered from the illness under which he was labouring then, but with it upon him, he had thrown himself again into the turmoil of plots and tumults. After long preparation, and careful collecting of arms and men, a second outbreak had been crushed, and had drawn upon the Poles the bitter wrath of Austria. Strangers possessed the Count’s lands and castle; he had been in hiding, a price upon his head,

but faithfully concealed by the peasantry. At length, a fever which brought him to death's door had shewn him that even if Poland could again arise against her foes, he, as he then was, could never aid her. Nor could he longer disguise from himself that the cause was lost. 'Had any strength remained to me, my country should have had it to the last nerve, to the last drop of blood. But see what I am!' He held out his feeble hand, in which the muscles stood out like cords, with something like scorn and anger. 'And so I was somehow drawn to England!' he said, with a half bitter smile.

All this time, he had never asked after Lunia. 'Will your mother see me?' he asked wistfully.

'Why not, dear Count? But she is not here. We live in the country. My sister and I are staying with my aunt.'

At the words 'my sister' he flushed deeply; and at this moment a violent fit of coughing came on, succeeded by faintness. My aunt called the woman of the house, who seemed kind, and fond of her lodger. 'Poor young gentleman!' she said; 'he had never a friend to see him, till you came, ladies.'

When he had revived, my aunt took leave. She seemed much touched, and, always kind, she was now more delicate than usual.

'Is there *anything* you are in need of, Sir?' she asked significantly.

'Only one thing, dear Madam,' he answered, striving to rise, with his old stately courtesy, steadying himself by the arms of his chair. 'Only one thing—to see my friends.'

My aunt promised kindly that we would come, but I knew what he meant. She ascertained from the landlady that he had a proper medical attendant, and seemed to be provided with money.

As we drove home, my mind was busied with a thousand images, and a sense of great responsibility. Here was need for Lunia! What would she not give to nurse him back to life! Yet, with all a girl's sentiment and want of practical wisdom, I could not fail to see the madness of thus sacrificing our Lunia to poverty and sorrow. I took counsel with my aunt.

'Lunia! Oh no; she must not hear a word of it.'

Yet there my heart smote me for his sake. 'But, O Aunt, they love each other so!'

At last, we agreed to write to my mother and lay it all before her, and till her answer should arrive, not a word of this must be breathed to Lunia. Oh! the agonies of the concealment of that next day! The sense of treachery to Lunia, and the drearier sense of a sad farewell to come!

On the third day came my mother's letter. 'I have laid it before God, my Olga, and I dare only say, His Will be done. Let my child's heart be free.' To my aunt she wrote more at length, and my aunt pretended to be angry, but in her heart of hearts I know she grew young again in the romance. When we had read the letters once more,

to make quite sure we were doing right, we went back to Lunia. I was to tell her.

She sat writing to our mother. I went up and laid my arm round her neck. 'Lunia darling,' I said, 'will you come with me to see a friend of ours?'

She started, and turned round, smiling doubtfully.

'A friend?'

'Yes, Liebchen; a friend who is here in England—from the old country.'

She grasped my arm, and looked at me with thirsty pleading eyes. I nodded.

'You are not playing with me, Olga? It is *he*, here?'

'Yes, darling; he, and no other.'

'Alive? well?'

'Alive, but not well. He wants to see you so much.'

She threw her arms round me, and burst into tears. 'Thank God! Thank God!' was all she could say.

In two hours, we were at the house. Lunia had not spoken a word upon the road: I saw that she was struggling with herself. When we stood at the door, awaiting admittance, she murmured, 'Olga, he may not want me; I could not bear that. Go first, and tell him I am here, and let me know if he wishes to see me.'

I obeyed her. The good woman said he had been looking for us all the previous day. 'He seems so lonely, poor dear young gentleman,' she said. She told him we were there, and then my aunt and I went in. His poor wan face lit up on seeing us, and his knightly courtesy seemed all the more touching in these homely surroundings.

'Well, Olga,' he said, 'your mother does not forbid you to come?'

'Would it be like her to do so, Count?'

'Heaven bless her, no!'

'Would you like to see my sister?' My cheeks flamed up, and my voice trembled; I thought how frightful it would be if he should answer with a cold politeness. But his deep eyes burned with a strange fire, and his lips worked. It reminded me of their last parting in the hut of the woods.

'Is she here?' he asked, under his breath.

'Yes, she is here. She is waiting to know if you wish to see her.'

He passed his hand over his eyes. 'I am very weak still,' he said. 'Oh! let her come!'

I opened the door, and Lunia, who was without, came in, and stood a few paces from the threshold. He tried to rise; he tried to smile; but could do neither. Their eyes met. There was too much feeling for words. With a low murmur, he stretched out his hands; and in a moment she was at his feet, his arms were round her, his head sunk upon her shoulder, his great gaunt frame shaking with deep sobs.

So my Lunia came to her new home.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HANBURY MILLS.'

CHAPTER V.

THE FACE AND ITS OWNER.

'And fade into the light of common day.'

MAGGIE was sitting by herself on a stool in front of the fire. She had lost her dread of being alone; for, spite of herself, her faith in the supernatural had received a rude shock. Yet her mind was more confused, her spirits more oppressed, than ever. To doubt her own senses frightened her; and yet, it seemed they must have played her false. She was overpowered, too, with shame at the remembrance of what she had done. She had nearly died of fear at thought of the mystical fate that pursued the Carlyons—at the belief that this fate pursued *her*. And yet—and yet—to have made such a mistake, to have wasted so much terror! It was not a pleasant alternative. Her aunt had said, laughing, that a week in the house with the ghost would cure her; but never—never could she make up her mind to see him again. And she lifted up her eyes, and there he stood! Maggie sprang to her feet, with a gasp.

'I hope I sha'n't frighten you again, Miss Carlyon,' he said, in good-natured human accents. 'Are all the others gone out?'

'Yes,' stammered Maggie. 'I—I—I beg your pardon.' For no doubt he was a man.

'What for—for being frightened?'

Maggie looked up. Oh, he was very like the ghost!

Miles Harewood looked down at her scared puzzled face, and her youth and her delicate beauty touched him. 'Shall we try and find out what it all means?' he said, in his warm cheery voice. 'You know who I am, don't you?'

'Oh yes—Mr. Harewood—I know that.'

'Then what made you take me for a ghost?'

'I saw you.'

'Where? Perhaps you did see *me*—me, in the flesh!'

Maggie gazed at him, with a curious mixture of attraction and repulsion—the attraction of great curiosity, the repulsion from something weird and uncanny.

'Tell me,' said Mr. Harewood, 'where did you see me?'

'You know,' said Maggie, 'there is a ghost!'

'A ghost like me? No, I didn't know it. Where?'

'A ghost that haunts the Carlyons. It comes three times to each of us—before—before any great sorrow.'

'A ghost like me? Lucky ghost, to haunt fair ladies' dreams!'

Maggie did not answer.

‘And you saw my double?’

‘You do not believe me, Sir,’ said Maggie stiffly. ‘Most likely I have made a mistake.’

‘Nay, nay,’ said Miles, as if to a child. ‘Don’t be angry. I want to clear up the mystery. Pray, tell me what you saw.’

‘I went to put away the apples. It was a room in the long gallery, high up. And a face looked in at the window—a face—*alone*—all bright in the sun! I was so frightened that I fainted, and I never forgot it. Every day I was afraid of it. And then we came here. I was not thinking of it at all, till—till I thought—*you were it!*’ stammered poor Maggie, in an agony of shame.

‘I was so like it?’

‘Yes. But, Sir, they tell me my eyes deceived me. Perhaps they did. I was very silly. You do not seem so like it, now I see you plainly;’—and all poor Maggie’s share of Carlyon pride supported her as she told this terrible fib. But was not Mr. Harewood smiling at her? Better twenty ghosts than that!

‘Where did this happen?’ said Miles abruptly.

‘At home—at Penwithen.’

‘An old house—near the sea—by Smuggler’s Hollow? Ah, by Jove! Here is a mess!’

He walked two or three times up and down the room, then stopped and faced Maggie. ‘And it frightened you—did you harm?’ he said.

‘It is all quite over now,’ replied Maggie, unable to encounter his great eager eyes—the eyes of her vision.

‘Miss Carlyon, can you keep a secret? for I must tell you one. I am the cause of it all. Last autumn, a young lad in whom I was much interested got himself foolishly involved with some work on the coast, of which least said soonest mended. I tried to persuade him to give it up; but—well, I took a voyage I did not expect, and my new acquaintances had to disperse. Of course, I could not betray them, but I made my own escape; and as I once spent a year or two at sea, my sailor’s legs carried me up the old stones of Penwithen, which I believed partly deserted. I reached a window, looked in, saw someone there, and dropped out of sight. But smugglers have friends, you know, or fortune favours them, and I got away. Now that is the truth; but you must keep my counsel—it would never do for a respectable young man, with an estate of his own, to be supposed capable of a struggle with the coast-guard. So, you see, you *did* see me—you were quite right. I’m afraid my great red head is hard of disguise. Pray, don’t bear malice. I am so sorry I frightened you. You won’t mind me any more, will you?’

Miles finished, with warm-hearted eagerness to undo the mischief he had unwittingly done, and perhaps with some desire to make the wild bird smoothe its feathers, and perch near at hand.

Maggie had listened, every word bringing conviction. In truth, she had *felt* that her vision was flesh and blood, from the moment when Miles Harewood had stood in broad daylight before her. Then she had had no supernatural warning; no message from the unseen world had been sent to her. No angel's face had looked at her through the floor of heaven; no dream-vision had come to tell her what the lover—who might, she fancied, have made her fate—should be. That awe, which was not *all* horror—that fear so freely shewn, so amply justified—that sense of being marked by destiny for something strange and great—that dreamy dwelling on the Face that had grown to fill her thoughts—were all for nothing; that great curiosity, which had made dread a sort of joy, was satisfied. The bolt had fallen, the vision was realized, and there came of it—nothing. No angel, no spirit. A great strong young man, with a smiling face and a hearty voice—the face she had dreamt of, the voice she had longed and dreaded to hear.

She had not sufficient sense of humour to be amused by the situation, and was too young and too proud to guess that if his face had lost its interest for her, the circumstances might make hers interesting to him. With a terrible sense of downfall, she took refuge in the very height of the maidenly dignity that she fancied had been compromised.

'Thank you, Mr. Harewood; I am very sorry to have been so foolish. I will tell my sister that I made a mistake.'

'And we shall be friends in the flesh, I hope,' said Miles, holding out his hand.

Maggie laid the tips of her little white fingers on it for a moment. 'Certainly,' she said. 'Of course, I could not have made such a mistake if I had seen you distinctly.—But I hear my sister. I will go and find her. Good-morning, Mr. Harewood.'

Miles made a very formal bow, but his eyes laughed. 'Poor little girl! she can't forgive me. It's hard to be an object of horror to such pretty eyes as those. I must try and overcome her memory of the vision. But I shouldn't like my good host to hear of that little excursion.'

Miles Harewood had entered the Royal Navy when a boy, and had taken two voyages, when a wound and severe illness had sent him home invalided; and during his stay in England, the succession to the family estate fell to him through two unforeseen deaths, and made his profession no longer a necessity to him. As his health continued for some time unfit for active service, he left the Navy, and subsequently went to Cambridge, where he fell in with Edward Fletcher. But he was ~~passionately~~ passionately fond of the sea, and spent much of his time in a favourite yacht; so that the coasts of Devon and Cornwall were well known to him, his property lying not far from Ilfracombe. Contraband trading of all descriptions then flourished to an incredible extent, and was winked at and even encouraged in many highly respectable quarters. It afforded the excitement of gambling and of adventure, some chance of gain, and the pleasure of defying laws that were certainly oppressive.

Miles Harewood, as the landlord of many fishermen more or less involved, was obliged to ignore much of it; but he set his face as far as he could against it, and grieved when he saw one fine young man after another drawn into the lawless life, that could not leave them as good members of society as it found them. One youth in particular, by name Richard Polwennock, who had been often out in his yacht, and of whom he was very fond, was drawn into the snare; and it grieved the kind-hearted Miles, to know that he was shunned and feared as an authority instead of sought as a friend. Miles knew too, that when he left Cambridge, and should take the oaths and sit among his fellow magistrates, he must take a more active part in tracing and punishing these offences. But he knew the blasting effects that weeks of gaol, if nothing worse, would have on his wild young tenants; and when it came to his ears that strong measures were about to be taken against them, he conceived the daring idea of giving them a warning, thinking that so proving himself a friend would double his influence. He knew or guessed the cove from which the innocent-looking fishing-boats were starting, to return—with another freight than fish.

Unluckily, the coast-guard knew it too; and once in the midst of the little fleet, Miles found that even his presence could not land them in safety if seen, while he must either betray them or compromise himself beyond remedy. They knew him well, and they trusted him; and once on board the smuggling schooner, the spirit of adventure rose high within him; and since they were not landing a cargo, but flying for their lives, the young squire turned to, and pulled ropes and reefed sails with the best, till they escaped their pursuers, and landed by ones or by twos as they could. That wild cruise and dangerous landing on the Cornish coast, that path over pathless rocks, form no part of our story. Richard Polwennock guided his master inland over a piece of moorland.

‘We’re safe enough now, Sir,’ said Polwennock, as they stood still. ‘Six miles from Penwithen, along this road.’

Safe! Richard Polwennock was safe enough; but Mr. Miles Harewood had visited at the great house; and there he stood in the blazing afternoon sun, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, his coat off, his shirt saturated with sea-water, and my Lady Vivian’s carriage and pair bearing down on him from the distant hill.

‘Good heavens! what shall I do?’ he exclaimed. ‘Here’s a pretty situation for a lady to find one in!’

Richard was as quick as a Celt should be. ‘Here, Sir,’ he said, ‘we’re close on old Penwithen Farm—come in the back way—keep out of sight of the ladies! I know the servants—the back of the house is empty. Hi!’

A peculiar whistle brought a black-eyed lad over the low farm wall.

‘Whew! It’s apple gathering! This way—stoop, man—under the wall!’ Finding themselves in the farm-yard, Hannibal—for he it was—gave a sudden whisper: ‘The window, the window!’

Richard made a dart at the cow-house window, and was through it in no time. Miles heard a clear imperious voice calling from the orchard near, 'Hannibal! the baskets!' and seeing no windows in his confusion but those of the house standing open, swarmed up the old moss-grown pipe at the side, and risking his life, caught at the window-ledge, and swung himself up to it—beheld a female figure, and dropped out of sight, holding by his hands till, looking down, he saw Hannibal run after Miss Carlyon with a basket into the orchard—let himself drop on a heap of straw, carefully cleared away afterwards, and got into the cow-house, where till night-fall he was forced to stay. There, he learned that Richard Polwennock had taken refuge there before; that Hannibal knew from experience that taking refuge was often necessary; and that Lovedy—well, that Lovedy thought smuggling no sin.

How many falsehoods Lovedy told to save the smugglers, Miles of course knew not; he was glad enough to get home undetected, and never revealed his wild adventure till he discovered what had been its consequences. In his brief explanation to Maggie, he had touched on none of the means by which he had escaped, and it did not occur to her to suspect the servants. Still, she was aware that a secret had been confided to her, and briefly told Cora that 'she had been mistaken in thinking Mr. Harewood was a ghost; she would not speak of it again.'

'That's right, dear!' exclaimed Cora; 'you will not be so silly now you know the world better.'

'No,' said Maggie; 'I will not be so silly again.'

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II. (*continued.*)—CHAPTER III.

But who leaves the world behind,
To go from the beaten track,
Should hear low voices upon the wind,
That sweetly call him back;
That breathe from the wild-wood flowers,
That cry in the murmuring stream,
This mortal and earnest life of ours
Was given us not to dream!

Among the Hyacinths.—M. E. Braddon.

'To the International, Cabby! Cromwell Road Entrance.' The speaker was one of two young men just turned out of the Oxford train, and now whirling away in a hansom southwards from the Great Western Railway

station. Good-tempered, good-looking, athletic Geoffrey! lazy, book-hating Geoffrey! Not much altered in the last six years; never calculated to set the Thames on fire—but a darling at home, and very popular abroad, for all that. He had run up to town with his friend, Julian Harvey, just to breathe a little, as they expressed it, at Whitsuntide.

The Exhibition looked its very best that afternoon. Strains from the military bands playing in the Horticultural Gardens, floated in at the open doors; extraordinary clangs—supposed to be music—burst forth from the different musical instruments in the several courts, and seemed to meet all together in the centre nave; delicious perfumes from scented fountains were mingled with whiffs from the refreshment departments. There was a flutter of beautiful, marvellous, neat, and out-of-the-world dresses; a moving mass of striking, ugly, and *ennuyé* faces, and faces that met one unexpectedly, and made one think; and others that might have been pictures, but pictures of very still life. There was a murmur of many voices and many languages, but all under one roof—under one sky—the deep infinite sky, beneath which a comparatively insignificant fir-plantation lay smiling that same afternoon, with its world of insect-life sporting about it, flying over it, and working in it.

Nell Middleton, with her mother and a girl in deep mourning, sat by Minton's fountain, watching the ceaseless stream of people pass before them.

'Archie is not coming evidently,' remarked Lady Matilda. 'I must say it is not very polite, neglecting to keep an appointment in this way.'

'He must come, Mamma, because he promised, and I have never known him break a promise yet; besides, he said himself that he wished to explain those pictures to me, which I cannot understand; but—oh! here comes Geoffrey with his friend.'

Nell would have darted through crowd or any other obstacle, had not Archie appeared in an opposite direction, which acted as a counteracting influence. Her mother only smiled. Nell was a child in the school-room—next year things would be very different. Who could expect or wish them to remain the same? for old things must pass away and give place to new.

So their party was just doubled, and the new comers were freely commented upon by a group of young people sitting near the Middletons, and amusing themselves with listening to snatches of their conversation, from which they drew their various inferences. Not much was to be got from hearing Lady Matilda say, 'You will give us the pleasure of your company till Wednesday, Mr. Harvey?' Nor from Mr. Harvey's answer, as he expressed himself only too happy, and then sketched imaginary designs on the boards with his umbrella, wishing that Geoffrey would leave his sister alone, and talk to his mother like a dutiful son. Geoffrey was leaning over Nell's chair, saying something about school-treats being 'a nuisance,' and a certain uncle of his 'an old humbug,' at which

Nell laughed merrily, and the inquisitive listeners could not hear all she said. They just caught the words, 'clothes-basket,' 'weak tea,' and thereupon set her down as a young lady destined to be the wife of a curate, but rather frivolous; so they turned with much greater interest to the other couple; for was there not something really fascinating about that little creature in mourning, saying so prettily and softly to that gentlemanly-looking man who stood by her, regarding her with evident interest, 'I don't know you well enough to call you anything but "Mr. Middleton." Are you really the same relation to me that Nell is?'

'Of course I am,' he said, much amused, yet in a pitying gentle manner, as if afraid of treading on delicate ground, or hurting her feelings in the smallest degree; 'and therefore I mean to call you "Queenie," as you say you know yourself best by that name. May I?'

'Oh, thank you!' The words were nothing, but the glance from those uplifted eyes was everything, and he thought he had never seen anything so innocently lovely as her expression, when she went on to say hesitatingly, 'You are so like a favourite picture—of—of Mamma's, that used to hang in our dining-room at home. I think it was the head of one of the Apostles. It was a picture that always made me feel sorry after I had been naughty when I was a little girl.'

'It is my turn now to say thank you,' he replied, with a smile; 'but wait till you know me before you compare me to anything saintly.'

This little conversation was thoroughly enjoyed by the listening girls behind, who had now arrived at the conclusion that Queenie must be a very superior little person, and Archie not at all like ordinary young men. Nor was he, though there was not much of the saint about him certainly, and he might have been much better than he was.

If everything that everyone was talking about then and there could have been taken down in short-hand, would it make a story? Nell thought there would be a great many heroes and heroines. Here her party—which had been the unconscious object of so much speculation—broke up, all moving off to the Picture Gallery, except her mother and Queenie, who remained, to all appearance, criticising the latest fashions from Paris, and listening to the refreshing music of the fountain as it rose and fell in the afternoon sunshine. Archie, as he took Nell under his special charge, was able to give his opinion of Anne Dawson, *alias* Queenie, his new cousin—rather an unusual proceeding on his part, for he was sparing of his remarks upon people, having more than a man's usual share of aversion to anything like gossip.

'Yes, is she not lovely?' enthusiastically replied Nell; 'but she is so melancholy—so very sad!'

'One could hardly expect her to be otherwise, having just lost her father, poor little child!'

'Little child!' laughed Nell. 'Why, do you know she is seventeen? and so clever—she can say line after line of poetry by heart.'

‘She looks clever. And so you manage to make her feel at home, do you?’

‘I hope so; but she has only been with us a few days. Adela snubs her dreadfully, and is so sharp that Queenie is quite afraid of her.’

Archie looked his indignation, but said nothing.

Nell continued, ‘Then I cannot help thinking that Adela is not happy. She often looks so worried, and since you said that about taking the best side of a character, Archie, I have tried to make more allowances, though it is difficult sometimes.’

‘Ah! but you jump to such hasty conclusions, Nell! You may go too far in making allowances.’

Actually his tone was just a little irritable, and she looked as if she did not quite understand him; but they were in the French room, and had just reached those pictures by Paul De la Roche, which Archie had promised to explain. When she turned and asked him a question, he made no answer, for he was looking neither at them nor at her, but at something far away from either; therefore she quietly took her own view of the pictures, and looking at the name in the catalogue, found ‘Good Friday’ against the number of each—the morning, noon, and evening of a Good Friday very long ago. Such awful mystery, such intense suffering, such passionate anguish—portrayed there in that one corner of the vast gallery, with its numerous paintings of all subjects, somehow saddened Nell. She gazed at the prostrate form in the dark room at Jerusalem, and at that other figure kneeling close by—quite as agonized but more prayerful, more patient, as though knowing Who sent the agony and willed it so; till she felt—poor little Nell!—that she should like to be kneeling there too—anywhere out of the glaring sunshine, and away from the sound of voices, and music, and rustling dresses—though why tears should well into her eyes she could not understand.

As they walked down the central nave before joining the others at the entrance, she said to Archie, ‘De la Roche’s paintings are wonderful—those small ones, I mean—but don’t you think that if the room had been full of sunshine, it would have been harder still to see what they saw? Now he makes it dark, mysterious, and consistent. To have seen the sun outside even, must have been dreadful.’

He did not answer directly; at last he said, ‘I don’t think I quite understand you; but so far as I can see nothing can be so hard, as you call it, in sunshine as it would be in darkness; does not your own sense tell you that?’

‘No, it does not, exactly,’ she answered meditatively; then in a tone changed to one of eagerness, ‘O Archie! whilst I think of it, please tell me what you think about obedience being the first duty, in Schiller’s “Kampf mit dem Drachen.” Do you really think that it ought to stand before everything else?’

‘Of course,’ was Archie’s answer, given in some surprise. ‘What

next, Nell! are you growing so old that you forget what you learned in your Catechism? Do you know, I think that you puzzle your little brain too much about useless questions. Suppose you act more and think less?’

‘But thinking helps me sometimes,’ she pleaded.

He did not hear, for they had joined her mother and Queenie at the doors, where there was a great crush, and it seemed as if everybody were trying to get into everybody else’s carriage; and Queenie looked round appealingly for Archie, whose arm was at her service directly. Nell, acting on a generous impulse, walked off down the road with Geoffrey, who had told her that he would give her a treat by taking her home through the Gardens; and as she very well knew that she should give him pleasure by so doing, she went at once.

And a very pleasant walk it was, on the cool grass beneath the lime trees, old Kensington Palace looking well-nigh picturesque in the subdued light of evening. It might almost have been a baronial hall, and the Gardens a park-like domain—so that Nell told her brother and his friend, who had been amusing her, one on each side, with sketches of Oxford life, that even their beloved Nuneham could scarcely be more lovely than the Gardens were just then; to which her brother only replied, in a tone of contempt, that ‘perhaps, where ignorance is bliss ’tis folly to be wise;’ and Julian Harvey was immediately eloquent on the subject of pic-nics and Commemoration week, telling her that Nuneham need only be seen once to make her think differently.

‘To hear him talk, you would not imagine that I sometimes pull down the river with him, and never hear a sound except the plash of the oars and my own voice,’ observed Geoffrey, aside to his sister; ‘he has something on his mind, and you must try and get it off.’

She did not quite relish the idea, but there was no time to ask any questions, for they were at home, with the dressing-bell ringing, and Queenie imploring her from the twilight school-room to ‘come and pour out tea.’ How very dull it looked, to be sure! Queenie was very tired too, consequently rather low-spirited, and all Nell’s flow of spirits and kind little persuasive ways were called forth to make her eat or talk, though when asked what she thought of Archie she delighted Nell by answering, with great warmth, that she thought him ‘like the Chevalier Bayard, “sans peur et sans reproche.”’ Not once that evening did it occur to Nell that Archie had not been quite himself at the Exhibition. All she thought of was, that she must act and not think; how nice it was of him always to say those little things just at the right time! Certainly she did *not* think that evening, or rather she did not dream, but thought of everything and everybody; making her father laugh exceedingly at her account of all they had seen and heard; interposing pleasantly to soothe Queenie’s too sensitive feelings when jarred by Adela; seeing that her mother’s cup of tea was extra strong, because she was tired; listening to wonderful stories from Blanche about little Charlie’s funny

sayings and doings; singing Geoffrey's favourite songs. Little trifles, all of them, and just what anyone else might do, no doubt; but what a world it would be if we all did what we could, as heartily as Nell did that evening! She would have made allowances for others' shortcomings by pleading that they were not blest with a cousin Archie. Cousin Archie, meanwhile—sainted Archie, 'sans peur et sans reproche,'—was sitting in his room in Blandford Street, writing to his mother; and this is an extract from his letter:—

It is not of the slightest use dreaming of my ever being taken into partnership by Messrs. F. & Co. As ill-luck will have it, the eldest son has turned his thoughts City-wards, instead of going to Oxford and working for the Bar; so all thoughts of promotion for me in that quarter are at an end. You don't know how I long to be more my own master than I am here; you don't know what I would give to be Forbes with his appointment at Singapore; but I suppose it is all right. I must bide my time, however long it may be in coming.

London is charming now. I was out every night last week; but don't fash yourself about me, Mother dear, it does me no harm. The Middletons have Aunt Eleanor's orphan daughter living with them now. Such a lovely little creature! like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. You must have her down at home in the autumn, for I don't fancy she is particularly happy where she is. Heigh-ho! I wish you were sitting in the arm-chair at my elbow.

And so on for another sheet. Then he sat at the open window, and smoked out into the sweet May night—and wished—and wished—for the moon.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER lovely day! If London looked charming, what was it down in the country? Perfectly beautiful! That same river, which at times is dark, mysterious, and muddy, as it flows under city bridges, was almost dancing in the sun-light, as it rippled over the reeds by the Marlow Woods—like the beginning of a fresh young life, which, alas! may not end as it began, but must sooner or later reflect some of the impurities passed on the way. It seems a pity; and we like to go back into the country and refresh ourselves with contemplating the beginning, and trying to believe, that as it was then so it is always—the whole way—unto the end; which is nevertheless taking but a narrow view, for we forget that the river, after flowing through city smoke and darkness, glides at last into the mighty and everlasting sea.

'Are the blue-bells out still?' asked a feeble voice, in a cottage half way between Thamesleigh and the Grange. The voice proceeded from a little pale boy, lying in bed, close to the open window, and looking wistfully into the garden below. 'Are the blue-bells out still? because, please Sir, I think they would do me more good than doctor's stuff.'

Dr. Middleton was holding the tiny wrist between his cool professional fingers, with a pitying smile all over his honest face.

'Yes, little man, there are a few to be found in Roe Wood, I believe,

and you shall have some this very day ;' and then he pondered in rather a perplexed frame of mind ; for no sooner had he spoken, than it struck him that he had promised what might be rather difficult to perform, as this was the day of the school-treat at the Grange. His nephews and nieces were coming down by the 11.30 train ; luncheon must be ready in the Grange dining-room at one o'clock, after which the children would arrive, and have games and tea in the garden ; and now it had just struck twelve by the Dutch clock down-stairs—how could he manage it ?

Here the patient spoke again : 'Granny says it's because I made faces at the parson that Sunday in church that I'm so bad now, but I don't believe it. She'd have done it herself, if a body had told her she'd have a pound of tea and a pinch of snuff for doing it. I know she would ! and I only did it for six of Bill's bull's-eyes, and she says I'm like Esau.'

The little speaker was interrupted, and Uncle Michael's attention was attracted towards the door, by a shuffling and a panting heard on the narrow wooden staircase. The door was pushed open as with an effort, and the afore-mentioned Granny sank down upon the nearest chair, responding to the doctor's salutation, by a choking sort of gasp, as with head thrown back and closed eyes, she articulated the words, 'Eh ! Doctor—Doctor ! the rheumatiz is eating all the flesh off my bones, but the Lord is doing it very gradual ! and how's the lamb ?'

His first thought was that she was taking rather uncalled-for interest in his brother's flocks at the Grange, for it was all said in one breath ; but a muttered, 'Go it, you humbug !' from the wrathful lamb itself under the sheets, enlightened him. He told her that with a little care, and a great deal of cheerfulness, her grandson would soon recover ; he told her too of his craving for flowers, and asked whether she could send anyone for them.

The old woman shook her head in time to the ticking of the clock, as she answered, 'He won't be wanting flowers long—he'll get 'em where he's going, and them most glorious ones ; but my people are all out for the day, and Jemima will be up at the Grange ; but lawk, Sir ! that dear child don't want nothing of the sort—for a little while and we shall see him, and again a little while and we shall not see him.'

'Let no one accuse Dame Barney of irreverence in quoting Scripture so freely ; to me, there was always something about her that savoured strongly of Mause in 'Old Mortality,'—it was not cant, but earnestness. In this instance, however, it was too much for Uncle Michael. Turning sharply round from watching his little patient's flushed face with kindly interest, he caught hold of her chair, always rickety, and now shaking so readily in his firm grasp that she positively held on with both hands in terror, as he asked her whether she wanted her grandson to recover or not. She swallowed two or three times before she could reply. 'Well, Sir, I am in a strait betwixt the two—having a desire that he should remain, but tenfold more is my desire that he should depart—'

‘Just hark to that! ’cos I worry the pigs, and blow out her candle of a night when she reads!’

‘—Which is far better,’ went on the old woman, determined to say her say, in spite of the interruption from under the bed-clothes. The Doctor almost stamped, for he was by no means a man of meek disposition, and he could not resist giving the chair another shake, as he exclaimed, ‘How dare you say which is best for him? How dare you presume to think that you know better than God, Who sees fit to cure your grandson, and will, I trust, let him enjoy the blessed gift of life for some time yet? How can you expect the boy to recover if you go on in this way? I tell you that cheerfulness is indispensable for him in his present state; and you know you can be cheerful enough,’ he continued in a gentler tone, ‘for many a time have I left this cottage feeling the better for a chat with you. Remember, that there is such a thing as poisoning even with the most wholesome food, if you cram it down a person’s throat, whether he is in a fit state for it or not.’

‘I must speak as the spirit moves me, Sir,’ groaned this persistent old old Mause; ‘and we never know how far our words may go!’

‘No, indeed,’ he replied sadly, almost sternly; ‘but I think you would have been convinced that your words had gone too far, if you had seen this little fellow, feverish and restless, moaning about Esau, and I don’t know what rubbish besides. And just because we never know (God knows!) how far our words may go, the safest plan is to do our duty silently—to practise rather than preach. Go down now, and make the soup I ordered for him last night.—Good-bye, my boy; you shall have the blue-bells this afternoon.’

And he strode out of the cottage into the sunshine outside; but even that, and the sweet June breeze bringing with it the scent of many flowers, and the humming of many insects, did not at once remove the frown from his brows. He met Mr. Finch in the lane, and linking his arm in his, said, ‘I don’t think I should make a good parson.’

The polite and rather nervous rector began vehemently to declare that Dr. Middleton would surely be more efficient than he was himself.

‘No,’ went on the other, scarcely heeding him; ‘because I should not force the children to come to church twice on Sundays.’ Then, seeing that poor Mr. Finch looked unhappy, he hastened to change the subject; and proceeded to discuss the arrangements for the day.

This holiday festival for the Fernleigh school-children had been instituted by Nell on one of her birth-days, and at her special request it had been an annual affair ever since. She would not have it called ‘a school-feast,’ because that would necessitate all the neighbourhood being invited, and she wished it to be just amongst themselves—a sort of rehearsal of the school-feast proper. This year it was later than usual, for Archie had of course gained the day; and as he had persuaded Mr. Finch to change his plans, his aunt was unable to make any further objections.

Nell could dream of nothing else for nights beforehand—so great was the pleasure she anticipated. Archie was going down that very day to stay with his Uncle Michael till Monday, therefore he would be of the party. She had enlisted the services of Julian Harvey, with a vague idea that such recreation might tend to remove from his mind that ‘something’ to which her brother had alluded so mysteriously; and he had assented, on condition that he should have nothing to do with any but the pretty children. Geoffrey supposed he should be wanted to cut the cake, and carry the bread-and-butter, and get hot water—in fact, that he might make up his mind at once to be quite a beast of burden, besides having to fetch and carry; Adela thought that one day in the country would be refreshing, and a change; and Queenie also was of the party. At first she had not meant to go—she did not think it would be right—her father had died such a short time since; to which Nell had replied, that of course she must do as she felt inclined; but that she herself thought even a few hours at the Grange must do anyone good. Queenie only cried, and quoted ‘He who hath bent him o’er the dead,’ and Nell wondered that she could quote poetry at such moments, and pitied her very much, though she had always heard that Mr. Dawson was rarely if ever at home, and that his daughter used to spend her time chiefly with an old servant. Why should woods, and gardens, and happy little children, make her more unhappy? Nell thought they would have just the contrary effect upon her. Still Queenie cried, and said she wished to do her duty. But on the Friday evening Archie had dropt in; and when out on the balcony had said, ‘You will go with us to-morrow, won’t you?’ and he had looked at her so kindly, in a way that he would have looked at anything beautiful, and small, and helpless—and there was such a scent of hay in the air that night—a foretaste of the morrow as it were—that she said ‘Yes’ directly, and Nell wished she could manage people as Archie did.

So they mustered a party of six; and Uncle Michael looked quite radiant, as he welcomed them at the Grange gate.

What fun they had at luncheon! It was almost equal to a pic-nic, for most of the plate was in London, and many things besides that ought to have appeared were not forthcoming. Tumblers officiated for wine-glasses, salt-spoons did duty in various and unexpected ways, plates turned topsy-turvy answered the purpose of a change, saucers were called into action—in fact, everything was delightfully contrary to etiquette, and most enjoyable.

It would take too long to give a detailed account of how the school-children spent the afternoon—how they appeared at two o’clock, their faces shining after an extra application of yellow soap—how thoroughly Uncle Michael was in his element, as he opened the entertainment by tearing off his coat, and rushing into the meadow with a foot-ball, followed by the twenty boys in full cry—how those three gentlemen, who had graced the nave of the International with

their presence the day before, did likewise, dashing into it *con amore*—how the twenty girls were amused with blind-man's-buff, oranges and lemons, and the swing; till at last exhausted nature was forced to rest, and all the children were left to follow their own devices. In the lull that ensued, the promise made to Dame Barney's grandson came into Dr. Middleton's mind, and he asked Nell if she knew where the best blue-bells grew.

'Ask me if I know where I live, Uncle Mike,' she answered merrily; 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a question! have I not always found the very first in the wood by the Plantation, whenever we have been here at the right time?'

So he told her what he wanted, adding, 'Archie will go with you, darling. It is not the slightest use to ask either of those lazy fellows,'—looking towards Geoffrey and his friend, who were lying on the lawn, contemplating one of the fairest pictures of English river scenery, as they puffed clouds from their cigars among the flowers around them. Archie *did* go with her, as a matter of course; and Queenie was persuaded by him to join them, for he was quite sure that a cooling saunter would remove a head-ache of which she had complained.

Nell broke little twigs off the shrubs on their way to the gate, in sheer irritation and vexation of spirit; for was not the Plantation Archie's and her own joint property? surely she might have had this one little bit of the day alone with him! Queenie was an intruder; but when she glanced up at his sunny face, the cloud on hers passed away, and she joined him in pointing out to their companion every stick or stone that had its particular interest. There was the weedy pond outside the churchyard, where she and Geoffrey used to fish for efts, with a long string and a piece of wool at the end of it. 'Such a lovely imitation of a worm, Queenie! the beauty of it was, that it never wriggled; how the stupid things could have been so taken in, I can't think!' There was the tiny church itself, with the great protecting elm trees, whose branches, waving in the afternoon sunlight, always threw such pretty flickering shadows on the chancel window; and outside that very window, how the swallows used to build, and chirrup, and fly about, tapping with their beaks against the glass most irreverently throughout the service. 'And I remember, Archie, asking you once why I must be so quiet in Church, whilst God let those little birds do as they liked outside; and you told me that they were doing their work, which was their way of praising Him.' She said this so simply and naturally, just thinking aloud. Archie did not remember having said it, but he replied that it ought also to be our way.

'Ah! if only I had some work to do!' sighed Queenie, her whole soul speaking through her large brown eyes, and her hands, which, but a minute ago, had been idly twisting a wreath of bindweed in her hat, clasped as if with a set purpose; whilst the sunbeams, shimmering through the net-work of beech-leaves, glanced upon the rich auburn hair that fell loosely about her face; and the dark cool shadows lay slanting

across the soft moss and ruts filled with last year's leaves. Archie smiled, as he asked her what she would do if her wish were granted.

'I should not live on other people's kindness,' she answered proudly; 'I should teach—do anything, so as to be independent. I sometimes think that it is my duty to go out as a daily governess—I shall some day.'

'Not yet; wait a little, Queenie,'—and Nell heard no more, because she had stopped to gather the blue-bells for the little invalid. They had forgotten him as they went on their way, their voices lost in the crunching sound of treading on dead leaves, mingled with the 'Te Deums' of many birds, chanting ever more joyfully, as the breeze, sweeping through the branches, let in another peep of the blue heaven, above and beyond. Once Queenie looked round before reaching the Plantation; and Archie said, 'Are you looking for Nell? I dare say she is in a reverie over an ant's nest, or listening to some little bird's song—she is such a dreamy child.'

So they passed out of the wood into the sunshiny plantation, leaving her far behind in the shade, dreaming a little perhaps, but working away none the less for all that. Four o'clock striking quite startled her, and she ran off with her treasures to the cottage, fully intending to join the others in the Plantation in a minute or two. But '*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*' She found little Willie so restless and fretful, so very grateful for the flowers, which she arranged in a jug on the window-sill as tastefully as if it had been a vase in the drawing-room at home, that she sat with him for a few minutes. At the end of that time his grandmother appeared, beseeching her to read them a chapter; it was a blessing to see her, she was an angel, and her own eyes were *that* bad. Poor Nell felt very shy, but could not refuse. She opened the Bible at a place marked by a faded piece of lavender. It was about the 'Man of Sorrows' who was 'acquainted with grief;' perhaps it came home to the old woman, but it seemed to Nell too full of agony to read on such a heavenly day, and it made her feel as she had felt amongst the crowd when looking at De la Roche's pictures. She could not yet understand that 'Heaven must be won, not dreamed,' and the book was closed with almost a sigh of relief when she read the last verse. Dame Barney was snoring, and the boy too was sleeping quietly, both soothed by the low tone of her voice, and the hum of life in the summer air outside. The scent of the blue-bells was so strong, and her eyes became so weary from watching the blossoms, and leaves, and birds, all moving about together, that she leant her head against the window-frame and went to sleep also.

It was late when she woke up, and ran back to the Grange full of penitent apologies for having so wasted her afternoon. There might have been some little argument as to whether it had been wasted or not; but though some thought of it afterwards, no one disputed the point then; there was no time for anything of the sort, for the day was drawing to a close.

One of the school children confided to Nell, he thought such a beautiful day ought to be longer than an ugly day, and when asked what an ugly day was, whispered, 'All schooling, and no tea in the garden.'

'Archie, do you hear that?' said Nell, with a smile, repeating the child's words as her cousin came up to the tea-tables.

'Depend upon it, the schooling makes tea in the garden all the more appreciated,' was his answer.

'But don't you think it a good idea of this little mite's, that the best days should be longest?'

'Not if it means to cram a proportionate amount of plum-cake. Nell, you and the Doctor will be responsible for this!' exclaimed Archie in assumed horror, as he watched the small boy devouring his large piece of cake in a way that only small boys can; then, seeing her face lose some of its brightness as he answered her earnestly-put question so lightly, he added more thoughtfully, 'If the beautiful days were longer, I am afraid they might lose their charm, dear—though I, for one, could wish this day to come back again from the very beginning.' His eyes here fell upon Queenie, who, with Adela, was hovering about the adjoining table, superintending the transfer of scalding tea from an urn into jugs innumerable, carried off by Uncle Michael and Mr. Finch. Archie, just perceiving them as it were, suddenly declared that his uncle must be worn out, and went off to help, leaving Nell rather doubtful whether she should like that day to be exactly repeated. It was agreed by common consent, that on such an evening they must walk to Thamesleigh station instead of driving; and Archie with his uncle would see them off by the 8.30 train. Ah! that was a walk to be remembered—along the pretty road that runs to Thamesleigh, with the river-meadows on one side all bathed in evening sunlight, and the Fernleigh park estates rising on the other. There in front is tired Queenie, or 'affected Queenie,' as Geoffrey called her, leaning on Archie's arm, who talks to her about his home and his mother as they go. It did one good to hear him speak of his mother, and to see the soft light that would come into his eyes at the mere mention of her name. Following them are Dr. Middleton, Geoffrey, and Adela, who discuss the unconscious Queenie.

'I like her just enough to wish that I could hate her,' was Geoffrey's observation.

'Which means that she is wishy-washy; and I quite agree with you,' said Adela.

Uncle Michael was silent for a minute or two after they had spoken, and then said drily, 'How quickly you young people become acquainted with each other now-a-days! When I was young, it used to take a lifetime to know some men and women—ay, and often longer than that. If we do not walk a little faster we shall lose our train; what a couple of slow-coaches Harvey and Nell are!'

But 'Harvey and Nell' were so engaged in conversation, that trains and time-tables were far from their thoughts. On passing through the

Grange gate, Nell had made one little attempt to have a walk and talk with Archie all to herself, 'just as a finish,'—but no! Queenie was tired and must have an arm, and so Nell fell back with Julian Harvey, whose wistful expression almost prompted her to ask him what was the matter, instead of which, she began an amusing chronicle of her Grange reminiscences; till, finding that his remarks were few and far between, and that he evidently took little or no interest in what she was saying, she checked herself and said gently, 'I beg your pardon for being so thoughtless—I quite forgot.'

Mr. Harvey's attention was now fully aroused. 'It is for me to beg your pardon for having been a most dull companion, not only now, but ever since I came up to town. Why did you apologise? what have you forgotten?'

Nell looked straight before her at a flight of rooks, as she answered, 'I quite forgot that you have something on your mind, and I am so sorry if I have teased you. Geoffrey told me, and I ought to have remembered. I thought this day might have done you good.'

'What did Geoffrey tell you?' he asked, very quietly, and with such a slight heightening of colour, that it might have been the sunset glow.

'He only told me,' said Nell, 'that you had something on your mind, and that I was to try and take it off; but I cannot think what it is, because he has always said that you have such a happy home, and such numbers of friends, and are so clever and good.'

'And you think all that is enough to make a man happy, do you?' asked her companion, with a smile.

Nell considered for a little while, and then said, whilst she looked anxiously at the slight figure and delicate face: 'Yes, unless you are ill. I hope you are not like people in a book, who have something the matter with them that nobody knows anything about—and they never get any better, because it is not found out till too late. You are not ill, are you?'

'No, thank you; I am not ill in the sense you mean, though I don't think I could well be worse,' he muttered; 'you don't know what it is to carry a heavy load about with you always, never to have any peace of mind, and to feel yourself drifting away—anywhere—nowhere.'

She replied that she did not, and that it must be very dreadful.

Scarcely heeding her, he went on hurriedly: 'Ever since I was a mere boy, my heart has been set upon one object, that of taking Holy Orders. The plans I had made, the castles I had built, were innumerable; and they were all dashed to the ground about a year ago by my father, who told me to think of nothing of the sort, because he hated parsons, and would have his eldest son to live at home and do nothing. He forgets that a man cannot, must not change a fixed purpose so easily—and such a purpose! He does not see that it would be a sin for me now to give up all thoughts of the Church, and—'

‘Mr. Harvey,’ interrupted Nell, in a perplexed tone, ‘please wait a minute; how can it be a sin to do what your father wishes?’

‘You do not understand me,’ he answered, rather coldly; ‘is not a father’s law insignificant when placed in opposition to the commands of God?’

‘But God has not commanded you to be a clergyman,’ persisted Nell.

Her companion was growing restless, and replied, ‘If I feel it my duty, surely that is equivalent to a Divine command. If I hold it to be the noblest calling, I must not be untrue to myself, and so to Him, by giving it all up as soon as I am tried.’

She shook her head, and said gravely, ‘It is very strange, but all you have been saying reminds me of a long piece of German poetry which I have been learning lately—do you know Schiller’s “Kampf mit dem Drachen”?’

Mr. Harvey made answer, that the study of German was a branch of his education not cultivated at Oxford.

‘Well,’ went on Nell eagerly, ‘the story is this:—Long ago, in the time of dragons, one of the Knights of St. John disobeyed the Master of their Order, by setting out on his charger to kill one of these creatures, which was devouring everything and everybody. He *did* kill it; but as all the knights had been forbidden to make the attempt, of course the Master was very angry with him, in spite of his courage. The old man told him that courage was a grand thing, but that without obedience a Christian knight was not worthy to wear the Cross. I must say I thought the old man terribly provoking, till Archie explained it all to me last night. And what do you think the knight did? Instead of losing his temper, and stamping, as I should have done, he meekly kissed his master’s hand, and was going to leave him for ever; when he was called back, and forgiven, for by his humility he had proved that he was worthy still to be one of them. Archie explained all this to me, because I had asked him why people must obey first of all. It is so tiresome! He told me that he remembered having once heard it said in a sermon, that submission is our duty here, and obedience our only remedy in times of perplexity; it was a sermon about soldiers; and it was said, too, that the profession does not make the man, but the man makes his profession, and that every man’s profession is his religion.’

‘But that is no argument,’ protested Harvey, who had listened with some interest to her story, and now returned to the old grievance, ‘for my father would have me do nothing—absolutely nothing!’

‘I should not have thought that was possible,’ said his young confessor;—‘but here we are at the station. I am afraid I cannot quite have understood you, but I am very glad that you are not ill. Don’t laugh, but I almost feared you might be in a decline. I have read of such things, and it made me feel quite miserable, to think of anyone having to leave this beautiful world.’

How could he be wearied or irritated by such a mixture of earnestness and childishness? From anyone else, it might have seemed a lecture; but from her, it was just saying what she could not keep back, because Archie had said it, and verily he was infallible with Nell.

It was after sunset now, and the mist was out in the meadows like sheets of silver, waiting to be dispelled by next morning's sun. The station bell was ringing, and there was nothing left of all that day at Fernleigh, but to say 'good-bye,' and to remember it. Good memories have the best of it, after all; for in nine cases out of ten it is a greater blessing to be able to remember, than it would be to forget.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER III.—EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

WHAT are then these habits that can be taught, these faults that can be mastered, in most cases by judicious management? I am speaking now of what can be done by discipline, even more than by personal religion. The soul is, as I said before, very apt to be almost stifled by the animal and physical vigour of the growing boy or girl; there is a great bodily restlessness, apt to lead to irreverence, an impatience of attention to what does not interest the curiosity; and moreover, the outward machinery of the family, or the school, provides a whole apparatus of secondary motives for teaching morality, and fostering the affections that in after life are to find their Home and Object above.

It seems to me to be in the course of Providence that it should be so. The faith of the Patriarchs—seeing at once to the end—seems to answer to the spiritual clearness of the child emerging from infancy; while we have St. Paul's own authority for the likeness of the Jewish dispensation, with its elaborate system of laws, and temporal reward and punishment, to the later childhood, trained in the rudiments by tutors and governors, until the fullness of time, when of course the Christian dispensation answers to the faith of the maturer nature.

Of course I do not mean by this that a child should not be brought under the dominion of religion, or that religion does not often supply direct motives. What I do mean is, that as long as a child is reverent and dutiful, its spiritual feelings may be allowed to grow unseen, and not forced or examined.

I divide spiritual feelings from knowledge. It is *really* the time for learning and training. The actual personal religion that is to be

expected and inculcated in these early years, must be the regular habit of prayer, and with attention—grafting upon this the asking for what is wished for, and for protection from anything dreaded. This is the surest way to engender trust, and the sense of dependence on the Father Who can grant what the earthly parent cannot. Nor need we fear the child's asking for trivial things. Any temporal advantage we ask for is probably quite as trivial, and things childish and temporal are the training for things eternal. Reverence is the next great point. No familiarity, no levity, no sportiveness, where holy things are concerned! Acknowledge no offence as more serious than failures here; and above all, keep bad examples out of the children's sight.

The Sunday question is a hard one. I believe that in the present day there is an over-fear of Sabbatarianism with children, and that they are left to their own will in the matter, with over-regard to their present pleasure, rather than to their future habits. They are apt to be allowed their choice about going to church, instead of viewing it as an absolute duty to offer their service to God; and they are pitied for the length of the service, instead of being told it is a great privilege to be allowed to come to church at all, and that they will enter into it more when they grow older. Will they? Will they learn thus to consider God's service their first object, and to set aside the lesser objections about weather, comfort, cold, and the like, which make the body foremost? Is a little tedium and restlessness now, to be put in competition with the habit of rating the worship of our Maker above our own pleasure? Therefore I believe that whatever amount of church-going is decided on as suitable to the child's age, should be regularly insisted on, with due, but not fanciful, regard to health and weather, and with the feeling impressed by our being pervaded with it ourselves, that it cannot be set aside for pleasure or convenience, like anything else.

The relaxation of distinctive Sunday occupations, is producing a serious effect in children's ignorance on religious subjects. It is startling to find how many boys and girls are left ignorant of the first rudiments of Divinity and Scripture history. How are they ever to learn them at all, if not taught in these early years of leisure? Nor will they regard such teaching as a penance, if it is carried on with kindness and brightness, a very different thing from levity.

Happiest are the homes where a short portion of Scripture is read, with *explanation*, with one of the parents every day, and on Sunday the Catechism, hymns, and sacred lessons, according to age, are gone through and made interesting—best of all by the father. This cannot always be, especially where the father is an over-taxed clergyman; but he at least teaches by example what is of chief importance. But laymen, whose leisure day it is, would do inestimable good if they would devote a little time, a little interest, to their children's religious instruction on a Sunday, shewing that they care about it, learning with the little ones it may be, if unable to teach.

If this cannot be, the mother, or whoever in the family is best qualified, should make it a point that in these years of advancing youth—namely from six to twelve or thirteen, or whenever Confirmation preparation may begin—the Catechism should be learnt beyond power of forgetting, together with its explanation, as well as Scripture history and the more remarkable prophecies, and that there should be a tolerable knowledge of the Prayer Book.

If all is left for the clergyman's few weeks of preparation before Confirmation, he has to spend much time that ought to be used in strictly devotional training, in teaching the mere terms and meaning of phrases, such as may just as well be learnt at home. In fact, he finds nothing to build upon. What can he do, when young people—children of cultivated persons—come to him with the notion that they are going to be made responsible for the sins they suppose their Godfathers and Godmothers to have hitherto undertaken?

Now it is hard on a child of nine or ten years old to be set down to the small print in a Prayer-book, to learn long answers by heart. But it is not at all hard, at four or five, to have them put into his lips Sunday after Sunday, or day after day, by the mother, while he thinks it an honour and promotion—till at seven, eight, or nine, he has attained perfect familiarity with the words; and after the first, younger children follow in the track of the elder, and repeat the easier answers, orally learning the harder ones.

I believe it is a mistake to begin with baby catechisms and 'First Steps;' it is a mere waste of time and memory. The Church Catechism is more thoroughly known if repeated long before the understanding is equal to the memory, and there is plenty of time afterwards for breaking it up into questions and explaining it. Many well-managed children are uncomfortable if they do not repeat 'their Catechism' straight through on the Sunday, and think it a great privilege to do so to Papa or Mamma, Godfather or Godmother. Even boys, if thoroughly used to it before going to school, regard it as a home institution, and are really pleased with the assistance that they have found it at school. For their sakes, however, the parent's undertaking it is doubly desirable. They may be irreverent and idle with a governess, but scarcely with a parent.

A little piece should be explained and illustrated from some of the countless manuals in existence, and which are adapted to any age; and by this means there can hardly fail to be a fair working head-knowledge (at least) of 'all that a Christian ought to do and believe to his soul's health.' With elder children a good deal may be done in this way in writing.

It is also—I say it deliberately—a great unkindness not to cause children to lay up a good store of passages of Scripture so securely in their memories, that agitation or grief can hardly disturb the power of recalling and repeating them. Our own sleepless nights shew the value of such recollections; and no one has ever acted as a nurse, without

feeling the value of having Psalms or soothing passages at the tongue's end, to repeat when it may not be possible to read, besides that the voice in reading is hardly ever so pleasant to hear as in repeating. Such facility is only to be acquired in very early youth, and ought to be cultivated. The wretched old custom of punishing by giving chapters to be learnt by heart, produced a reaction which has led to its being uncommon to know anything but the Psalms, and not many of them; but let it be really felt that the acquisition of a small portion to be repeated on Sunday pleases the parents, let that portion be well chosen, and perfection at certain stages be stimulated by some suitable prize, such as a photograph of a sacred subject—and the learning will become a pleasure. Hymns are also valuable, but I should put the Psalms and passages of the Bible first; and as to all catechisms but that of the Church, they are all very well as guides to the teacher, but to have them committed to memory is only wasting the time that might be given to holy words of perpetual benefit. The Sunday Gospels are very suitable for such learning; and when taking the Psalms, it is better to select—for if the child begins at the beginning, those from the third to the seventh interest it so little, that the task becomes a burthen. The Songs of Degrees, the twenty-third, fifteenth, and nineteenth, are the best to begin with. If the children go to the Daily Service, or take part in a family reading of the Psalms and Lessons, this must not be taken as supplying the place of real instruction. Too much—even with the new Lectionary—is read at a time, besides that, for great part of the year, the First Lessons are scarcely comprehensible to the very young. A portion about the length of a Sunday Gospel should be individually read every day, with some kind of comment, either oral, by questions, or from a book.* This, as before said, is best of all done by a parent, (even without talent for teaching,) but if regularity cannot be managed, let the child take the same time on some serious subject with the governess. If the choice be between governess and mamma, mamma will have the preference; but if mamma's occupation or illness leave uncertain and much-prized gaps for play, the religious lesson will be viewed as an infliction.

Whatever the child learns, it should be carefully shewn is mere knowledge, not to be confounded with goodness, and that real dutifulness and conscientiousness stands far higher than perfect repetition of hymns, or accuracy in naming the Kings of Israel and Judah.

But technical religious instruction is a scaffolding, the lack of which is an immense hindrance in after life.

(To be continued.)

* I fear I shall seem to be advertising myself; but so many books of mine have been written to supply a need, that I must name them. My 'Scripture Readings, with Comments,' (Macmillan,) are intended for this purpose.

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

Br G. L. J.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE way having been thus smoothed, Muda Hassim began to make up his mind to return to his old quarters at Bruné; and Makota had his mind made up for him, in the shape of an intimation that for the good of the country if not for his own, he had better take himself off as soon as he could arrange his affairs. Whereupon that worthy made great show of getting his boats ready, but the amount of repairing they required was marvellous.

The arrival about this time of Dr. Treacher, a medical man, was very welcome to Raja Brooke, although it increased his perplexity as to what arrangement it would be best or possible to make for men who so joined him. The pressure of straitened means oppressed him continually. Until his reign began, the Government of Saráwak had kept itself in existence by a system of licensed plunder; and this being stopped, the Malay chiefs looked to him for support. That he should persistently refuse to sanction any save the very lightest taxes, was almost beyond their comprehension. But the Raja felt that a long confidence should precede taxation; and trusting that the benefits of good government would in time induce the people to impose taxes on themselves, he was resolved to wait, although for many years it would, he thought, be vain to expect any amount of revenue beyond that required for the necessities of government. At present even this was not forthcoming, and his own capital, drawn on unceasingly, was made to supply the deficiency. It was a policy at once wise and humane, but it could not be carried out without self-sacrifice; and again and again in journal and letters comes a groan of anxiety. 'This (he writes) is the stone which drags my spirits down, sink—sink—low spirits and low fever, all about pounds, shillings, and pence.' It was no easy matter to describe the country as the good field for investment that he believed it to be, without raising expectation too high; for there was no standard by which to compare the chances of success on the one hand, with the risk, and the need of time and patience, on the other. Saráwak was an unknown land, and on him would rest the responsibility of making or marring the fortunes of those who trusted to his descriptions and advice. One thing, therefore, he was determined on—not to sanction any over-coloured statement, and not to lend his name to any doubtful speculation; a determination which brought him before long into an antagonism that became the fruitful source of much of the calumny and misrepresentation it was his lot to bear. It is sufficient to say here that the moving spring of this torture was a man of the name of Thomas Wise, at this time his trusted and confidential London agent.

Brooke was ready now, and freely offered to make over Saráwak to the British Government, not doubting of being able to obtain the consent of the Sultan and of the native chiefs to the arrangement. That the latter should continue to have a large share in their own government would be a stipulation of the transfer. His great object was to secure to the country a permanent good beyond the chances of his own life.

We have seen how early his mind dwelt on the possibility of leading the people to a clearer knowledge of God. Barely three months after his confirmation as governor, he enters on the subject in a letter to his mother, anxious that there should be no misconception as to the sort of teachers who would be welcome. They must be gentle, tolerant, very patient, contented so to live among the people as to gain their confidence and learn to understand their feelings—devoting themselves to the relief of the distressed and the instruction of children—striving among young and old to raise the flickering light, which yet was light, to a clear and steady flame—not given to disputation, but seeking rather to win soul and body by the irresistible force of goodness. Such a Mission would be an unmixed blessing alike to native and European, and the sooner it came the better; but men who ‘began at the wrong end,’ by abusing the beliefs they found, and casting their words like fire-brands around, must keep away. They would embroil a government in which the natives took a large share.

All being well and no special breakers ahead, Brooke went to Singapore early in 1843, in the hope of increasing among the merchant body the interest already felt in Saráwak. Here he was delighted to learn that the British Government had decided on sending out a commissioner to inquire into the state of Borneo. Other home news was not quite so satisfactory.

Wise has certainly acted with decision, (he wrote to Mr. Templer,) and has attained his object of attracting the attention of Government; but I trust he has not committed me by garbling or high-colouring my statements. I have no object in daubing with a sign-painter’s brush. I fear it, because he has evidently made me responsible for the coal in Borneo, which I know nothing about beyond its bare existence, and because he has so evidently misconstrued my meaning and expressions about commerce. This annoys me, because I thought I had been guarded enough to prevent any rash commercial speculation.

In a later letter the subject is again referred to.

Wise is driving his coach very fast, but if he does not take care he will capsize it. It is so very foolish to be so sanguine. I really am half afraid that he has or will be making statements at variance with fact. There is a mode of cant or colouring which is much resorted to at the present day, but which I abhor. Do you know, what has already passed has made me savage. It shews so nakedly the object which these gentlemen have in view, and it shews that the *modus operandi* is none of the most candid or delicate. It makes me sick and savage, and the consolation that I have is that I shall run rusty and thwart them.

At Penang, whither he went from Singapore, Brooke first made the acquaintance of Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, in command of H. M. S. Dido, and in that vessel returned to Saráwak. For Captain Keppel was minded to have a brush with the pirates, and no man could be a better passenger than one who knew their haunts, their customs, and their speech. On the way to Kuching, the Dido's pinnace and two cutters were despatched under the command of Mr. Horton, the first lieutenant, with orders to rejoin at Saráwak by a different course. Hardly was the Dido out of sight, when the little squadron, which Brooke accompanied, fell in with two small native fleets; one fled precipitately, but the other came on with yells and tom-toms to attack the Dido's boats. In spite, however, of this defiant greeting, Brooke, who knew well the cut and rig of all the native craft, doubted these men being Illanun pirates, as was at first supposed, and raising a white flag on his spy-glass, he hailed, waved, and made all possible signs to warn them of the danger into which they were running; but a discharge of small-arms was the only reply, and there was an evident determination to surround the pinnace. Whereupon the fight began, and a prahu mounting three brass guns and manned by thirty-six men was captured, the rest fled. It turned out that the Raja was right. They were not professional but amateur pirates. The spirit of piracy was strong all along the coast; and seeing European boats with no ship near, they had imagined a wreck, and the crew escaping with all they could save was a booty worth having. On the strength of its being a sudden temptation, and not their usual means of livelihood, they were forgiven, and the Dido's surgeon set to work at once to bind up the wounded, amongst whom, much ashamed at being recognized, Brooke discovered an old acquaintance. Rejoining the Dido, they reached Saráwak river, where the welcome that greeted the Raja is thus described by Captain Keppel:

During the whole morning large boats, some carrying as many as two hundred people, had been coming down the river to hail Mr. Brooke's return; and one of the greatest gratifications I had was in witnessing the undisguised delight, mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each head man welcomed their newly-elected ruler back to his adopted country. Although many of the Malay chiefs had every reason to expect that in the Dido they saw the means by which their misdeeds were to be punished, they shewed their confidence in Mr. Brooke by bringing their children with them—a sign peculiar to the Malay. The scene was both novel and exciting, presenting to us, just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely wooded jungle, the whole surface of the water covered with canoes and boats, dressed with coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating their tom-toms and playing on wind instruments, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms. To them it must have been equally striking to witness the Dido anchored almost in the centre of their town, her mast-heads towering above the highest trees of their jungle, the loud report of her heavy thirty-two pounder guns, and the running aloft to furl sails of one hundred and fifty seamen in their clean white dresses, and with the band playing. I was anxious that Mr. Brooke should land with all the honours due to so important a personage, which he accordingly did under a salute.

A ceremonial visit from Captain Keppel to Muda Hassim then took place, which was 'great fun, though conducted in the most imposing manner.' The Raja is described as a 'wretched looking little man, but with a courteous and gentle manner that prepossessed people in his favour, and made them feel that they were before one accustomed to command.' On his return visit to the Dido, such a train followed, that very soon orders were given to prevent any more scrambling on board, though, as Captain Keppel naively remarks, 'whether in so doing the most important personages were kept out we did not ascertain.'

A gentleman at Singapore having kindly undertaken to pass on in his own yacht letters arriving by the English mail, Captain Keppel thought it prudent to send a convoy to meet it; and the pinnace being under repair, Brooke lent a large boat, built by the natives under his directions, and named the Jolly Bachelor, which, well fitted up and manned, was despatched in command of Lieutenant Hunt. After pulling hard in chase of various suspicious boats, darkness came on, and every man, sentries included, fell asleep.

At about three o'clock the following morning, (writes Captain Keppel,) the moon being just about to rise, Lieutenant Hunt, happening to be awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris and performing a war-dance on the bit of deck, in an ecstasy of delight, thinking in all probability of the ease with which he had got possession of a fine trading boat, and calculating the cargo of slaves he had to sell, but little dreaming of the hornet's nest into which he had fallen. Lieutenant Hunt's round face meeting the light of the rising moon without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. He immediately plunged overboard, and before Lieutenant Hunt had sufficiently recovered his astonishment to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to rouse his crew, a discharge from three or four cannon within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging by the various missiles with which the guns were loaded, soon convinced him there was no mistake. It was as well the men were still lying down, as not one was hurt; but on jumping to their legs they found themselves closely pressed by two large war-prahus, one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern to gain room, was the work of a minute; but now came the tug of war. Our men fought as British sailors ought to do; quarter was not expected on either side; and the quick and deadly aim of the marines prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Illanun prahus are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grape-shot proof, through which ports are formed for working the guns; these had to be cut away by round shot before the musketry could bear effectually. In the meantime, the prahus pressed forward to board, while the Jolly Bachelor backed astern; but as soon as this service was achieved, our men dropped their oars, and seizing their muskets dashed on. The work was sharp but short, and the slaughter great. While one pirate boat was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected her escape by rounding a point of rock, where a third and larger prahu, hitherto unseen, came to her assistance. Among the mortally wounded in the captured prahu lay the young commander—one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of an oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot through the lungs, and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He tried to speak, but it was impossible. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease; but the end speedily came. He folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting

one glance at the ocean—the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh. The spectators, though not unused to tragical sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Antinous in the mortal agonies of a dying gladiator.

It is a relief to turn to Captain Keppel's further description of the peaceful life at Kuching. Raja Brooke's house he describes as being similar to the natives', but with sofas, chairs, and bedsteads.

A large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of fire-arms, served as an audience and mess-room; and the various apartments around it as bed-rooms, most of them comfortably furnished with matted floors, easy-chairs, pictures, and books, with much more taste than bachelors usually display. . . . The great feeding-time was at sunset, when Mr. Brooke took his seat at the head of the table, and all the establishment, as in days of yore, seated themselves according to their respective grades. This hospitable board was open to all the officers of the Dido, and many a jovial evening we spent there. All Mr. Brooke's party were characters; all had travelled, and never did a minute flag for want of some entertaining anecdote, good story, or song; and it was while smoking our cigars in the evening, that the natives as well as the Chinese used to drop in, and after creeping up according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European Raja, retire to the further end of the room, and squatting down remain a couple of hours without uttering a word and then creep out again. I have seen sixty or seventy of an evening come in and make this sort of salaam. All the Malays were armed, as it is reckoned an insult for one of them to appear before a Raja without his kris. I could not help remarking the manly bearing of the half savage and nearly naked mountain Dyak compared with the sneaking deportment of the Malay.

Brooke was very happy with his visitors; Captain Keppel suited him admirably, and the two 'vied with each other in the abolition of humbug.' An expedition into the interior was organized, and Captain Keppel's account of the ascent of Singé mountain throws an additional light on Brooke's work in that quarter.

The foot of the mountain was about four miles from the landing-place. We did not expect to find quite a turnpike road, but I for one was not prepared for the dance led us by our wild-cat-like guides, through thick jungle, and alternately over rocky hills or up to our middles in the soft marshes we had to cross. Our only means of doing so was by feeling on the surface of the mud (it being covered in most places about a foot deep with grass or discoloured water) for light spars thrown along lengthways, and quite unconnected; whilst our only support was an occasional stake at which we used to rest, as the spars invariably sank into the mud if we attempted to stop; and there being a long string of us, many a fall and flounder in the mud, gun and all, was the consequence. The ascent of the hill, although as steep as the side of a house, was strikingly beautiful. Our resting-places unluckily were few; but when we did reach one, the cool fresh breeze and the increasing extent and variety of scene amply repaid us; and on either hand we were sure to have a pure cool rivulet stumbling over the rocks. While going up, however, our whole care and attention were requisite to secure our safety, for it is not only one continued climb up ladders—but such ladders! They are made of the single trunk of a tree in its rough and rounded state, with notches, not cut at the reasonable distance apart of the ratlins of our rigging, but requiring the knee to be

brought up to the level of the chin before the feet are sufficiently parted to reach from one step to another; and that, when the muscles of the thigh begin to ache, and the wind is pumped out of the body, is distressing work. We mounted in this manner some five hundred feet; and it was up this steep that Mr. Brooke had ascended only a few months before to attack the Singé Dyaks.

Before starting on this expedition Captain Keppel had received the following letter from Muda Hassim, which had been delivered with great formality by Budrudeen in a large assembly of chiefs:—

This friendly epistle, having its source in a pure mind, comes from the Raja Muda Hassim, next in succession to the royal throne of the kingdom of Borneo, and who now holds his court at the trading city of Saráwak; to our friend Captain Keppel, head captain of the war-frigate, belonging to Her British Majesty renowned throughout all countries—who is valiant and discreet, and endowed with a mild and gentle nature. This is to inform our friend that there are certain great pirates of the people of Sarebus and Sakarran in our neighbourhood, seizing goods and murdering people on the high seas. They have more than three hundred war-prahus, and extend their ravages even to Banjarmasin. They are not subject to the Government of Borneo; they take much plunder from vessels trading between Singapore and the good people of our country. It would be a great service if our friend would adopt measures to put an end to these piratical outrages. We can present nothing better to our friend than a kris, such as it is.

20th day of Rabial Akhir, 1257.

To this Captain Keppel returned reply:—

Captain Keppel begs to acknowledge the receipt of the Raja Muda Hassim's letter, representing that the Dyaks of Sarebus and Sakarran are the pirates who infest the coast of Borneo, and do material damage to the trade of Singapore. Captain Keppel will take speedy measures to suppress these and all other pirates, and feels confident that Her Britannic Majesty will be glad to learn that the Raja Muda Hassim is ready to co-operate in so laudable an undertaking.

'Not being prepared,' adds the Captain, 'for the Oriental fashion of exchanging presents, I had nothing to offer to his Raja-ship; but I found out afterwards that Mr. Brooke had, unknown to me, sent him a clock in my name. The royal kris was handsome, the handle of carved ivory, with a good deal of gold about it.'

In pursuance of this promise, preparations were now made; and as the news got wind, rumours came from all quarters that Sarebus and Sakarran were preparing to resist; while on the other hand, men nearer home whom Brooke knew to be addicted to piracy, sent hasty messages that they intended to be models of behaviour in future; while Pangeran Makota suddenly discovered that his boats were ready, and departed in a hurry to his dear friend Seriff Sahib of Sadong; and Seriff Sahib begged to inform Raja Brooke and Captain Keppel that a feast should be ready for them if they would honour him by their company. When it became known that Brooke intended to join the expedition in person, sorrowful opposition arose in Saráwak. The Sarebus and Sakarran

pirates had never been conquered, though repeatedly attacked by the united forces of the inland rulers; the present was considered a most hazardous undertaking, and the chiefs urgently besought their Raja not to go. But he was not to be dissuaded; they might go or remain as they chose—his mind was made up. Their simple reply to this permission was—‘What is the use of our remaining? If you die, we die; and if you live, we live; we will go with you.’

So in June, 1843, a motley assemblage of European and native craft left Saráwak river for Sarebus, where they were joined by Seriff Jaffer with a strong force. To seek the sea-robbers out in their own haunts, and make them feel what they were in the habit of inflicting on others, was the only real way, Brooke believed, of stopping piracy. The Sarebus river, very narrow in parts, was barricaded in various places; and the jungle on either bank alive with the enemy. The rain fell constantly, deluging showers, and the nights were the favourite time for the pirates to attack. It was not a pleasant kind of warfare, but it had to be done, and it was, till after the fortified town of Paddi had been taken and burned, Sarebus repented and sent its head men to sue for terms, when Brooke spoke firmly but kindly to them, reminding them that two years before he had sent word that England could not let her subjects be molested by sea or land. They were very humble and submissive; their lives, they said, they knew to be forfeited, and they were willing to die, though certainly they would rather live; they promised to refrain for ever from piracy, and offered hostages for their obedience. On this Brooke did his best to convince them how much more advantageous it would be to themselves to turn traders instead of trade destroyers, and finally invited them all to go to Saráwak to a further conference on the subject, when they would see how the people who followed his advice were improving. From Paddi the force proceeded to Pakoo, another stronghold, which was also destroyed, and where equally the chiefs besought terms, were admonished and advised, and invited to the conference at Saráwak. Then on to Rembas, a third pirate nest, where the river barricades were very troublesome, and where Seriff Jaffer and his men did all the jungle fighting, greatly to their own satisfaction. Here too the people submitted, and promised amendment. ‘The punishment was severe,’ writes Captain Keppel, ‘but not more than the crime of their horrid piracies deserved; there was no unnecessary sacrifice of life, and I do not believe there was a woman or child hurt.’

Sarebus henceforth did her best to improve, kept faith to a great extent with Saráwak, and tried to get her living honestly; and at the time the effect was so great on the country generally, that there seemed a hope Sakarran by taking warning might escape the necessity of punishment. The expedition therefore returned to Saráwak, to be received in triumph by Muda Hassim, who had scarcely credited the daily tidings of victory. Every boat at his command was gaily dressed, and sent down the river to welcome the returning heroes; and every gun that could

make a noise with or without bursting was brought into play. 'When we were seated in the Raja's presence, (writes Captain Keppel,) the royal countenance relaxed into a smile of real pleasure as he turned his wondering eyes from Mr. Brooke to myself and back again. I suppose he thought a great deal of us, as he said little or nothing; and as we were rather hungry after our pull, we were glad to get away to Mr. Brooke's hospitable board.'

Orders now arrived recalling the Dido to China, and Captain Keppel, to Brooke's great regret and hardly less to his own, was obliged to leave. 'I had just seen enough (he writes) of Borneo, and my enterprising friend Mr. Brooke, to feel the deepest interest in both. No description of mine can in any way give a proper idea of the character of the man I had just left; and however interesting his journal may appear in the reading, it is only by being in his company, and by hearing him advocate the cause of the persecuted inland natives, and listening to his vivid and fair description of the beautiful country he has adopted, that one can be made to enter fully into, and feel what I would fain describe and cannot.'

In the comparative quiet and leisure that followed the Dido's departure, Brooke's mind again dwelt uneasily on the doings of his agent Wise. 'I fully expect he will turn round and quarrel with me because he has been imprudent and sanguine,' are his too prophetic words to his friend, Mr. John Harvey.

My position is becoming quite dramatic, and really it appears to me that I am playing the rôle of the fool rather than the hero. I publish what I consider a cool and moderate letter, detailing the sufferings of the natives, the ruin of the country from every act of bad government that ever was dreamed of by ignorant and rapacious rulers. I speak very highly of the soil, the productions and the general capabilities of the country; and point out the means, on the most limited scale, of developing the resources. Jack Templer understood all this; but a little while after came a clatter of the vast resources, the vast advantages, the vast outlet for capital, which Borneo presented, and everybody chose and chooses to conclude that the advantages are immediate; that a rude country in a day or two is to become cultivated, that the earth is to pour her treasures into the capacious holds of our shipping, and that the wild Dyaks are to be civilized, and that the lazy Malays will labour. All this sounds to me like the getting up of a *bubble*; and were I so inclined, I might gull the gentle public to their hearts' content. I am not, however, inclined. The worst does not end here. Representations have been made to the Government, of which I know but little. . . . If it be as I surmise and fear, and that I am forced to give a plain-sense view of the question, the cry will arise of the country being a barren desert without one recommendation.

The next event was the long-looked-for arrival of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who was to report officially on the condition of Saráwak and Borneo Proper. Sir Edward examined and observed, and finally requested Brooke to accompany him to Bruné. What followed is told in a letter to Mrs. Brooke.

I delayed writing, as we were going to Borneo Proper in H. M. S. Samarang, commanded by Captain Sir Edward Belcher; but as ill-luck would have it, in

going down the river she grounded close to my house on a rock, and falling over with the ebb-tide, filled. Sir E. B. and his officers (some at least) think they can save the vessel; but it will be a tedious task, and in the meantime I have two hundred men to entertain, and the Royalist is hurried away to Singapore for provisions and for aid. To me the provisions are a matter of indifference, but an English crew must have their appetites satisfied, or they will not work; and beef, bread, pork, with other etceteras, are as the breath of their nostrils, which rice cannot offer an equivalent for. . . . On public points with Sir E. B., I am candid to an extreme. I will not, for any foolish distinction, compromise my honesty or my independence; for I feel and know that I am in a situation which shall stamp me as a man of worth, or as a mere adventurer after gain. God forbid I should seek the latter character; and dearest Mother, I know you would rather embrace me the same single-minded child, boy, man, you have ever known me, than the hackneyed slave who aims at worldly wealth and worldly pelf. Let events progress; but I am firmly assured that if I fail in one case I shall possess in poverty my self-esteem; and if I succeed in the other, I should with a keen sensibility feel a sense of degradation, for which no wealth, no honours, and no worldly distinction, could repay me. I write in a hurry, yet I cannot help telling you all I feel. I have no sanguine hopes, and you may all be assured that wealth will never be the upshot of my enterprise. . . . Action—a sphere for my abilities—I have coveted. I have made one, spite of no ordinary obstacles; but once made, I aim at no results. I go straight forward on my path, and let others judge. Now my say is said, and my paper finished; but I must mention that a youngster, by name Brereton, a nephew of the Bishop of Calcutta's, and a grandson of Joseph Wilson, only thirteen years of age, is in the Samarang. He is a delicate and gentlemanly boy, and his age is tender; and when I think of our Charlie I cannot help my heart expanding towards him. If you will recall my folly and jokes, you will understand why I am inclined to be very kind; and really already I like him for his own sake. . . . To-morrow I mean to make him write to his mamma. Could I do less? knowing how you would feel, even old gentleman as I am, were you to hear that my vessel was sunken on the most innocent rock. Farewell, dearest Mother. I have written to A. business-like.

One word about the young lad William Brereton, before we pass on. Attracted, perhaps, by the prospect of a life of adventure, by the wide field for individual usefulness, above all by the glamour of Brooke's personal influence, he left some years later the Royal Navy, to join the noble brotherhood of the Raja's European officers. And when the Sakarrans, numbering one hundred thousand, besought Brooke to give them an Englishman for a king, the Raja sent them William Brereton. He died of dysentery in 1854, leaving, as the last token of good-will, the few things he possessed to the native chiefs, who mourned him with no common grief.

The Samarang officers and men worked like Trojans to save their vessel, Brooke helping with all the means at his disposal, and rejoicing the while at the example of persevering energy set to Dyak and Malay. Whether his people would ever so work was doubtful; but at least they brought him no disgrace in the matter of honesty, for though the ship's stores lay scattered in all directions, not one case of theft was brought against a native. Greatly to the credit of the blue-jackets, the vessel was righted even before help arrived from Singapore; and with the Raja on board, Sir Edward Belcher sailed to Bruné, where they found everything

in a worse state of disorganization, the only hopeful sign being an increased desire for Muda Hassim's return. The Sultan was civil, confirmed Brooke in possession of Saráwak in perpetuity, and presented to Sir Edward a document signed by himself and the chief men, stating their desire to open their ports to trade, and their wish to suppress piracy. Brooke believed that they would give land in exchange for protection, and pointed out Moara or Labuan as suitable spots should such an arrangement be effected. His views on the Bruné Government were by Sir Edward's desire put on paper; they are thus summarised in a letter to Mr. Templer:—

When I do write I shall say or sing to the following purport, only in a more *stultified style*. That the Borneo Rajas are easy to manage, but that these same Rajas will never agree amongst themselves, and that one party or the other will be sure to break faith by some overt act against us, merely to spite his neighbour; that a mob of high-born rascals and their slaves the scum of the earth, are not to be managed until convinced that they dare not do wrong. We must have some recognized head to govern Bruné, and we must support him to a certain extent, for the Government now is but a shadow, a name, or worse, a malicious brownie. This responsible head is or ought to be Muda Hassim, because he is well inclined, moderately honest, and has a clever younger brother Budrudeen, who is fitted by nature to govern, and will go the entire hog with us. He is a very clever fellow for a native, and far more clever than many better educated and more experienced Europeans. The Sultan, so called, has no wits, is influenced by every paltry vagabond, and is ignorant of Europeans. Pangeran Usop in his heart is opposed to Europeans, and has no title from birth to rule the state. Mind, I am not recommending a violent change, but merely that British countenance should place Muda Hassim in a situation to become the virtual ruler of the state.

Sir Edward Belcher, having as he considered accumulated sufficient materials for his report—no easy matter at Bruné, where small-pox was raging—sailed for Singapore, leaving Brooke again alone to await the result.

The year 1843, now fast dying, left Saráwak in such peace as she had never known before. 'The Dyaks—the *poor oppressed Dyaks*—are really quite fat and happy looking,' wrote their Raja; 'it maketh me complacent to witness it.' In November he was able to say, 'Two years ago I prevented the Dyak tribes making war or taking heads within my territory. Now I have advanced a step, and have threatened to withdraw my protection from such tribes as continue addicted to head-hunting excursions. In another year or two I hope openly to put an end to their right of making war one tribe on another; but I desire first to increase the difficulties, until head-taking becomes merely a dead letter.' One cause of his growing influence is, I think, shewn in the following letter to his mother, the last she ever lived to receive from her son, if indeed her loving and courageous spirit had not fled before its arrival. He is speaking of gentle and conciliating manners, and continues:—

This point is essential in the good government of natives, and on this point it is that most Europeans are so grossly wanting. They always take their own

customs, feelings, and manners, and in a way force the natives to conform to them, and never give themselves the trouble of ascertaining how far these manners are repugnant to them. I have seen so much of this, and the pig-headed obstinacy with which it is maintained, that had I power I would be careful in the selection of persons to govern in a new native country, and very severe upon any faults of harshness and severity. When we desire to improve and elevate a people, we must not begin by treating them as an inferior race; and this is too generally the style of our Indian rulers, with a few brilliant exceptions. Sir Stamford Raffles, Mr. Crauford, and Colonel Farquhar, especially the former, are still remembered with affection by the elder natives, and in places where they were unknown they are respected and talked of. Well, well, we shall see what the future brings for Saráwak; and I am sure of one thing, that exaggerated hopes and statements must lead to disappointment and reaction. I now often think of and wish for a return to England; and my desire, loved Mother, to embrace you again, seems to acquire force as my position appears more settled. The world to me would be a gloomy one without you; and all my reminiscences of the past, all my best affections, are centred on you. What should I ever have been without your love and teaching? Nature, and books, and flowers, are doubly loved because I have enjoyed them in your society so often; and now, as my morning nosegay is brought me I revert to you as naturally as though you were near to enjoy them with me. The world may offer ambition and riches, and troops of *soi disant* friends, but sure I am it offers few pure affections; and the more we see of it, the more we cling to those we have loved always. No one has less reason to complain than myself on this score, for I retain most of the friends of my youth, and still feel for them and believe they feel for me the warmest regard; and the world in general—the self-interest world—has not as yet used me ill, and therefore I have no right to abuse it. Do you remember, when young at Bath, that people did not *understand* me? Now everybody understands me, and I really think I have acquired or am acquiring the most plausible and pleasing manners!! I am not the least shy or reserved to outward appearance, and I really do all I can to shake myself clear of this inherent complaint. Restraint and company I bear far better than formerly; and if I get the morning to myself, I am content to devote the rest of my time to anybody or everybody, to talk sense or nonsense at their pleasure, and to receive or impart as much information as possible. My habits I can say nothing in praise of, for I keep very bad hours, seldom rising before eight, and seldom sleeping till two in the morning. Night, however, is the time when business is best conducted with the native rajas, for it is the time when they live and are really awake.

‘What should I ever have been without your love and teaching!’ Blessed words these, to fall on a mother’s dying ear, or to rest with the snowdrops on her grave!

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

VIII.—THE TEUTONIC SCHOOLS.

IN Northern as in Southern Europe, sculpture passed from the rude Scandinavian grotesque, through gradual stages of development, till, gradually refined and civilized by the mingled influences of Lombard and Byzantine, it was, after many centuries, perfected into the noble Gothic of

Chartres, Rouen, and Cologne. One of the few undecorated remains of the earlier Northern Gothic is the west front of Chartres Cathedral, of the middle of the twelfth century, which was saved from the ravages of the mob of the Revolution, by the mayor, who persuaded them to dedicate the place to the Goddess of Reason. And so the symbolic sculptures of the Lord's Return to Judgement, placed according to Byzantine tradition over the great west door, and full of solemn thought, remain unmutilated; and the stiff quaint figures of the Prophets and the Elders still stand untouched, looking down as they have done for seven hundred years on the fretful multitudes who pass beneath, yet preaching patiently, in their quiet imagery, of death, and after that the judgement. Here we see the characteristics of Northern work* in the peculiar droop of head and curve of body, which has always been a mark of the gentle blood of the Northern races; which gave rise to the proverb, 'The nobler the heart, the suppler the neck,' and which is indicative of that spirit of lofty courtesy which made our ancestors so famous in the annals of chivalry, so renowned in the legends of love and war. The culminating point of French art was reached in the age of St. Louis, and in the decorative branches of sculpture, illumination, and glass-painting, beyond which it never progressed, but in which it found a perfection of such surpassing loveliness that we cannot regret the causes which limited its range.

It was at Cologne that Art found its first home in the North; and there that, in the constant intercourse with Italy, it was peculiarly open to the influences of Southern art. Here the life of the Lombard spirit first leavened sculpture; and here, in course of time, Gothic architecture reached its highest perfection. The efforts of Charlemagne centred in Cologne, and though we know little of the history of this once famous city, and the annals of its school and its artists are lost to us, yet it forms an important link in the history of painting, and we see clearly the results of its influence on Germanic art. It is certain that painting was cultivated very early by the Goths; since we know that a series of historical paintings was executed for Queen Theolinda in her palace at Monza, representing the heroes of the Lombard race. This was as early as the close of the sixth century, and the school from whence these painters issued must therefore have been a branch of the ancient Roman art, which still lingered on in the Western Empire. The most celebrated of the ancient German paintings were those executed for Charlemagne in the church and palace built by him at Ingelheim, of which descriptions have come down to us from a contemporary chronicler. On the walls of the church were painted two complete series of the histories of the Old and New Testament; from the Creation to the building of the Temple, on the one side; from the Annunciation to the Resurrection, on the other. Those in the palace were an epitome of the history of the world, commencing with the wars of Cyrus, through the founding of

* Lord Lindsay, Letter viii., p. 249.

Rome, and the exploits of Hannibal and Alexander the Great, to the more modern history which occupied the opposite wall, of the foundation of the Eastern Empire, the history of Theodosius, Charles Martel, and Pepin, and the conquest of the Saxons by Charlemagne himself. When we consider the grandeur of this undertaking, and the age and conditions in which it was accomplished, we cannot but admire and wonder at the energy and genius of the single mind which could thus lay the foundations of a national school, by uniting, like his predecessor Theodoric, the qualities of a conqueror and a civilizer; inspiring with his own great deeds the art which he fostered.

The connection of the German with the Byzantine court by the marriage of Otho II. (A. D. 972-983.) with a Greek princess, influenced the art of Germany extensively, as we may judge from the illuminated MSS. of the period, which are the only kind of paintings existing in sufficient numbers to enable us to follow the course of German art in the early centuries. The cathedral of Bamberg was rich in gifts of this kind, many of them offered, it is thought, by the Emperor Henry II. (A. D. 1002-1024.) The MSS. of the eleventh century shew mostly increase of technical skill and feeling for colour, combined with degeneracy of design and treatment, marking the paralyzing influence of the Byzantine decline. But there also exist MSS. of this age which prove the existence of progressive life in the national art of Germany. The chief characteristics of this style were the architectural nature of the ornament, the statuesque stiffness of figures and drapery, and the peculiar projection of surface, and treatment of light and shade, which suggest habitual drawing from the round.* This is accounted for by the supposition that the class of artists who produced these paintings, were those employed in that tinted sculpture for which some districts of Germany were noted. In this class of painting lay the hope of German art; for while constant study of sculpture prevented the artists from falling into the fatal mannerisms of the Byzantine school, it also trained them in the best traditions of that school of Christian sculpture which the Lombards founded first in Italy, and which spread from thence all over Europe, culminating in the matchless sculpture of France. The northern spirit of mysticism is strongly marked in this school of miniature painting, and allegory and symbols abound in all its MSS. One very curious representation of the Crucifixion exists in a Gospel MS. of the Munich Gallery. The Lord is nailed to the Cross, supported by a foot-board; vested in crimson robe and priestly stole, and with crowned head. At each side of the Cross stand Life and Death; the former crowned, and clothed in rich robes; the latter with matted hair and wounded neck, and broken scythe and lance. A dragon rises from the foot of the Cross. Smaller figures of the Sun and Moon, and the Old and New Covenants, are on either side: the latter with the standard of victory and the sacramental chalice; the former holding the scroll of the

* Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of the Flemish Schools*, chap. i., p. 6.

Law and sacrificial knife. Below is the resurrection of the dead on one side, and the rent veil of the Temple on the other.

There seems to have been a decided improvement in German painting in the thirteenth century. The influence of Niccolo Pisano's school was pervading Europe; and Germany, though slow to adopt new methods, and wanting in native genius, caught the inspiration. It is not, however, till the middle of the fourteenth century that we perceive signs of organized schools of art in Germany. In 1338, the Guild of St. Luke at Ghent was founded, and that of Bruges about the same time. The Guild of Ghent excluded miniaturists, and was governed by a dean and sub-dean; the price and quality of materials were also regulated strictly by the guild, and fines exacted for bad colours and knotted panels. The school of Cologne had by this time become known as the principal school of Germany; and through the mists of time, two names have come down to us—those of Meister Wilhelm and Meister Stephan—recorded only, however, in the city archives, and in the quaint notice of a contemporary chronicler, who tells us that Meister Wilhelm was 'the best painter in all German lands, and that he painted men of all sorts as if they were alive.'* Several curious old paintings are attributed to these two artists. To Wilhelm, one of the Crucifixion, on a monument in St. Castor at Coblenz; a triptych, representing twenty-four scenes from the life of our Lord, in a chapel of Cologne Cathedral, and one or two smaller pieces. To Wilhelm's successor and pupil, Stephan, are attributed a beautiful altar-piece of the Adoration of the Kings, in Cologne Cathedral, and a larger altar picture of the Last Judgement, now divided, of which the middle is in Cologne Museum. The strong tendency to materialism which is so remarkable in German art, shews itself even at this early period, in the terrible realization of the terrors of hell; and the equally strong characteristic of minute finish is visible in the painting of the grass and flowers, and delicacy of the angels' wings.

This early school of Germany has now passed into oblivion, its very existence being known by few; and while the names of the old Italian painters are familiar to us as household words, and their memories sacred through all ages and countries, these unknown founders of our own Teutonic schools have passed, unthanked and unremembered, into almost nameless graves. To their honour be it mentioned, that two brothers, the Messieurs Boisseree, at the time of the French Revolution, expended their money and time in saving the remains of the ancient German schools from the sacrilege of the mob; and the result was the collection of valuable pictures now in the galleries of Munich and Schleissheim.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, Louis de Male, the last of the ancient dynasty, was Count of Flanders. He first, it would appear, instituted the office of an official painter to the court, and the name of Jean van der Asselt is recorded as having filled the place in his reign.

* Hand-book of the German Schools, Book ii. p. 42.

By him, in all probability, were executed those full-length statuesque figures which Louis caused to be painted, of the representatives of his royal line, on the walls of Notre Dame of Courtrai, built by him as a burial-place. There they still stand, faded, injured, and half obliterated, but recognizable as Counts and Countesses of Flanders by the escutcheons at their feet. There are Philip of Alsace, Baldwin of Hainault, Margaret of Alsace, Baldwin IX., Ferdinand of Portugal, Joan of Constantinople, Gui de Dampierre, Robert of Bethune, with other later portraits of the French Dukes of Burgundy.

At this period, and especially perhaps under Louis, Flanders had risen to great commercial importance; and its large towns were year by year, as their foreign trade increased, growing in wealth, power, and importance. The position which they occupied was, however, a very different one to that of the principal Italian cities, and one involving conditions far less favourable to the advancement of Art. The cities of Italy were in fact small states, living independently, with their own aristocracy, government, and civil and military organizations. Their laws, whether relating to commerce, morals, or arts and trades, were made by themselves for themselves, and with the single view of ensuring the prosperity of the city. Art, thus fostered, grew and flourished; and the world has never seen, throughout the Christian era, such a perfect ideal of vigorous national life as in such towns as was Florence in the thirteenth century. The prosperity of the Flemish towns, on the other hand, was continually hindered and impaired by the feudal rights of the Counts of Flanders, who were always trying to get the reins of government into their own hands, and claim a share of the rapidly increasing wealth of the communes; the burghers, on their side, being equally anxious to preserve their independence. The Flemish manufacturers practically commanded the ports, and all the duties on foreign merchandise were monopolized by them, which was a constant source of contention between them and the Counts. Thus the citizens of Flanders were absorbed, generation after generation, in the one idea of maintaining their privileges by force or guile against the demands of their feudal lords, and of increasing their already immense wealth by every means in their power; even their art being chiefly employed, until the end of the fourteenth century, in tapestries and magnificent woven stuffs, which brought in great stores of money. They were essentially a money-making race, and the qualities which these conditions developed were not favourable to the growth of a noble school of Art. The magnificent monuments of their grandeur, which the Flemish towns have left, were indeed most closely connected with their mercantile prosperity; and many of them were built by foreign trades, as in the instance of Bruges, which is said to have had sixteen foreign trading companies, each of whom possessed a palace in the city. It was a part of the charter of a Flemish town that it should have a great bell, by which to assemble the citizens for municipal purposes. The bell

necessitated the 'Beffroi,' or belfry; and this, as the symbol of their independence, was usually made conspicuous in its importance. As time went on, and the trades increased, halls were built for the transaction of business, sometimes by the side of the belfry, sometimes incorporated into one building with it; and thus arose those splendid town-halls, for which Flanders and Belgium are so celebrated.*

In the valley of the Meuse or Maese, where the river runs by the pleasant gardens of Liége and the picturesque rocky country of Namur, was the village of Mæseyck, the birth-place of the two great religious painters of Germany, Hubert and John Van Eyck. With them a new era opened on German art, and, marked by few symptoms of transition, the old types passed away for ever; exquisitely finished landscape appears in pictures, and realistic representation is once for all accepted as the principle of painting. Hubert was born about 1336; John was his junior by twenty or thirty years, and was his brother's pupil. With the name of the Van Eycks is always associated the so-called discovery of oil painting. Oils had, however, without doubt been used both in Germany and Italy before this time, though in what manner we know not; and the method of painting which the Van Eycks discovered, was probably one which enabled them to dry their pictures without exposure to the sun, which must have injured their brilliancy; and with perfect security from the damp of the climate. The story goes, that John, having exposed a picture in the strong sun, as usual, for drying, the heat cracked the wood, and spoiled his work; and that, upon this failure, he set to work to make chemical experiments; and after many trials, found that linseed and other oils mixed with certain drugs and boiled, dried quickly without exposure to the sun. With some such mixture as this he probably ground his colours, and possibly varnished his pictures, and thus succeeded in attaining a brilliancy and transparency which had never been reached by former processes. Whatever the discovery was, it is certain that it was thought a most important one by the Italian artists. It is related,† that a picture by one of the Van Eycks being sent to Alphonso of Naples, 'the artists flocked together, every one desirous of seeing this marvellous work; and though the Italians looked at it very sharply, and tried it with the utmost attention, even putting their noses to it, and clearly perceiving the strong smell which it had from the admixture of the colours with oils, nevertheless it remained a secret to them.' It was thus evidently an important improvement for the painting of easel pictures; and the fashion which this kind of painting thenceforth became in Italy, to the exclusion of fresco and tempera, amply justifies the contemptuous speech of Michael Angelo's quoted in a former paper.

It is thought that the Van Eycks fled from their native place during the wars and feuds which distracted the country at that time, and took

* Crowe and Cavalcaselle, chap. xiv., p. 342.

† James's 'Flemish Schools,' p. 87.

refuge at Ghent. Their names do not appear in the records of the guild of that city till the death of Michelle, wife of Philip the Good of Burgundy, when—in reverence for her memory, it is said—the freedom of the guild was given to the two brothers, whom she had patronized. In 1423, John attached himself to the court of John of Bavaria, who, after making himself Count of Holland, settled at the Hague, where he kept a magnificent court, among whom were numerous artists. Here it is probable that he painted the now destroyed work of the Palace of the Hague. In 1425, after leaving the service of the Count of Holland, John was made official painter to Philip of Burgundy.

Up to this time we have no knowledge of the works of the Van Eycks beyond the city records and archives. Their improvement in the method of oil painting probably gave the first great impetus to Flemish art; and the admiration which their works excited in Italy, the facilities which their size gave for carrying them about, with other causes, combined to increase the demand for easel pictures to an immense extent. The wealthy considered their oratories or private chapels incomplete without some such triptych, panel, or picture, as was now easily procurable in Flanders; and it was a common thing for magistrates to condemn an offender to pay the cost of some such offering to a church. Of course, when the Reformation came, these portable works of art were involved, like the illuminated MSS., in a destruction more wholesale and fatal than befell fresco painting; and as these small works formed the staple of German art, we are unable to trace the history of painting here, as in Italy.

In 1432, the Vyts Chapel, celebrated as the receptacle of the great picture of the Adoration of the Lamb, was consecrated. Judicus Vyts, a patrician of Ghent, built the chapel, and gave the commission of the altar-piece to Hubert Van Eyck, who designed the whole, and executed a few of the figures of the picture. There were originally twelve compartments, divided into an upper and lower row; three single figures of larger size forming the centre of the top, and the large scene of the Adoration of the Lamb occupying the lower part; four wings on each side, painted inside and outside, completed it. It was always closed except on festivals; and in this position, shewed the Annunciation, with single figures of saints on each side, and the portraits of the donor and his wife kneeling. Inside, the centre and highest panel contained the figure of God the Father, the inscription of the Triune God around His head, represented in the fullness of manhood, as always in German art, and crowned with the triple tiara. He is seated on a black damask throne, embroidered with gold, vested in a crimson mantle embroidered with pearls and amethysts, and holding in His left hand a sceptre—His right held out in blessing. On the ground at His feet is a jewelled crown, perhaps symbolizing His dominion over all the earth; a hanging of green tapestry behind, worked into golden pelicans, the symbol of redemption. On the right-hand panel is the Blessed Virgin, with blue

robe, and the long fair hair invariable in German art, the Teutonic symbol of virginity; crowned with a diadem, from which lilies blossom. On the left panel is St. John Baptist. The four farthest compartments were filled—the one with a group of singing angels, the other with St. Cecilia playing, and beyond Adam and Eve. The central group of the Adoration, the only part now remaining in Ghent Cathedral, occupies, as we have said, the lower part; the side compartments filled by the hermits, pilgrims, soldiers, and righteous judges of the earth, all journeying, some on horse-back, some on foot, towards the New Jerusalem, and among whom tradition points out the portraits of the two brothers. The general design and arrangement are without doubt Hubert's, as also are probably the single central figures of the top; differing wholly, as they do, in their treatment from John's work, which is always sharp, precise, and lacking in the softness of Hubert's painting. In a green meadow, surrounded with sweet landscape, hills, and trees—such as carry us back to the Rhine-land scenery of the Van Eycks' early life—the scene of the Adoration is laid. A Flemish town in the background represents the New Jerusalem. An altar, covered with crimson damask and white cloth, stands in the midst, the Lamb on it, with blood flowing from His side into a crystal chalice. Two angels in front swing their censers at His feet; others adore around. The Dove descends from the Father on Him. A fountain in front falls into an octagonal basin, from which flow out again the streams which make glad the City of God. The saints of the old dispensation, the Apostles, Doctors, Popes, founders of religious orders, Kings, and Princes, are all in their ranks. Lilies, roses, bright grass, and trees, fill the foreground, every leaf and flower painted with exquisite tenderness, as in a miniature.

' There, in the region of bliss, where the saint and the painter together
Caught, for one brief sweet space, into Paradise, saw and depicted
Him, the Immaculate Lamb, and the five wounds flowing of mercy,
Him, that is set in the midst, true Tree of Life in the garden :
There are the cohorts of saints, not confusedly mingled together,
Keeping their ranks distinct, as they loved and they conquered in this world.
Priests that were pure in the spirit, awaiting the Shepherd of shepherds,
Meekly outfacing the proud, and as meekly absolving the sinner,
Bishops who, bearing their cross, though concealed, in staff or in crozier,
Spake God's Word, for they were not ashamed, in the great congregation.
Kings of the earth stand together, whose sceptres were sceptres of meekness ;
Judges of right, who have long since found the tribunal of mercy ;
Pilgrims who, strong in faith, looking up from Salem to Salem,
Strained to the Lord's own shrine ; and dwellers in caverns and deserts.
Warriors of truth there also, who, toiling in battles of justice,
Tore from the hand of the Church the glorious guerdon of Martyr ;
Widows, who yielding them up to Him that was widowed of glory,
Joyed in His comfort below, as now they reign in His Kingdom.
—Ah, but look on ! Who are these, that next the uncloseable portals,
Nearest the domes and tourelles, where sapphire is mingled with jasper,
Gather in one, truer lilies themselves, in the midst of the lilies ?
There and beyond such a rustling of boughs, as Paradise-breezes

Draw with a kiss from the foliage of youth—there, bulwark on bulwark,
Rises the City that hath the foundations; whose Builder and Maker,
Maker before all worlds—is for ever its King and its glory,
Light everlasting and pure, and the days of its mourning are ended;
Ended, how should they not be? in the great Beatifical Vision.*

In 1426 Hubert died, leaving his lovely conception to be worked out by his brother. They buried him in the vault of the Vyts family, in token of reverence for his memory; and he was probably its first occupant. 'It was in the year of our Lord,' says his epitaph, putting the words in his mouth, 'one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin, turn to the best objects, for you must follow me at last.'

Hubert Van Eyck stands on the transition ground between the ancient Byzantine-Germanic school, and the modern realistic art of John and his successors. His work, such as we know of it, unites the dignity of the one school with much of the knowledge and skill of the other. His name has been eclipsed by that of his brother, whose exquisite delicacy of touch, and perception of colour and atmosphere, has gained him a reputation far beyond that of Hubert, who nevertheless was probably the master mind. John's work reaches its highest perfection in the picture of the Vyts Chapel, worked out under his brother's inspiration; and his power of realization is kept in check and subordinated to the idea of the work, in a degree we never see in such perfection in his later paintings. As time went on, he sacrificed force more and more to refinement, and breadth of treatment to minuteness of detail, with lessening power to discern the elements of true beauty. John Van Eyck died at Bruges in July, 1440, and was buried in the Church of St. Donatian; and every July for three hundred years uninterruptedly, Masses were said for the repose of his soul, till the sacrilegious hands of the Revolutionists laid hold on the bequest which secured them.

Roger van der Weyden, born at Tournai in 1400, was meantime founding a separate school in the west of Flanders. The tinted sculpture, for which this district was celebrated, had, it is thought, a marked influence on the tone and colour of the school. Van der Weyden lived at Bruges from 1440 to 1450. He was the representative painter of his age, far more than was John van Eyck, and consequently gained a wider popularity. In his paintings we see, no longer disguised, that tendency to materialism, always strong in the German mind, which was now, in its increasing strength, the near harbinger of the Protestant Revolution, and that final rejection of the symbolism of Christian Art, which silenced the voice of inspiration for evermore. A Puritanical reaction—the foretaste of the Reformation—was even then going on in

* Sequences and Hymns, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D. 'The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus,' p. 137.

Bruges, the result of which may be conjectured from a contract for a picture of a 'dead Christ,' which has been preserved, in which it is expressly ordered that the form of our Lord shall be painted in all respects 'like a dead man.' An existing picture of this very subject, by Van der Weyden, in the Berlin Museum, shews clearer than any words can do, the depths of irreverence to which realistic painting can fall, and the loss of all sense of the Divinity of our Lord which it may involve.

In 1449, Van der Weyden started for Italy, spending some time at Ferrara and Rome, and, we can hardly doubt, at Florence also. He passed through the influences of Italy untouched, as it would seem, by the mighty works of Giotto and Orcagna, and unsoftened by the living influence of Angelico; content with the dim melancholy twilight which lights his sunless pictures, and unroused from the morbid sadness which had grown around his soul; fain to dwell ever on Death rather than Life. And over his pictures there hangs the shadow of that Death which he invoked.

One more painter claims our special notice before we close this sketch of the German schools of painting—Hans Memling. He was the pupil of Van der Weyden, but belongs more truly to the school of Van Eyck, of which he was the last and best representative. He is supposed to have worked much at miniature painting in his early life, and to have been chosen to complete the celebrated Grimani Breviary, now kept by the Republic of Venice, to which it was bequeathed, in the library of St. Mark's. A touching story of doubtful authenticity connects his memory inseparably with the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. Spared from the ruins of the Revolution, probably because of its noble work of mercy, this remnant of the middle ages stands in its ancient beauty, near the Church of Notre Dame, approached by a narrow moss-grown lane, ending in a great arched door. On one side of the quiet enclosure, shaded by linden trees, a door-way opens into what would seem at first sight a church with nave and aisles supported by massive pillars, but that a glance shews the spectator the rows of beds which mark it as the great hospital-room. Here, it is said, Memling was found senseless at the gate, having worked his weary way home in 1477 from the expedition of Charles the Bold at Nancy. Taken in and tenderly nursed by the Brothers, he painted, in gratitude, during his convalescence, the beautiful picture of the Marriage of St. Catherine, still in the Hospital; and afterwards, the still more celebrated shrine of St. Ursula, saved by the care of the Sisters from the Revolutionary mob.

The Baptism of Christ, in the Academy of Bruges, is supposed to be his chief work; and there is a beautiful painting of the Seven Joys of Mary, by him, in the Munich Gallery. One of his best pictures is the Last Judgement, in Dantzic Cathedral, attributed erroneously to John van Eyck. The St. Michael in the foreground of this picture is a beautiful figure; standing in the strength of his eternal youth, the sheen glancing on his golden armour, and the light from the Lord's rainbow

seat falling on his purple mantle, and touching the prised edge of his peacock's wings. Of all the types of beauty in northern religious art, Memling's is perhaps the sweetest and softest, and approaches the nearest to the ideal beauty of Italy.* It has been remarked, that if the landscape of John van Eyck shone with the light of spring, Memling's glows with the richness of summer;† the colour of the Flemish school strengthened and perfected by the poetry of his nature, and the deep religious feeling which pervaded his mind.

He passed away, to be quickly forgotten in his almost nameless grave; the date of his birth and death alike lost—unrecorded by chroniclers, and forgotten by historians.‡ He gathered up all that was purest and best in the school of the Van Eycks: without the force of Hubert, or the wonderful skill of John, he united in perfect discipline the qualities he did possess, and in striking a lower key, he attained in some respects a more perfect harmony. We feel, as we look on the sweet purity of his Madonna, and the tenderness and delicacy of his sunny landscape, that we have lost much in knowing nothing of the life and history, the joys and sorrows, of him whom we might call the last of religious painters. How he preserved his love for Christian tradition, without pedantry or affectation, in earnest simplicity of faith, despite the evil influences of his age and country, we know not. We only know, that as was his painting, so must have been his life; and that when the darkness was settling over the religious faith of Europe, and morality had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, he at least must have lived his life in the faith and fear of God's Commandments.

‘Moreover, by them are Thy servants taught:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.’

In considering the distinctive characteristics of German art, the principal thing which occurs to us, as deciding its inferiority to that of Italy, is that strong tendency to the grotesque, which it seems to have developed in a more marked degree than even other northern countries. Doubtless, the character of the race took its impress from its surroundings to a great extent; and the flat grey land, unbroken save by monotony of trees, till it met a sky as cold and misty as the landscape it looked down on, had much to do with that tendency to brooding melancholy and morbid contemplation of imperfection, which mark the German schools. Their painters were, as a rule, wholly lacking in imaginative power and idealism; the best work of the Flemish schools being inspired solely by the external, though all-powerful, influence of religion; and all true nobility of thought dying away with the extinction

* Lord Lindsay, Vol. III., Letter viii., p. 881.

† Kùgler's *Flemish Schools*, Book iii., p. 85.

‡ Vasari changed his name from Hans to Hausse, and Descamps from Memling to Hemling, which has caused the confusion existing regarding his real name.

of Catholicism. This tendency to the grotesque, which found such noble expression in the early Lombardic art, is, in its lower form, probably incompatible with a great school of painting. It has produced very admirable results in moral teaching, in the hands of such earnest men as Albert Durer and Hogarth; but arising, as it does, from an impulse to exaggerate leading characteristics, and to dwell on forms incidental to imperfection and decay, it cannot be in itself a noble quality. We see the results of it in the work of John van Eyck, whose careful painting of all the wrinkles, warts, and other defects of the faces he depicted, blunted his perceptions of higher qualities in them, and tended, as he indulged more and more in this habit of looking at things, to deteriorate his work. And if this was the case with a painter of such true and high instincts as John van Eyck, how much more fatal must this habit of mind have been to the numerous inferior artists who formed his school. We know that the end did come at last in hopeless degradation; that the artists of Germany passed from complacently contemplating incidental forms of evil, such as coarseness, decay, or death, to rejoicing in them, and finally to looking for them, and insisting on them. And we know that the darkness of death did indeed fall on them, until they were no longer able to distinguish between good and evil; and the dust which they had chosen became their portion, and only in the clay of which he was formed could they see the likeness of man, made in the Image of God.

(To be continued.)

A. C. OWEN.

THE PARIAHS OF EUROPE.

IN the history of most nations we find mention of outcast races, who have been persecuted and maligned from very early ages, and who were only safe from overt acts of cruelty and injustice when protected by law, or when they had learnt to propitiate their more prosperous neighbours.

When not avowedly occupying the position of a conquered nation, some real or supposed infirmity attributed to themselves, or some deadly sin imputed to their ancestors, were generally the ostensible grounds on which such popular prejudices were based. Nor has the law always befriended the victims. It may indeed have assured life, and a bare subsistence, but on such terms and with such restrictions as often rendered existence a doubtful blessing, while contempt and insult became sanctioned and confirmed.

We all know the detestation entertained by northern and southern nations for Jews, Gypsies, Bohemian peoples, &c., amongst whom may be included the Poulichis and Pariahs of India, the Porchers of Egypt,

the Chuetas* of Majorca, the Marrons or Marans of Auvergne,† the Thiérachiens of La Brie, the Callots of Poitou, and many others. But we are not now considering this wide-spread animosity, which, however unjustifiable, is distinctly referable to religious prejudices; but antipathies of a more local character, equally rank and deeply rooted, but yet more inexcusable, inasmuch as they have survived all certain knowledge of aught reprehensible in the proscribed races, of whom even the traditions are so confused and faint, that their bitterest antagonists have differed from

* Diminutive of the Majorcan word *Chuya*, signifying bacon.

† This injurious appellation, (which signifies, according to Cotgrave's Dictionary, traitor, renegade, proselyte for interested motives,) has been respectively derived from—

Maurianus—a name given in Frederic Barbarossa's time to those Moors who renounced the Christian Faith they had embraced.

Maranatha. In support of this derivation we may quote St. Paul, (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) where Anathema and Maranatha are used as synonymes for accursed; also a grant of Aurelius, King of Galicia, in which Anathema and Marran occur as synonymes for *excommunicated*.

Marawan—name of one who usurped the Califat (according to Scaliger) and substituted his posterity for that of Mahomet, thus causing Mohammedans to be named after himself.

¶ *Marah*—signifying change; whence some derive Barche-Marane—Italian barks, without prow and with two helms, because they change sails without being turned.

Marrano. Spanish adjective—accursed, excommunicated.

Marrano. Spanish—pig, swine.

According to Mr. Long, the name *Maroon* (for fugitive slaves) signifies, among Spanish Americans, hog hunters, (from Marrano—Spanish, pig,) the woods abounding with the wild boar, and the pursuit of it constituting the chief employment of escaped negroes.

In the Encyclopedia we find, under head *Maron*—'On appelle Marons dans les Isles Françaises les nègres fugitifs. Ce mot vient du mot Espagnol Timaran, qui signifie Singe. Les Espagnols crurent ne devoir pas faire plus d'honneur à leurs malheureux esclaves fugitifs que de les appeller Singes, parqu'ils se retiraient comme ces animaux, aux fonds des bois les plus voisins de leur retrait.'

The *Maroons* of Jamaica, of whom we heard so much during the recent rebellion, are the most independent, the finest looking, and the most intelligent, of the coloured population. In the insurrection of 1865, they took part with the white people against the black, as they had done in a previous outbreak. Whether this was because they thought white the winning colour, cannot be known; but they had frequently before that time made treaties with the English, and had had portions of land assigned to them. When first the English arrived in Jamaica, the Maroons refused to recognize the new comers, remained for some long time in rebellion, and were never entirely subdued. Their name (as well as that of the Marons of Auvergne) may probably have been derived from Marrano—accursed. It was applied to certain slaves who had escaped from their Spanish masters. The name of Maroon Tocons is, or was till quite lately, retained in Jamaica. One of these was in the parish of Trelacony, another in that of St. Mary. A gentleman, lately resident in Jamaica, speaks of having visited the latter, where he met a number of Maroons starting on a boar-hunt. They are supposed by the Europeans in Jamaica to have been the descendants of the original inhabitants, who have been joined from time to time by fugitive negroes.

time immemorial as to the accusations on which they were to be cursed and persecuted. That such antipathies are not to be accounted for simply by differences of nationalities, is proved by the fact that colonies of aliens exist and flourish in various parts of the world, the colonists maintaining a good understanding with the natives, with whom they transact business on fair and friendly terms, although they may shrink from amalgamation and retain their foreign characteristics. In Ireland, for instance, we find the Galway Claddagh peopled by Spanish forms and faces; in England, Flamborough Head is divided between Danish and Yorkshire sea-faring folk, not to be confounded even at this date, it is said, by an observant eye; while in France, the tourist soon learns at Dieppe to distinguish the singular *Polletais* from the genuine *Dieppois*, or, if the traveller prefers the Calais route, he need but lionize St. Omer to find its two faubourgs of Haut Pont and Lyzel inhabited by Flemings, who (albeit quarrelsome enough among themselves) live side by side with their French neighbours on equal terms, though perfectly distinct in race and language. Again, a few miles from Chalons-sur-Marne, we find a village called Courtisols, whose people still retain a dialect and customs peculiar to themselves, and to whom tradition assigns a Swiss origin. We could instance several similar cases, but will content ourselves with glancing at the dwellers on a small peninsula called La Véron, formed by the rivers Loire and Vienne, near Fontévrault; and who, whatever their descent, differ from the rest of the population in manners and habits, as essentially as do their adopted marshes from the neighbouring dry mainland. Thus, we see that whether these colonists originally established themselves abroad by accident or intention, they frequently maintained their footing in the stranger's land without sacrificing their independence; while in numberless other cases, on the contrary, immigrants and natives have so completely merged, that we only detect a mixture of race by some foreign word cropping up here and there, and by the uncouth sound of proper names.

But the history and position is obviously different of such proscribed races as the Vaqueros of the Asturias, the Oiseliers of the duchy of Bouillon, the Colliberts of Bas Poitou, the Chizerots, Burins, and Sermoyens, on the banks of the Saône, the Caqueaux of Brittany, the Gahets of Gascony, the Agots and Gaffos of the Pays Basque and Navarre, the Crestiaas, Gézitains, Malandrins, Capots, or Cagots, of Béarn. The list is long and dreary, and we can only sketch in outline the very imperfect traditionary or recorded history of a few among the victims to persecution.

To begin with the Vaqueros. (So called from *vaca*—Spanish—*cow*.) Nothing certain is known of their origin, and no dependence can be placed on the two popular traditions—one of which represents them as descended from the Moors, who were expelled from Spain in the seventeenth century; the other, from fugitive Roman slaves, who are supposed to have taken refuge in the Asturias. In fact, the vehemence

of the prejudice entertained by the Spaniards against the unfortunate shepherds, is the only good ground that exists for attributing to them any peculiar origin. These pastoral tribes divide the year between their mountain villages called *Bráns* and the heights of Leon, where they pasture their herds from June to October. The Asturians accuse them of cupidity, and treat them with contumely, while the Vaqueros fully return the feeling of abhorrence. As the Spaniards regard alliances with them as highly disgraceful, they are restricted to marriages within their own limited community; and it is almost incredible that this handful of neat-herds pay to Rome a larger amount for indulgences to enable them to marry within the forbidden degrees, than is paid by the whole remaining principality. With the exception of one family, which was ennobled by the chancery of Valladolid, all the Vaqueros are plebeians. In many parish churches they are to this day separated from the other worshippers by a lath of wood fixed in the pavement, which banishes them from the centre of the building.

The Oiseliers—who derived their name, we imagine, from the river Oise—acted the part of Gibeonites and Ammonites to the possessors of the duchy of Bouillon up to the year 1676; and somewhat later, to his credit be it recorded, a certain Bodson, governor of the duchy, horrified by the opprobrium heaped on these unfortunates, caused their names with the distinctive title of Oiseliers to be erased from the register, thus placing them on a footing with the rest of the inhabitants. The consequence has been the dying out, not of the vulgar and brutal prejudice, but almost of the name of Oiseliers, and of all certain knowledge of their antecedents. Humanity (with perhaps the exception of a small number of archæologists) is greatly indebted to the charitable Bodson. The tradition which derives the Oiseliers from Jewish captives located in Bouillon by the Crusaders, is falsified by the well-known fact, that neither Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, nor his brothers, ever returned to Europe from Palestine; moreover they had, before going to the Holy Land, made over their hereditary duchy to the Bishops of Liège, whose vassals the Oiseliers were for more than five hundred years. It is evident that the crusading princes, when in the East, could not have expatriated their Hebrew prisoners to the European property of others, and those others ecclesiastics. It is far more probable, and this theory is in some measure corroborated by certain charters appertaining to the duchy, that the Oiseliers and their descendants were sentenced to menial service, in consequence of their having in ancient times raised a rebellion, and because the insurgents occupied and obstinately held the Château de Bouillon against their Duke.

The appellation Collibert has of late years become associated if not identified with that of Cagot; but although it is indisputable that classes corresponding, in social position, to these pariahs have long existed in Bas Poitou, we are convinced, after wading through all obtainable

evidence on the subject, that, far from being synonymous terms, the Cagots of Angoumois and Saintonge had no connection with Colliberti in the original and correct signification of the name. Various and fantastic are the derivations that have been found for it—among others that of rain-worshippers, doubtless owing to the fact, that chiefly depending on fish for subsistence, this amphibious people rejoiced in the weather that produced a plentiful supply of eels and similar food. One authority derives the name from the Celtic *col*, serve, and *ber*, man—serving-man; but when we find frequent mention in ancient Latin of *Comlibertus* and *Conlibertus* in the sense of free-companion—*i. e.* a slave, who in company with a fellow slave, has been enfranchised by his master—the presumption is strong that we have here the original word. On turning to the actual condition of said Colliberti in the middle ages, the name bestowed in ancient times acquires a grim irony; for, bought and sold, given and exchanged, these *free companions* differed but little from serfs and slaves, from whom indeed it is often impossible in ancient charters to distinguish them. Here and there, however, we find, even in the eleventh century, indications of a traditionary superiority in the position of Colliberts over that of serfs. Thus, we read that a certain Collibert, named Vivien, who had assassinated a serf, became exempted from punishment by death, but was himself degraded into serfdom. With a curious contradiction in terms, we are told that Hugue Bronte-Saule gave the Collibert Letaldus, together with his brother, wife, and children, to the monks of St. Père, on condition that they were allowed to retain their freedom. That the children of a Colliberte by a serf appertained to the serf's master proves nothing, for it was an invariable rule in the middle ages, that the children of an unequal marriage shared the lot of the father. When we find Colliberts associated with seconds in duels, as attendant squires to the combatants, it appears conclusive that, nominally at least, they occupied a position above servility. But slight as the partition clearly was, it is not to be wondered at, if unjust and tyrannical lords so encroached on the ill-defined rights of their people, that with the lapse of time an uncertainty grew up as to the difference of condition, until at last Collibert came to be considered as merely a variety for serf, and degenerated into a term of reproach. To recapitulate: We have now traced the course by which Colliberts, which originally meant companions in freedom—*i. e.* slaves freed in companies—came to designate aliens, foreigners; hence, in inhospitable lips, it assumed an offensive sense, and has been erroneously supposed to be identical with Cagots.

Let us now retrace our steps, and we shall find that the rightful position of this much discussed sect originally resembled that of the *métèques* (μέτοικος) of ancient Greece. Whatever may have been the homes and status of their ancestors, once dispersed over France, Spain, and other countries, the Colliberts were aliens, or descendants of aliens, and formed an intermediate class between free-men and slaves. They

paid an annual capitation tax, and could only marry with the consent of their liege, which consent was bought by a considerable sum of money, and many and vexatious restrictions were imposed upon them.

We find a variety of this same appellation in the Spanish Culberts, who were foreigners established in the kingdom without possessing the arms and horse indispensable to the position of an *Infanzone* or noble.

In several parts of France are places of which the names are constructed from Collibertus—thus, Cuvertville, Coubert, &c.

Before quitting the subject of this *soubriquet*, we may just notice a pun thereon made at the expense of the great Colbert, and which cost its author dearly. Menage, on some occasion, added Collibertus to the name of Colbert, who was then intendant of Cardinal Mazarin's house, and a person of some importance. This joke reached the ears of the minister, who must have been lamentably deficient in appreciation of humour, for he revenged himself on the etymologist by depriving him of his pension, notwithstanding numberless apologies and explanations subsequently made by the luckless wag.

But little seems to be certainly known of the habits and occupations of the Colliberts, except that they were a piscatory people, generally living in the neighbourhood of rivers, and whose only homes indeed were often their boats. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries they were commonly found as hangers-on to the abbeys and other religious houses to which they or their ancestors had been granted by their liege lords. Their principal duty was to tend and guard the fish preserves, and keep the refectory tables supplied with fish—an office which seasons of fasting would render no sinecure. We may, without any great stretch of imagination, recognize their probable descendants in the Huttiers, a singular race living in vessels and rafts on the marshes and fens formed by the Sevre near Marans.

The veritable Cagots of Bas Poitou have been poor in historians. In fact, nothing is known about them, except that during and since the English occupation of that part of France, it has been inhabited by a sect, resembling in all respects the Caqueaux of Brittany and of the Pyrenees. Its members received indiscriminately the names of Creestés or Crêtes, Roux or Roussets, Caillnands or Cailhuots. The village of Temple, near Rouillac, was peopled by them, and there the epithet Pierrats was also applied to them. A few legal documents, an ancient ballad, and a Christmas carol, in Saintongeais, are almost the only trustworthy records existing on the subject, all anterior to the end of the seventeenth century. We may fairly conclude that since the Edict of Nantes these pariahs fraternised with the neighbouring Protestants, with whom they are known to have sympathized. We can only surmise as to their origin. The most probable suggestion appears to be, according to Monsieur Francisque-Michel, (one of the best authorities on the subject of the *Races Maudites*,) that their ancestors were Spanish emigrants, hunted from their territories, which they only held on

sufferance from the Frankish princes, and who settled on the banks of the Charente, as they certainly did on other rivers.

There seems to be no good reason for supposing, with some authors, that the paper-makers of Angoumois are the descendants of the outcast Cagots. It is true that, at first sight, there are points of similarity. These singular manufacturers constitute a distinct corporation, and are characterized by a remarkable reserve and obstinacy. Deeply attached to their villages, they seldom leave their bounds. They only marry among themselves, and for sole inheritance their children succeed to the hereditary trade. No outsiders are admitted, and the community has thus acquired the character of a caste. Living in an unhealthy damp atmosphere, inhaling for twelve or fourteen hours continuously the vapour from the vats, they suffer from chronic rheumatism, intermittent fever, and other maladies. They are a feeble bow-legged race, and but short lived, generally dying of pulmonary complaints. Insalubrious as is their trade, it is not wonderful if the first paper-makers who settled in the country found it necessary to recruit their ranks from the poorest and vilest of the population. It is equally natural, that having once established themselves, these workers should wish to keep a monopoly of their manufacture; and we suspect that if in a certain sense they are outcasts, it is because they cast themselves out to prevent competition.

There is not much to be said about the Burins, Chizerots, and Sermoyens. They are held in such low estimation by other Bressan peasants, that to this day, in speaking of any business transaction he has had with these pariahs, a villager considers it necessary to apologize for having condescended to traffic with them. They have the reputation of being miserly and morose, the fact being, that, industrious and frugal, they are both richer and better conditioned than those who, themselves idle and degraded, affect to despise them. The neighbours will not marry into their clan, and they can only procure servants from some distance. They are driven to intermarriages; and thus isolated by the tyranny of prejudice, they continue to form a distinct race. The Burins, who chiefly ply the trades of butchers and graziers, are a fine set of people. The men are well-grown, and have, generally speaking, black eyes. Their singular type of physiognomy is perhaps due to the unnatural conditions of their existence. The women are pretty, fair, and plump. We are reduced to conjecture as to their origin. Only the most uninquiring will give any credence to the legend which derives them from the Saracens who over-ran France in the eighth century, and who were expelled by Charles Martel.

Perhaps the derivation of no word has been more debated than has that of Cagot in its several forms. Much ingenuity and learning have been displayed in the discussion, and were it not that we hope in the course of the etymological study to get some insight into the history of the race, or at least of the popular traditions concerning it, such conjectures and researches might seem frivolous. We will only note a

few of the most plausible among these hypotheses, before passing from the name, to consider the people themselves as represented in history and legend. To begin with the Gascon name for Cagots. Monsieur Francisque-Michel derives Gaffo, of which Gaffet and Gahet are only varieties, from Gavacho, a contemptuous term applied by Spaniards to the French as aliens. By an unfortunate accident for the people so nick-named, the word Gafo also formerly bore the meaning of *unclean*, *unsweet*, which degenerated into *leprous*. It is not surprising that the two became confounded, to the cost of the unlucky aliens. Whether, as seems to us probable, the name *Gavacho* be connected with the Spanish word *Gacho*, alluded to by Mr. Borrow as synonymous with *Gorgio*—Rommany for Gentile, or a man who is not a Gypsy—the meaning is the same: in the mouth of the speakers both denote ‘one who is not of us,’—a distinction only too appropriate to the poor outcasts.

The Agotac (or Agote) of the Basques and the Navarrese, if not merely a contraction of Cagot, would appear to be simply Goth, formed with the plural termination *ac* of the Basque declination; and Trangot, a name given them at Gourdan, must be nearly related thereto. The two appellations are associated in the following prayer, anciently in use in that neighbourhood: ‘Dèü té préservé de la man Trangot, ét dél diné dét Cagot.’ (Dieu te préserve de la main du Trangot, et de l’argent du Cagot.)

We now come to one of the most ancient of all the names in question—Crestiaa; and its consideration involves a little attention to some points in the history of the bearers of it. We have just seen how readily any word that admits of a *double entendre* lends itself to the construction most in accordance with the spirit of the age, and so we shall the less wonder that a fairly obvious explanation of Crestiaa was rejected in favour of one less satisfactory. Unlike the preceding instance, however, the minority were in this case able to turn, as they hoped, to their own advantage the name given in derision by the majority. The Cagots themselves gladly adopted *Chrétien* as the origin of their nickname Crestiaa, foreseeing that they might possibly command some respect and consideration from, at least, the religious part of their countrymen, from so creditable a distinction. Their enemies, on the other hand, readily accepted an etymology which appeared to them to stamp the despised race as the hypocrites they deemed the so-called Christians. And doubtless there was some colour for this opinion. Like all maligned people, the Cagots would naturally seek, by a scrupulous attention to prescribed religious rules, to contradict the popular theory, (which represented them as ‘Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics,’ and in some places, as Renegades from the true Faith,) and to curry favour with the priests. Another confusion arising out of the use of the term Crestiaa, (which would appear to be a stumbling-block in the way of all inquiry relating to Cagots,) is that which has identified *Crétins* with *Crestiaas*. (*Chrétians*.) It is easy to see that the name of ‘les enfants éternels,’

as Monsieur Cordier poetically and not inaccurately calls them, was borrowed from the word in vulgar use for afflicted people. This is the more probable, as *Crétin* is a modern word not to be found in any work of the last century, and the most cursory study of this form of imbecility makes it clear that the connection is only in name. The mistaken identity of *Crétins* and *Crestiaas* has been confirmed by an accidental likeness between the words *Goitre* and *Goth*. The name of the throat affection, so common among Crétins, comes however from the Latin *Gutter*; and the ancient use of the word, in the sense of *throat*, is proved by the two following quotations:—

‘ Entre la gorge et le gotron
Li fist passer le fer tranchant.’

From the Roman de Rou.

And again, in an old fabliau of the thirteenth century:—

‘ Au prestre vint par les oreilles
L’aert et puis par le goitron.’

D’Estourmi, par Hugues Piancele.

To turn to what we believe to be the real origin of the term *Crestiaa*, we would first note how, with the inconsistency usually observable in false accusations, Cagots were at one and the same time reported to be leper-like, deformed, and loathsome to the eye, and yet dangerous to society, because indistinguishable unless branded by law. Branded accordingly they were. In some localities the badge was the foot of a duck or goose worn over the left shoulder; but in time the more convenient sign of a piece of yellow or red cloth, cut out and sewn conspicuously on the coat-breast, became usual. In this badge, as we suppose, a resemblance to a cock’s crest was soon discovered, and the word *Crête* became extended into *Créstat* and *Crestiaa*, and applied to the crested men. A curiously similar instance, in our own days, of the derivation of a nickname from the outward sign worn by the bearer, is that given to the custom-house officers in Jamaica. They are called ‘Pies de Gallo,’ from a likeness found in their official badge, the broad arrow or mark of seizure, to the impression of a fowl’s foot.

Bearing in mind the almost universal popular belief that Cagots were afflicted with hereditary leprosy, it would seem obvious to derive the name *Gézitains* (by no means an ancient appellation) from Gehazi; though Yezith’s name, great Emir of the Saracens, and Gitanos, (Spanish for Gypsy, contracted from *Egipciano*,) have been suggested by some authors.

We now come to *Caqueaux*, *Capot*, and cognate names for Cagot. We have not bestowed any special attention to the Breton varieties for Cagot, for though many a fanciful and local parentage has been assigned at different times to *Caqueau*, *Cacou*, *Kacouss*, &c., these names, in common with the race, appear to us to be one and the same with the

southern Cagot. Malandrin, a name by which the Breton Cagots petitioned to be called in preference to the commoner designation, alone claims any exclusive notice; and for this we can suggest no satisfactory origin, nor can we at this date ascertain why the name should be less obnoxious to the unfortunate people than that of Cagot. That it was so militates against the only guess we can hazard, namely, that Malandrin, together with Maladrerie, (as the Cagot villages were in some parts called,) came from *Ladre*, the old patois name for leper. It has occurred to us that both may spring from the simple word *Malade*.

The commonest theory concerning Cagot is, that the word is formed from *Caas Goths*, which in Béarnais signifies *Chiens Goths*. One author derives Cagot and Capot from the capes and hoods worn by them when they appeared in public. Another from *Caque*, fishy, strong, unsweet.

Having tried to discover 'what's in a name,' we will proceed to consider the most credible of the theories as to the origin of the race. But as, even at the close of the middle ages, it was a problem that none could solve, and traces then indistinct are yet fainter now, we can scarcely expect to unravel the mystery. We will therefore not enter at length into the pros and cons of the truth of each legend, but as we are considering not so much a people's history as that of a popular prejudice, will content ourselves with enumerating them categorically, and only pause over that which appears to have the most probability.

We have seen that the specious theory of etymological derivation has been adduced in favour of the opinion which derives the Cagot race from the Arian Goths, who were defeated by Clovis on the plains of Vouillé. The remnant of this unfortunate people were allowed to inhabit particular localities of Guienne and Languedoc, on condition that they abjured heresy and avoided all contact with their neighbours. At first sight there is nothing improbable in this suggestion, but anthropological arguments drawn from the most trustworthy accounts of the physical characteristics of the Cagots are as much against as in favour of it. Again taking history for our guide, it would seem improbable that after the first consternation caused by Clovis' victory, the warlike and restless Goths would quietly settle in Béarn and adjacent provinces, and forming colonies like the Cagots, cultivate the enemy's land in preference to availing themselves of the road to Spain. Masters of the passages through the Pyrenees, they would flee to a neighbouring country, which, being under Gothic dominion, would offer a more congenial refuge.

The arguments in favour of an Arabian or Saracenic origin for the Cagots appear unsatisfactory. It is of course possible, nay probable, that a remnant of Mohammedans may, after Charles Martel's defeat of Abderaman at the battle of Tours, have lingered in Gascony; but when attempting to identify their descendants, we require some sounder basis for a theory than the accusation of unsweetness made against Cagots, and the proverbial noisomeness of Eastern races. For what outcasts have not borne this unsavoury reputation? Again the name of Cagot is pressed

into the service, and twisted into *Chiens* or *Chasseurs des Goths*, because the Saracens had previously chased the Goths out of Spain. Then Saracens were originally Mahomedans, and as such obliged to wash seven times a day; hence the badge of the duck's foot. Leprosy prevailed in Syria, whence the Arabs were supposed to have sprung, and Cagots were generally supposed to be leprous. However cogent such reasoning may be, it is certain that no special country can be assigned to the soldiers who marched under the standard of Islam, for the army was heterogeneous, comprehending not only Arabs, but Germans, Berbers, and Slaves.

According to one author, Cagots are descendants of pious early Christians, who undertook pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and were rewarded for their devotion by becoming the instruments by which leprosy was introduced into their native land. History gives no support to this hypothesis, but proves the existence of leprosy in Europe in ancient times. It attracted attention as early as the sixth century, and in the eighth century Pepin le Bref legislated for the sufferers. Later, Charlemagne, alarmed at their numbers, made lepers subject to special police regulations. In Normandy, in the eleventh century, they found a champion in Duc Robert le Magnifique, who called them his 'chers lepres.' In an act belonging to the monastery of Maillezais, dated 1096, mention is made of a certain noble named H lie de Didonne, who on the eve of starting for Jerusalem with his wife and son, presents the Abbey with many valuables on condition that under its roof a poor leper, indicated by name, be entertained as long as he live, and at his death another such sufferer have the same protection afforded him. In England and Scotland lepers were in the fourteenth century considered objects of charity, but charity such as only shews the depth of their humiliation. Among other laws relating to these unfortunate creatures, we find the following act of the reign of Robert III. of Scotland: 'Fou Swine or corropted salmon sould be not sauld: It is statute, that gif any man brings to the market corropt Swine or Salmond to be sauld, they salbe taken be the Baillies; and incontinent without any question, salbe send to the Lipper folk, . . . and gif there be no Lipper folk, they salbe destroyed alluterlie.'

If leprosy may occasionally have been the effect, it undoubtedly was often the cause, of pilgrimages to the Holy Land. A great number of Gauls suffering from the dread disease, hoped, by literally obeying Elisha's injunctions to Naaman, to be in like manner cured, and did not shrink from a pilgrimage which would enable them to wash seven times in the true waters of Jordan. In England and France, Lazar-houses existed before the Crusades; but it is not surprising if the acceleration of the disease was attributed to the newly opened communication with the East, as just at the epoch of the return of the first expedition, there was a burst of religious enthusiasm manifested by the founding of leper hospitals in common with other charitable establishments. Some of

these Lazarettos were remarkable for size and beauty of architecture, especially that at Chartres, which was finished by Henry I. of England.

But we have wandered from our subject, and must return to the Cagots. They have been derived by some historians from the unfortunate Albigenses, who escaped from the massacre ordered by Simon de Montfort; but though the Cagots of Haute Navarre themselves, on one occasion, found it convenient to adopt this theory, when preferring a petition to Pope Leo X., they seem, contrary to custom, to have claimed a less ancient descent than was their due.

They were, especially in Brittany, accursed as being Egyptians, but with no better reason than the forced derivation of their name Gézitains from Gitanos, (Egyptiano,) already alluded to.

Among other suppositions was that of a Jewish origin—arising, according to Monsieur Francisque-Michel, from the mistaken reading of a passage in the Bible, which, like most mistakes, found some learned men to give it support from arguments drawn from philology. Out of this mistake arose results cruel enough to the so-called Hebrews. Laws were framed to bear heavily on their sect. Forbidden to hold land, they were deprived of any beasts found in their possession exceeding a limited number. In some localities pigs were the only animals they were allowed to own. In others, the Cagot was permitted to have an ass, and pasturage on common lands for it; but this was more in the interest of those who required his labour, and to facilitate the locomotion of the Cagot and his tools, than in his own.

Debarred from in-door trades—for no one would work nor transact business under the same roof with a Cagot—they were for all maintenance driven to shepherding, carpentering, rope-making, and draining. Even aptitude for such handicrafts brought them and their trades into yet greater disrepute; for who but the descendants of the original makers of the true Cross could so excel in carpentering? while such accomplished carpenters and rope-makers must have been destined by Providence for the despised trades of gibbet and halter-makers.

We now come to the last opinion worth recording, and it is that held by Monsieur Francisque-Michel. Summoned to the other side of the Pyrenees by the lamentations and prayers of the Christians labouring under the heavy yoke of the Arabs, Charlemagne entered Spain at the head of considerable forces. He was encouraged to take this step by the communications made to him by the Emir Soliman el Arabi. He had been promised support by the Christian population of the valley of the Ebro, and even by some of their unbelieving neighbours. But, disappointed of succour, the Emperor, fearing to have to maintain an unequal struggle against the Mussulman inhabitants of Lower Ebro and of Eastern Spain, whom he saw coming to the rescue, raised the siege of Saragossa and retraced his steps to Gaul. Following immediately on his traces were to be seen Spanish Christians, and even a sprinkling of

Arabs and Goths. These poor refugees were those of Charlemagne's partizans, who, compromised by the part they had taken, were by his precipitate retreat left a prey to the persecutions of the victorious party. They fled from their country, which they had made too hot to hold them, and took refuge in Septemania and other parts of Gaul adjacent to the Pyrenees. Their posterity remained in Southern France, distinct from the natives, and special objects of the Carlovingian Kings' care ; for, as may be supposed, they stood in great need of protection. Not very welcome guests in the country where they settled, we soon find Charlemagne seriously remonstrating concerning the treatment the refugees are reported to have met with. The Emperor appoints the Archbishop of Arles to represent their case to King Louis; while he, in emphatic terms, renews to the Spaniards the concessions of waste lands reclaimed by them. Three years later, Louis le Debonnaire confirms the privileges and protection promised to the Spanish Christians by his father, but with the addition of some very explicit conditions as to military services to be rendered ; shewing that his hospitality to the foreigners, if sincere, was not altogether disinterested. Whether his policy would have answered by securing to himself by ties of gratitude the devotion of the aliens, cannot be ascertained, as his subjects so poorly seconded his views, that a little later the King was constrained to reiterate the rights of the Spanish colonists, and to assure, not only to them and their posterity, but to future refugees, all lands which said Spaniards should have reclaimed, drained and cultivated by the sweat of the brow. And so for a time their position was changed from one of misery to that of ease if not riches. New immigrants flocked in, glad to escape from the hated Arab rule, and not foreseeing that they were soon to fall under a yet heavier yoke, a yet more cruel tyranny, that of popular prejudice, which monarchs and Churches are alike powerless to remove. Despised in adversity, the colonists were hated and envied when flourishing under royal favour. We have seen that among the Spaniards were mixed Goths and Arabs, and all the reports prejudicial to these races would be raked up and repeated by the malicious Gauls; the Goths had been Arians—spiritually distempered, they were also accused of leprosy ; and we may fairly suppose this tainted reputation would travel across the Pyrenees. But to distinguish between conjecture and fact, it is certain that in the very places colonized by Spaniards a heresy originated touching the Divinity of the Saviour, which, maintained by two Spanish Bishops, Toledo and Urgel, directed the attention of the whole orthodox world, from Charlemagne himself down to the humblest monk, to the Pyrenean haunts of the disciples of the two heretical dignitaries. That the detested refugees denied all sympathy with said heterodox doctrine, could not avert general suspicion. Monsieur Francisque-Michel further asserts, in favour of his views, that the Spanish fugitives were called Arians in the Bordelais district. This he concludes from the name of a part of the parish of Canejan in Cernès, viz. Camparrian, Campus

Arianus. If this does not appear equally conclusive to us, it is at least a more probable derivation than those assigned to the name in question by other and more ancient authors. But, however worthless their opinions, they at all events prove that when these worthies flourished and wrote in the sixteenth century, all recollection of the Spanish immigration had passed away in the Bordelais country, for no allusion is made thereto. Whether the Cagots are or are not the descendants of these same forgotten refugees, it is not surprising that the name savouring of heresy should later be attributed to the Gaffets, whose traces are to be distinguished in the immediate neighbourhood.

It would be impossible in a short sketch like the present to mention all the confused and contradictory accounts of the Cagots which have been handed down to us, and are often, owing to the havoc made among legal documents at the time of the Revolution, without date or authority. We shall therefore content ourselves with stringing together a few of those historical facts to which a date can be assigned, so as to form a connected narrative out of a mass of bewildering information.

The earliest mention of Cagots occurs in a cartulary of the Abbey of Luc; and this, somewhat amusingly, owing to the inconstancy of a certain lady, Bénédicte Garlin by name. In the year 1000, she, with her father, mother, and brother, determined on giving up the world and retiring to consecrate her life to God in a religious house. In no long time, however, the fair Bénédicte repented of her decision, and requested permission from the Abbot to re-enter the world she had so prematurely abjured, and to marry. This permission was granted on condition that the bridegroom conceded to the monastery a water-mill situated on his property, and the house of a *Crestiaa* named Auriol Donat.

With the exception of three ancient wills, of which the oldest, dated 1287, contains a legacy to the Gahets of Bordeaux, we find nothing on the subject in historical documents from the eleventh to the thirteenth century.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the law seems to have regarded and treated Cagots with some caprice according to the locality in which they were found. For instance, they are spoken of in legal documents of Guienne in such a manner as almost to identify them with lepers, while somewhat later in the Basses Pyrenees we find Gaston Phébus Comte de Foix condescending to treat with them. This Act throws valuable light on the condition of the Cagots of Béarn in 1378. It is still extant in the archives of the Prefecture. The Crestiaas therein engage to execute all carpentering services required at the Château de Montaner, situated near Pau. In return, the Comte de Foix not only grants them the right of taking from all or any of his forests the wood necessary for their work, but entirely remits a hearth-tax hitherto paid by every Crestiaa householder, while he definitely exempts them from all ordinary taxes imposed on their neighbours, but not as yet practically enforced on themselves. The points which are here worthy of notice

are, first, that these Béarnais Cagots were clearly neither serfs nor vassals to any liege lord save their sovereign, with whom we have seen them entering into direct contract. Moreover, as said contract was executed in the church of Pau, in the presence of witnesses, and of the Comte's notary from Orthez, they could not as yet have been esteemed lepers and infamous in the eye of the law. Further, the list which terminates the Act proves that the Crestiaas were at that time scattered and isolated in the different villages, as more than one such family seldom appears to have inhabited the same place.

At nearly the same period we find a sad contrast in the condition of the Cagots of a small town in Gascony. They figure in a mournful category, wherein three unfortunate classes are condemned as follows:—No Jew might touch the bread nor fruit exposed for sale in the markets. No inhabitant was allowed to buy comestibles of a Gahet, nor in time of vintage to employ such an one for hire; while the Jugglers, the favourites of the people, were prohibited from entering the houses on Christmas or other fête days, either to perform or beg alms.

But having thus lingered over these earliest glimpses of the Cagots, we must pass on to survey more rapidly their condition generally throughout Béarn, Gascony, Navarre, Guienne, and Brittany, up to the sixteenth century, when a new era in their history commences. Taking then no special note of local and legal differences, it may (in addition to what has already been incidentally mentioned when discussing the name and origin of Cagots) be generally stated that they were forbidden to occupy land or bear arms, to wash or drink in the public fountains, to appear without a badge on the coat, to walk on 'the crown o' the causeway,' to make any purchases save on Mondays, to hold any post under the small local governments, to enter a town before sunrise, or to linger after sunset. If allowed to possess sheep or pigs at all, any in excess of an appointed number were forfeited. Martinmas was a woeful season to the poor outcasts, for then the authorities of the different communes went their rounds, and reckoned up the Cagots' stock. Half of the confiscated cattle were made over to the commune, the remainder to the chief magistrate. While the villagers' flocks and herds strayed at will in search of herbage, cool water, and shade, these cattle—pariahs like their owners—were hunted and ill-treated if found exceeding imaginary bounds; or were snapped up and killed, in which case the law only interfered to the extent of authorizing the Cagot possessor to carry home with him, when possible, the dead carcass. At the same time he was obliged to pay the usual fine for any mischief done by his truant beasts. The Cagots might fatten and eat their pigs, but by a ridiculous and meddling tyranny they were only allowed to use the wool of their sheep, being forbidden to eat them or their lambs. Such little property as a Cagot might be possessed of at his death was forfeited to the commune; but this, as may be supposed, was rarely worth claiming, especially as no one not belonging to his own race would touch his furniture, which

was considered tainted and unclean. In early ages the Church scarcely treated these her poor outcast children in a maternal spirit.

Not only were the Cagots forbidden to enter their parish churches save by special doors, but these doors were invariably made so low as to render entrance a difficult and humiliating process. Specimens of Cagot doors are common in Béarn. They may be still seen in the churches of Luz, Bordes, Campan, Larroque and Guizerix, both near Castelmagnoac. The tiny apertures are occasionally found adorned by sculpture representing a dove surmounting an oak branch, with sometimes the addition of the letter C. Crestiaas were strictly prohibited from using the common *bénitiers*. Not many years ago there was to be seen in a church near Quimperle in Brittany a skeleton hand, about which the following story was told. A Cagot had presumed to woo a Breton peasant girl, and she had not declined his addresses. One Sunday after Mass he had ventured to follow her out of the church, keeping, however, at some distance. She, of course, touched the holy water with her fingers as she passed the *bénitier*, and she signed to her Cagot suitor to do likewise. Unfortunately for the lovers, the transaction had been observed by an old soldier, who was too pious a Christian to allow the desecration to be repeated or remain unpunished. The following Sunday he laid in wait; and as the Cagot, with on this occasion more deliberation, proceeded to dip his hand in the *bénitier*, the zealous veteran drew his sword and therewith cut off the offending member. Dripping with blood, the hand was hung up as an offering to the patron saint of the church.

Restricted to appointed remote parts of the churches, it was only in the most tolerant of the Pyrenean valleys that the pariah worshippers were allowed to partake at all of the consecrated bread, and then only when administered at the end of a long wooden fork. In a country church near Luz is a water-colour daub, representing a priest in the act of offering the bread, fixed at the end of a stick, to Cagots ranged at the other side of a boundary. With a cruel consistency, not uncommon in so-called religious communities, those who in life have been regarded as unlovely and unpleasant were in death divided from their fellow-Christians. A common sepulture was denied them, and they were condemned to lie in separate cemeteries from those who professed one hope and one faith with them.

Up to this time, statesmen and priests seem with few exceptions to have lent themselves to measures calculated to encourage the popular prejudice. It is therefore with a feeling of satisfaction that we find the Government in 1477 placed in a position of some perplexity, owing to the very system it had cherished. Debarred from respectable employments, bullied on all sides, shunned and maligned, the Cagots in proportion to their wretchedness had (as is frequently the case with people reduced to such abject misery that all ambition and self-respect are extinct) so increased in numbers that they constituted a class of

beggars which swarmed all over France. This too in spite of the fact, that the children of a Cagot mother were not reckoned as Cagots, although occasionally and in some localities nicknamed *Macouaous*, the *patois* word for mule. The entire separation of these mendicant hordes from *gens sains* became impossible, while their pitiable condition rendered them a nuisance to those of their more flourishing neighbours whom the teaching of religion and tradition had left in possession of any heart. Accordingly, Duc François II. was forced to take into his serious consideration the Caqueaux of the Bishopric of St. Malo, as a social evil to be disposed of. To relieve the public of the burden, he granted to each Cagot householder (stye-holder would be a more correct term) a certain amount of land surrounding his cabin. The lease, however, extended over only three years. He further sanctioned their following certain specified trades, such as rope-making, &c., while he re-enforced the rule concerning the red crest to be the badge of all the tribe. Poor Duc François little thought that, in thus attempting to remedy early and grievous errors, he was inflicting on his country a curse from which it would not escape for ages! Brittany indeed may still be said to be under the ban! By a universal law of nature, trades pursued by despised classes become in themselves obnoxious to the majority. Labour itself is brought into disrepute. As with the negroes of America, so with the Cagots of Europe; they made their special vocation only too peculiarly their own—a possession which their neighbours neither wished to take nor share in. Accustomed from association to despise such occupations as rope-making, carpentering, thatching, and draining, the majority conceived a distaste for all or most mechanical trades, which repugnance, according to Monsieur Souvestre, continued to prevail, locally at least, as late as 1835.

But flesh and blood, even the tainted poisoned Cagot blood, could not bear insult and injustice for ever; and with the sixteenth century commences a long-continued history of the struggles made by the pariahs to get themselves righted. To all complaints their enemies recriminated by representing that far from being injured, the Cagots were themselves law breakers, and disregarded the rules laid down to ensure their separation from the rest of the population. The Vallée d'Aspe abounded in Cagots, and at one time the townspeople of Oloron St. Marie and Moulin declared open war against them. According to a tradition generally believed, there was near St. Pé a Cagot village called Réouilhes, where in very early times they appear to have had a church of their own called Gleisiata.* This, if true, must have been an almost solitary case of the kind; and later, probably when this building fell into ruins, the Cagots frequented the parish church of St. Pé, which they entered by a door through which, contrary to custom, the rest of the congregation also occasionally passed. They were nevertheless forbidden to occupy the centre of the church, or to use the common *bénitier*. They also

* Ecclesia, (Latin,) church?

possessed a piece of ground, pathetically named *Paianquet*,* in the midst of the town, where they buried their dead. Later this became a Protestant cemetery, and is now the site of the chapel of the Filles de la Croix. Audacious and quarrelsome, we suppose, in proportion to their numbers, these Cagots were wont to revenge any insults offered them by their neighbours of Lourdes. On one occasion so ferocious was the conflict, that many of the Lourdians were massacred; and the victorious Cagots severing the heads from the bodies, used them to play at skittles on the Place of St. Pé. Indignant at these atrocities, the Parliament of Toulouse condemned the ringleaders of the riot to death, and prohibited all Cagots in future from entering the town of Lourdes save by the little street still called Capdepourtet.† They were only to walk in the gutters, and never to sit down within the precincts of the town. Any infringement of these laws was to be punished by the criminal being deprived of two ounces of flesh, to be taken from his back.

At Caunterets the Cagots had acquired a prescriptive right to bathe in a particular source, which was indeed called the Cabane des Cagots. But in all that well-watered valley not one little spring could be granted them! Dom Hugues Calmel, vicar-general of the Monastery of St. Savin, and the consuls of the neighbourhood, laid their heads together, and decreed that the blessed waters of Caunterets should not be degraded into a Pool of Siloam, in which their Master's poor might wash and be clean; but that any Cagot bathing by day or night was to be fined, and imprisoned, hand-cuffed, in the *maison de ville* of Caunterets. Of all the religious establishments in that Catholic country, the doors of but one brotherhood, that of the Rosaire, were open to a Cagot, should he, weary of the world's fight, wish to devote himself to good works.

In 1514, having been denied the privilege of confession by their priests, the 'Agotes ou Chrestiaas' of Haute Navarre applied to Pope Leo X. for justice and equality in religion. The Pope hereupon issued a bull, ordering that they should be admitted to Christian fellowship and equality; but what could Roman bulls avail against local tyranny? The Spanish priests discreetly received the commands of the Holy Father in silence, but tacitly refused the Cagots' communion with the faithful in life or death. Mortified and thwarted in one quarter, the Agotes now had recourse to the secular powers, and applied to the Cortes of Navarre. But small was their chance of redress in their own country! For all answer, they were taunted with their despicable origin, and reminded of the curse pronounced upon Gehazi. And so their position became rather worse than better. Charles V. framed laws in their favour; but to what purpose were laws with no assurance of their execution? The local authorities, irritated by the Cagots' presumption in complaining,

* Pax Quero, (Latin,) to seek peace.

† The Cagots *quartiers* were differently named in different localities. Amongst other such names, that portion of the parish of Bedons, Val d'Aspe, was called Carrolle—that of Borce, Pézilles—that of Etsant and of some others, Cap-det-Poun.

appropriated all tools found in their possession, and a striking lesson was given them on gratitude for blessings, by the utter starvation of one poor family, the aged father having been deprived of right and power to fish. If the Cagots voluntarily migrated from one mud village to another, suspicion and anger were aroused. While their native land was certainly not rendered attractive to them, any signs they shewed of restlessness and wish for change, were cited as fresh proofs of their descent from Abraham and his nomadic people. The forty years wandering in the Wilderness—nay the Wandering Jew himself—were quoted against them, and they were stigmatized afresh as Arabs, Saracens, Jews, and Bohemians. To be sure, in 1695 a great impulse was given to their emigration by the Spanish Government; for one fine morning the Alcaldes received orders to search out all Cagots, and to expel them from the country before the expiration of two months, under pain of having to pay fifty ducats for every Cagot found after that term. The villagers, well pleased to be authorized in ridding themselves of their detested neighbours, rose up as one man, and flogged out any of the miserable race they could find. But rumours of this unwelcome irruption had spread, and the poor fugitives found themselves denied all access to France. Numbers were hunted up into the cold and inhospitable Pyrenees, to die of starvation or to become the prey of wild beasts. Even on this forced march they were commanded to wear shoes and gloves, that the herbage and paths trodden might not be withered up and poisoned, nor the balustrades of bridges be infected, by contact with their corrupt and fevered bodies. This too was after a scientific inquiry into their condition by the King of Navarre's surgeons had been instituted.

Popular report represented the outcasts as having heated fevered blood, which rendered them liable to a species of delirium called *la Cagoutelle*, dangerous to themselves and others. In Brittany especially they were also accused of practising arts magic, of casting the *jettatura* or evil eye, of selling the charmed herb called *le bon succès*, &c., &c. Deformed and loathsome in appearance, they were always to be distinguished by a defect in the ears, one of which was said to be smaller than the other, round, gristly, and wanting the lobe. The surgeons of the King of Navarre appear to have come to the inquiry possessed with an honest conviction that the result must be the discovery of some new saline quality in the Cagot blood; but after the analysis of that of twenty-two Cagots bled for the purpose, they asserted that nothing unusual was to be detected; and they have left a description of the outward appearance of these men, which exactly corresponds to that of reputed Cagots of later times. Large, powerfully made men, fair and ruddy in complexion, with blue-grey eyes, and heavy but well-formed lips, their expression was said to be pensive and melancholy. They had certainly no great reason to look joyous!

But medical certificates were no more efficacious than Papal bulls and

Imperial edicts. Their leprous reputation was maintained by an old custom, which entailed on one meeting a Cagot the obligation to cry out 'Agote! Agote!' To this the Cagot was bound to answer 'Perlute! Perlute!' that is to say *velus* or *chevelus*, in allusion to the long hair worn by non-Cagots. The patois word 'Peloutac' became among Agotes the common Basque name for the rest of the population. Disdaining to appropriate the injurious epithets applied to them by others, the Cagots always spoke of each other as 'cousins,' which in point of fact they very generally were, in consequence of repeated intermarriages. Numberless were the peculiarities in domestic and social habits attributed to the Cagots—peculiarities which appear so inexplicable, that one fancies they must in contemporary popular estimation have proceeded from the madness called *Cagoutelle*. Among these idiosyncrasies was a propensity to take possession of the goods of others when found under particular circumstances, and which they would not have dreamt of taking but for these circumstances. For instance, an old sabot maker told Monsieur Domengine, school-master at Gèlos, that he well remembered as a boy going with his grandfather to the mountain to cut wood for making sabots. As these expeditions often lasted for more than a week, and they bivouacked out at night, they were accompanied by donkeys loaded with their *batterie de cuisine*, provisions and a change of clothing. 'My grandfather,' said the sabotier, 'arranged and packed his possessions upon the asses with the greatest care that the mouth of neither sack nor utensil should touch the mouth of any other sack or utensil; otherwise,' said he, 'should we have the misfortune to fall in with Cagots, they will speedily relieve us of our goods and chattels. In like manner, it was assumed that they had a right to appropriate any loaf found placed upside-down on the table of a member of the pure race. An old woman who attended a Cagot wedding at Oloron about the year 1780, related that she observed on the table on which the repast was spread, that some of the wheaten rolls placed before the guests were laid on the upper and convex side, instead of standing flat as usual. On inquiring the reason, she was told to hold her tongue about it, as the rolls were so placed for the Cagot guests, but both bride and bridegroom being of Cagot origin, no invidious remarks must be made. There is a custom prevailing to this day at Castel-Magnoac in the *Hautes Pyrénées*, which may have some connection with this usage. When the master of a house dining with his children and servants wishes to intimate that the meal is ended and the company to disperse to their respective occupations, he reverses his loaf of bread in sign thereof. Again, at Escos, Basses Pyrénées, a man wishing to propose marriage to a girl, makes an opportunity for doing so by inviting her and her family to dinner. No answer, however, is then expected, but a return dinner is given; and if, during that meal, the girl in question reverses the position of the loaf on sitting down, the suitor understands that he is discarded, this being an intimation that he is as a Cagot in the eyes of his beloved; that is to say, a matrimonial

connection is quite out of the question. This usage is, as far as we know, quite peculiar to Escos.

Here we may insert an anecdote, which is, however, only supported by tradition. Henri IV. is said in his youth to have courted a girl belonging to the village of Bilhères. Perplexed by her coyness and evident depression, he begs her to tell him her sorrow. Bursting into tears, she professes herself quite unworthy of his notice. 'And why?' asks the youthful prince. 'I am the best judge of that.'

'No,' replies the maiden, 'for I am a Cagote.'

'Et jou tåbe qu'en soy, aü Diou biben!' (and I also!) exclaims the Prince, carried away by his enthusiasm and by his admiration of her candour.

We omit a story of a fearful massacre at Mauvezin, because it is uncertain whether the victims were Cagots or simply Gypsies.

We learn from Molière's *Tartuffe* the meaning which the name Cagot had in his time acquired—viz. hypocrite, bigot. Thus:—

'Quoi! je souffrirai, moi, qu' un Cagot de Critique,
Vienne occuper chez moi un pouvoir tyrannique?'

Tartuffe, Act I., Scene 1.

'Oui, l' insolent orgueil de sa Cagoterie,
N'a triomphé que trop de mon juste courroux.'

Act III., Scene 3.

'Son Cagotisme en tire à toute heure des sommes,
Et prends droit de gloser sur tous tant que nous sommes.'

Act I., Scene 2.

But Clément Marot was the first author who imported this use of the word into the French language and literature. He was *valet de chambre* to Queen Marguerite of Navarre, and followed his royal mistress into France, 1533. In his *Quatrième Epistre du Coq à l'asne* occurs the following category:—

'Bigotz, Cagotz, Godz et Magodz,
Fagotz, Escagotz et Margotz.'

But dark as appeared the horizon to the poor outcasts, and stormy as was their troubled existence, a cheering sunbeam would from time to time fall across their path, inspiring them with the hope that brighter days were in store when the thick clouds of prejudice and tyranny would be dispelled. Nor were they without champions who would raise their voices, in season and out, on behalf of justice and liberty. It is satisfactory to be able to record the name of one such enlightened and liberal man, who, nothing daunted by what he had to encounter, bravely fought the battle of the weak. The Parliament of Toulouse had, in 1627, issued a decree in favour of the Cagots; but it was only in consequence of the pressure brought to bear on it by so distinguished

a man as Pierre Hevin, advocate, that the Parliament of Rennes was induced to do the same. Brittany appears to have been the very hot-bed of hatred and superstition—all the greater his credit who set himself in opposition thereto! But Hevin's kindly heart must have failed him when, the first impression produced by his eloquence past, he saw the parliamentary decree becoming a dead letter, and the popular repugnance as great or greater than before. But the good seed sown early in the seventeenth century was to bear fruit in 1681, when the pious Breton curé of St. Caradec, near Hennebont, and his flock had a law-suit with the inhabitants of the village of Kerroch, concerning the treatment of some Cagot rope-makers in the latter parish. The result was an appeal to Parliament; and the following is, in short, the decree given: 'We have decided that *Lepreux, Ladres ou Caquins* exist no longer. It is therefore decreed that the inhabitants of Kerroch, hitherto separated in chapel and cemetery, be henceforth indiscriminately admitted during their lives to bear office in the parish, and after death, to sepulture within the church.' Again, in 1690, the Parliament of Rennes renewed and confirmed said decision, at the same time that it practically enforced it, by heavily fining a certain François Thomas for libel, which libel consisted in his having designated *Henri le Bihan-Cordier*, 'Cagot!'

But the following account of war waged with the dead in the same locality shews how little laws, even when conscientiously executed, can stem or check the adverse tide of popular feeling. The register of the Breton parish of Planquenoual records the death, in 1716, of Mathurin Rouault-Cordier. The term Cordier was, in Brittany, at the period of which we are speaking, a synonyme for Cagot; indeed, it still stands as such in some dictionaries. Said Mathurin Rouault received the Sacraments of the Church on his death-bed, and was buried the following day within the precincts of the parish church. There were present, to their credit be it told, a considerable number of the local nobility, who attended the funeral in order to give weight and protection to the law. Their names, as well as that of Gaultier, Rector of Planquenoual, appear on the register. From the following page of the register, (also written and signed by Gaultier, Rector,) we learn that during the night of April the 25th, within forty-eight hours of the original ceremony, the unfortunate corpse was exhumed, carried secretly to the *Cimetière des Cordiers*, and there buried on April the 26th. But the officer of justice at St. Brieuc, being informed of the occurrence, visited the cemetery on the following day, intending to replace the body in its first resting-place. Owing to the violent opposition made by some infuriated women, he failed in his laudable purpose, and only succeeded in having it taken to his own parish of St. Brieuc, where it was salted, and temporarily deposited in the church of St. Michel. But the King's Procureur of St. Brieuc laid such strong information and complaints on the subject before the court, that orders were issued for re-interment; and accordingly, on the 15th of the following month of May, the judges royal of St.

Brieuc, supported by the Marshalsea Archers, conducted the funeral cortège back to Planquenoual, where the hated Cagot corpse was, after all its troubled wanderings, at last finally laid to rest in the parish church. Thus was the victory gained in Brittany, and thenceforth no objection was made to the burial of Cordiers in the common cemetery. This was, of course, an important step in the right direction; but it would be more satisfactory if we could learn that besides honours paid to the Cagots when dead, some amelioration was effected in the condition of the living.

Meanwhile, in the south of France the Cagots found a champion in one Intendant Pinon, Vicomte de Quincy. They petitioned Parliaments—Parliaments issued decrees. Their enemies either ignored said decrees, or in their turn petitioned Parliaments; till, in 1695, King Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau signed stringent orders, drawn up by the Parliament of Navarre, by which it was declared once for all, that the so-called Cagots were to be considered duly qualified for the reception of all ecclesiastical privileges, as well as for the usual rights and posts of citizens—putting them, in short, on an equality with the rest of the King's subjects.

While in Béarn, Bretagne, and some other provinces, the Cagots were at this epoch nominally dependent on the clergy, and under their protection, they were in Basse Navarre vassals to the local nobility, wherein they formed an exception, as being the only Basques who have ever been found to submit to the humiliation of vassalage. To this day may be seen the Cagot cabins clustering at the feet of the rocky eminences on which, flanked by towers and crowned by battlements, stand their lieges' castles. But the protection afforded to the Cagot serfs appears to have consisted in oppression and tyranny. The good example set by the Béarnais Intendant Pinon was followed in the Pays Basque by one Monsieur de Besous, who in 1697 so successfully advocated the cause of five Cagot carpenters, inhabitants of Biarritz and Arcangues, that the *Bilsar*, or general assembly, took alarm, and presented a remonstrance to the Parliament of Bordeaux. The good Besous wished nothing better than that the case should be judged on its merits; and a decision appears to have been given in his favour.

Biarritz now became the battle-plain, the scene of action towards which were turned the eyes of all interested in the result of the great conflict concerning Cagot rights and privileges. The inhabitants of Biarritz had swallowed their mortification as best they could; but with the obstinacy and insubordination which characterizes the Basque nature, they persisted in repelling any Cagot claims, and only awaited an opportunity for publicly displaying their contumacy. Such an opportunity soon offered, and the celebrated law-suit which ensued was the turning-point in the history of the Cagots. Doubtless, many an act of injustice was subsequently perpetrated—still more certainly would so deeply-rooted a national prejudice outlive legal decisions; but thenceforth not a shadow of doubt could remain on the minds of either the Cagots or their adversaries as to the result of appeals made to secular courts.

Eighteen years after the trial of the Cagot carpenters, a certain wealthy Cagot miller, named Etienne Arnould, married an heiress, also a 'Gotte or Cagotte' of Biarritz. The newly-married couple felt keenly the distinction made between them and their neighbours; and being in a position to bear the expense of a law-suit, they proceeded to petition

to be allowed to sit at church among the other Basques, and to be relieved from their civil disabilities. Arnould pursued his rights with great determination and energy against the Baillie of Labourde. Hereupon the Sheriffs, Abbé, and Deputies of Biarritz, convoked an open-air meeting on the 8th of May, 1718, whereat the townspeople, to the number of a hundred and fifty, agreed in expressing approval of the measures taken to reject Arnould and his wife from all privileges; and, seeing that not long before a certain distinguished stranger had deigned to honour with his hand and name a maiden belonging to what they politely styled 'that Cagot offal,' they deemed it high time to put an end to all attempts to equalize the races. They therefore authorized Le Sieur Jean Petit de Labat, Second Sheriff, who had taken a leading part at the meeting, to empower their lawyers to defend the cause of the pure race against Etienne Arnould and any other such presumptuous aspirants. Foreseeing that in the event of a prolonged trial their cause might fail for want of funds, they made a large subscription for the purpose. Meanwhile, no insolent Cagot was to be suffered a seat near the centre of the church. But two months later, it was officially signified to this very Sieur Jean de Labat, the leader of the open-air demonstration, that Arnould had gained his cause at the Baillage of Labourde. Unanimous in refusing justice to the recalcitrant Cagot, the Basques appealed to the highest court in Paris, where again decision was given against local superstition and tyranny.

Baffled in their attempts to get law on their side, they made an expiring effort to establish lynch law. Four years after Arnould's triumph, a carpenter named Miguel Legaret, suspected of Cagot descent, having placed himself at Mass among the other worshippers, was violently assaulted, and dragged out of church by no less a personage than the Abbé himself and two of the parish *jurats*. Legaret defended himself on the spot with a sharp knife, and afterwards had recourse to the law. The end of the affair was, that the Abbé and his two accomplices were condemned, by way of reparation, to a public confession of penitence, to be uttered on their knees at the church door just after High Mass, in the presence of all the parishioners. They appealed to the Parliament of Bordeaux against the decision, but with no better success than had attended the efforts of Arnould's enemies. Legaret was confirmed in his rights, and an end was put in the Basque country to any similar debates, by a final decision of the Parliament, dated July the 9th, 1723, by which all ecclesiastical privileges are distinctly accorded to so-called Cagots, Gahets, and Ladres. Where the law became explicit and definite as to the civil and religious rights of Cagots, it also of course levied on them the same taxes that were imposed on others, but from which they had hitherto been exempted. It was but fair that with the privileges of equality they should also assume the responsibilities and duties of their fellows; but doubtless this increased expense fell heavily on some individuals, who had been impoverished and crushed by a long course of oppression. Cases were found of Cagots so degraded and spiritless as to reject office when attainable, because by thus claiming the position of citizens they incurred the customary taxes instead of escaping with simply the payment of the *rancale*, as the Cagots' poll-tax was called. The collector of the *rancale* had the right of claiming for his dog a piece of bread of a certain weight from every Cagot householder.

During the next hundred years, incessant struggles were maintained by the enemies of the Cagots against their pretensions; but after the decided support given to these claims by the law, the contest in Béarn and Gascony commonly resolved itself into one for separate sepulture. At Condome, Monbert, in the Val d'Aspe, and elsewhere, it raged fiercely. Arguments were adduced from the Bible, and the case of Uzziah the leper was quoted—for was not he buried in the field of the sepulchres of the kings instead of in the actual sepulchres? In vain the Cagots pleaded that they were no lepers, but healthy and able-bodied. For all answer, they were told that leprosy might exist, and even taint the soul, and yet be imperceptible!

One sturdy Cagot family, by name Belone, kept up a law-suit concerning the right of common sepulture for forty-two years. Pending decision, the curé of Biarritz was obliged to pay one hundred *livres* for every Cagot corpse buried in exile, but the parishioners indemnified their priest for these heavy fines sooner than give in.

Monsieur de Romagne, Bishop of Tarbes, who died in the year 1768, was the first to allow a Cagot to take Holy Orders. But notwithstanding this and a few other instances of tolerance, the Cagots met with but small support in their claims unless enforced by law. Shortly before the French Revolution the animosity against them appears to have been in full force. Indeed, in remote corners of the country it is wonderful with what audacity both the clergy and people disobeyed the new laws for their protection.

In 1780 there lived as curé of the lovely little mountain village of Lurbes, now the watering-place called St. Christan, a certain Monsieur d'Abidos, brother to the Seigneur of the neighbouring castle. He was better educated than most of the country clergy of his time, and had travelled a good deal; but, enlightened and sensible in other respects, he shared in the prejudice entertained by his ignorant flock against Cagots. He would insult them from the very altar steps, cursing them aloud as they cowered timidly just within the church door. When on one occasion a purblind Cagot stumbled and accidentally touched the censer borne before Monsieur d'Abidos, he turned him out of the church, with injunctions never again to set his cursed foot within its holy precincts. By a kind of poetical justice, the Seigneur of Lurbes took to himself a Cagot bride; and his infuriated brother instituted legal proceedings against him solely on account of the *mésalliance*. The Parliament of Navarre non-suited the Abbé; but by some extraordinary corruption of the law he succeeded in depriving the Seigneur of the family estates, and in reducing him to the condition of a Cagot peasant. At this very day his descendants may be seen in linen blouses and wooden sabots, cultivating the lands of their grandfather for daily wages.

The French Cagots took advantage of the commotions of 1789, to destroy as far as possible the records of their pariah descent, and with such success that their historian is often left with no better guide than tradition. Doubtless this wholesale destruction of Cagot archives did much towards obliterating the ancient feud; and with the nineteenth century begins an era of comparative enlightenment and tolerance. We have seen that while statesmen, priests, and people united for centuries in cherishing rancour and hatred, the law would occasionally set itself in opposition to ignorant tyranny. Nor was it without support from men of science. We know how in 1600 the Navarrese surgeons pleaded

the Cagots' cause, and again in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the voice of science was raised in their defence.

In 1801, a Béarnais country doctor lived and practised in the Vallée d'Aspe, in the very midst of what old legal papers call 'a nest of Cagots.' The good man was touched to the heart by the sufferings of these unfortunate mountaineers. He determined to try and open the eyes of his prejudiced countrymen, and to this end wrote and published a little pamphlet called '*Le Préjugé Vaincu.*' Hoping that romance might prove more attractive to his rustic readers than dry science, he threw his arguments into the form of a fiction in five chapters, which is dedicated to both the '*Généreux Habitants des Pyrénées,*' and to the '*Pretendus Ladres.*' The story is of two lovers, whose courtship proceeds favourably till the heroine's father is informed of the Cagot origin of his future son-in-law. A rival lover is the informant, and a duel takes place between the two suitors. We do not know what success the charitable doctor's pamphlet met with, but it is satisfactory to find he had imitators. A more scientific and conclusive treatise on the physical constitution and the origin of Cagots soon appeared, by one Palasson, who maintains that they in no way differ from other Béarnais and Basques. But Doctor Guyon, who has left by far the clearest and most explicit report on the subject, states that most of the Cagots examined by him and his coadjutors undoubtedly had peculiarly rounded ears, which, however, he charitably proceeds to remark, should not exclude them from the good-will of their neighbours, nor from the power of holding office in Church or State. He says they were perfectly healthy and free from taint of any kind, attaining moreover to a vigorous old age. In one family he found a man of seventy-four; and a woman, almost as old, was busily gathering cherries. Another woman, aged eighty-three, was lying on the grass, having her hair combed by her great-grandchildren. He mentions the case of a Cagot girl with a beautiful voice, who petitioned to be allowed to sing in the choir. The organist secretly admitted her to the organ-loft; but the congregation, recognizing the clear sweet notes, hunted the unfortunate girl from the church, taunting her with the deformity of her ears, and bidding her not commit the sacrilege of singing God's praises with her Cagot tongue.

But though in remote mountain villages the prejudice was long in dying out, if indeed it can yet be said to have altogether done so, better days had dawned for the pariahs. Their champions now had precedents to produce and scientific opinions to quote, while in some neighbourhoods tolerance had gained an absolute victory. To mitigate the superstition which prohibited common worship in God's House, it was sometimes necessary for the clergy to set the example by themselves using the door appropriated to Cagots. This was done in the present century by an Archdeacon of Magnoac. On one of his ecclesiastical tours, he found the old prejudice in full force at a place called Guizerix. Determined to abolish the wicked distinction, he organized a procession of his clergy, which was headed by himself and the parish curé. The villagers seeing the imposing procession stream out of church after Mass through the despised '*l'orte des Cagots,*' followed the good example, and thenceforth used both doors indiscriminately. This demonstration suggested a practical joke to a Cagot wag in a neighbouring village called Larroque. He slyly locked the great door of the parish

church while the congregation was assisting at Mass within. He filled the lock with gravel, so as to make the use of a duplicate key impossible, and then with his friends had the satisfaction of watching the proud pure-blooded bigots file out with bended heads and bursting hearts through the small despised door.

We will just glance at Cagot literature and poetry before quitting the subject. As might be supposed, popular ballads composed by their adversaries abound. In these are to be found little but repetitions in different forms of the vulgar accusations against them. But, worthless in themselves, they served to keep alive enmity and malice, as, handed down from father to son, they were sung on every public occasion. The Cagots, on their side, celebrated their misfortunes and merits in numberless songs and choruses. From the monotonous collection before us we have chosen one or two as specimens. The first, which has no name, is an account of the wedding festivities of one Marguerite de Gourriques, and serves as a kind of frame-work, in which are preserved the best known Cagot names of the period. It dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is thus translated from the original *patois* :—

Vingt-cinq Cagots sont partis pour Orthez,
Montés à cheval

Comme des Cavaliers ;

Ils sont allés descendre à Pau,

Sur le pont des Cordeliers.

Ils y rencontrèrent Blaise,

Bien peigné

Et bien habillé :

‘ Bon jour, Monsieur Blaise,’

‘ Que demandez-vous, Amis ?’

‘ Nous demandons la maison de Mr. Caty,

Ancien marchand de vin.’

‘ Ah ! ah ! je le connais ;

Entrez, Messieurs, entrez.

Toi, Servante, va-t-en à la boucherie

Acheter de bonne viande

Et un Gigot de Mouton ;

‘ A la table il faut faire honneur.

Il achètera encore

Quelques cuillères, quelques assiettes

Et quelques fourchettes

S’il te plait.’

‘ Pourquoi avez-vous tout cela, petite amie ?’

‘ Pour faire la noce de ma sœur Marguerite.’

‘ Qui avez-vous invité ?’

‘ Le Tran de Pau

Notre Grand Maître ;

Estramon de Monein,

Notre Grand Souverain ;

Taverne de Labastide,

Notre Grand Guide ;

Maysonnabe de Sunarthe, Laborde

De Montfort, Pessot d’Aranjusun,

Pour y faire honneur,

De Rivehaute nous y aurons Ricau,

Pour tourner la broche ;

L’aimable T’amboury,

Pour écumer le pot ;

Argenton et Argouet de Nabas,
 Les grands maîtres d'affaires ;
 Monsieur Guillardony
 Pour garde-corps ; avec sa serpe.
 De Charritte nous y aurons Peyroutet
 Pour bâtir l'armoire ;
 Monsieur Champe,
 Pour arranger la chambre ;
 Cournet de Lichos,
 Pour ronger les os ;
 Chrestia d'Angous,
 Pour porter les ragoûts.
 D'Andurin ? Nous y aurons d'Andurin
 Oyhamburn, pour sonner la cloche.
 Bouillon
 Y sera avec un beau chapon ;
 Belloc
 Avec un beau bouquet.
 Nous y aurons de Mauleon, Jean de Laquille,
 Avec une corbeille de pâtisseries.
 Saubat
 Avec un beau chat—
 Pigat de Moncayolle,
 Avec la pie dans la cage ;
 Agnaut,
 Qui n'est pas meilleur qu'un autre,
 Ni même autant ;
 Canton de Castelnau
 Pour rabbatre le clou—
 Boulan de Sus
 Marte de Gurs,
 Malebraque de Préchac,
 Mounique et Chèquette d'Aren,
 Monseique Sainte-Marie
 Le grand Docte de notre patrie.
 'A Dieu je me donne, amie !
 Vous avez là la Grande Cagoterie !
 Tous ces gens là sont de notre patrie,
 Ils font des châteaux onorés,
 La Cocarde rouge au chapeau
 Le pied de Canard au Côté.'

The following is one of the commonest of the *refrains* which was tacked on to various Cagot ballads, and sung at their fêtes :—

' Terranère et Mailloc,
 Tout cela n'est que Cagots ;
 Andurans et Canarie,
 Tout cela n'est que Cagoterie—
 Quoique Cagots soyons
 Nous ne nous en fâchons pas ;
 Tous sommes fils de notre Père Adam
 Et de notre mère première,
 Arrière-petits-fils de Terranère.'

In the following translations of spirited *patois* choruses in which the Cagots are satirized, we find mention of some of the prejudices entertained by their enemies :—

'Cagot de Chanaan, des charpentiers rebut
 De l'est à l'ouest pourquoi es-tu venu ?
 Tu ne rends pas réponse ? et crois-tu en te taisant
 Cacher ton histoire aux peuples du Couchant ?
 Cagot—nous le savons—la Bible nous a dit
 Pourquoi de ton pays tu te trouves banni.
 Un temple à ton Seigneur tu voulais bâtir ;
 Un loge pour ton porc tu ne saurais pas achever.
 Tu ne sais rien faire et ce n'est pas sans raison
 Que te renvoya du chantier le grande roi Salomon—
 Aussi pour te punir de ta maladresse
 Quand tu vas à l'église, te place-t-on sur le derrière.
 Personne au bénitier ne veut mettre le doigt
 Avec un ladre tel que toi, de ton peuple maudit.
 Eh ! ne t'y trompes pas—tous nous te connaissons
 Au pendant de l'oreille, tu ne l'as suspendu.'

'Une race maudite de ladres et Cagots,
 Descendants de sauvages, de vilains Ostrogoths,
 Infectent les villages, les villes et chemins
 Nous leur donnerons en partage les hêtres, les buis, les pins.
 Avec les bêtes farouches ils doivent habiter ;
 Avec les bons Catholiques ne doivent pas se mêler.
 Réunissez-vous, jeunesse, pour les chasser d'ici,
 Pour que nous puissions aller en voyage sans les trouver en chemin.'

Of late years, numerous authors have written historical and scientific works on the Cagot race,* and not unfrequently the outcasts have constituted the heroes and heroines of works of imagination. Of these, 'Corisande de Mauléon,' by Madame de Montpezat ; 'L'Andorre,' by Elie Berthet ; 'Les Derniers Paysans,' by Souvestre, and 'On the Edge of the Storm,' by the author of Mademoiselle Mori, are the best worth reading.

It is not often that it is satisfactory to fail in obtaining information, but it has been so in this case. In none of the Béarnais towns in which we have enquired, have we succeeded in learning anything new concerning the pariahs. The old stories, chiefly learnt from song and legend, are repeated ; but the mention of Cagot names and habits seems to strike no chord, to awaken no feeling of repugnance. It may be otherwise in some of the remote valleys of the Pyrenees, and we are told that the prejudice still exists in Brittany ; but if not entirely a thing of the past, it certainly has but little vitality in the South of France.

D. HOSKINS.

* Among others, Auguste Savagner, Roux Ferrand, Reinaud, Emilien Frossard, and O'Reilly.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1874.

A FINE DAY IN HOLY-WEEK.

THE sun-light thrills on distant hills,
And freshly blows the western breeze;
It 'dances with the daffodils,'
It rustles through the orchard trees.

White, fleecy, soft, the clouds aloft
Seem flitting past the soaring lark,
And swiftly pass on the upland grass
'Their 'formless shadows,' grey, not dark.

By the copse-wood path, where the 'primrose rathe'
Is growing beside the periwinkle,
By the cowslip-bud in its woolly hood
Of soft leaves creased with many a wrinkle,

By the filbert-row, where each hazel bough
Holds its tiny pennon, Spring to greet,
Where the leafless sprays cast their wondrous maze
Of crossing shadows at my feet,

By the soft fresh grass, where as I pass,
I may step on nine daisies, Spring's sure sign,
By the elm tree old, where like stars of gold
Glitters the hardy celandine.

Turn where I will, beside me still
One cold dark shadow must ever move—
By the old elm tree, on the sunny lea,
On the orchard slope, in the hazel grove.

Turn where I will, around me still
The earth is alive with the glow of Spring ;
The soft sweet showers have brought the flowers,
And wakened the birds their joys to sing.

' O earth, earth, earth,' I said, ' this mirth
Befits not thee, in these sad days ;
Cold cheerless rain, wild tears of pain,
Were meeter now than the sun's bright rays.'

Full, eager, loud, from the fleeting cloud,
A glad song burst above my head—
The lark's last note, as he seemed to float
Down, gently down, to his grassy bed.

' Look to the sun, faint-hearted one—
Look up,' he sang, ' then thou shalt find,
The shadow of ill, that haunts thee still,
The ghost of Self, will fall behind.

It was not earth, nor her sweet mirth,
Her birds, her flowers, that earned the curse :
'Tis thine own sin, the heart within,
That casts its gloom on the universe.'

Hushed the lark's voice, and then, ' Rejoice,
Rejoice, O child of God ! alway,'
A holier voice, a ' still small Voice,'
Spoke in my silent heart that day.

' Thou may'st not stain, with thoughts of pain,
The triumph of thy dying Lord :
Good gifts for men He sought to win,
Ev'n for His foes, so runs His Word.

Then ye, His friends, the gifts He sends
Receive with humble joyfulness ;
These blessings take, for His dear sake,
And love Him more, nor mourn Him less.

He is thy Sun—then, faltering one,
Press onward, onward to the Light,
So, undismayed by Sin's cold shade,
Thou shalt find earth still fresh and bright !'

R. L. C.

COUSIN MARGARET'S GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS.

(A FRAGMENT.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS.'

'I sometimes think, Alice,' said Cousin Margaret, 'that even if I live, as the doctors say I may do for many years, I shall never join in our Good Friday services again, except in heart. Do not look so sad, dear child; you know there are two things for us to do in this world—to work and to suffer. I have had thirty years of health and strength for working in, and we must not murmur now because my turn is come for suffering. It seems to me, Alice, that to be permitted to suffer for our Blessed Lord is even a greater privilege than working for Him.

'Think what it is to be called to fellowship with Christ's sufferings—to be enabled by experience to understand something, however little, of what He bore for us, and so—if I may so say, with all reverence—to sympathize with Him! Then remember those wonderful words of St. Paul, "Filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His Body's sake, which is the Church!" Is it not wonderful to think that every pain and sorrow which we bear patiently and cheerfully, as fellow-sufferers with our Lord, is an added drop in that cup which must be filled before the consummation of all things, for the perfecting of His Church through suffering, and so is hastening on the coming of His Kingdom?

'And I have been wondering to-day, Alice, while you were at Church, whether it may not be, that if God sees us willing and thankful to bear as much as He will vouchsafe to entrust to us of the talent of suffering, He may be willing to spare the more some one of those dearest to us—and so we may have the inestimable privilege of sharing, in some faint degree, our Saviour's especial work, by bearing the sorrows of others in their stead. But these are only my own wonderings, you know, my discreet little nurse; so you must not take them for more than they are worth.'

'It is very beautiful,' said Alice, as her thoughtful eyes came back from the sweet spring landscape over which the twilight was softly gathering, and rested on her cousin's fair patient face. 'But I don't think I could feel so—at least, not often—it must be so hard!'

'It is hard sometimes,' said Cousin Margaret. 'But then, you know there are so many blessings that are easier to grasp. Don't you know how, in a large family, if there is one child weaker than the rest, or one who is in pain or trouble of any kind, the parents, though they are loving to all, yet are specially tender to that one? How the father, after his day's work is over, will go and sit down by it, and talk or sing to it; and the mother, busy though she may be, will find plenty of time

to soothe and comfort it, while the other children are at school or play, and it is fretting perhaps at its own helplessness. Well, Alice, have we not this to think of: "As a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord gracious to them that fear Him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." And so, while on the one hand we have the privilege of sympathizing with our Blessed Lord in His sufferings, on the other hand we have the consolation of receiving His sympathy in ours. He has a special tenderness for His suffering members, and even when He calls upon them to follow Him up to Mount Calvary, bearing their cross, He strews roses in their way, such as none strewed for Him—little comforts, little pleasures, little alleviations of all kinds—to make the way seem to us shorter and easier. Just so, when the Jewish people followed Him into the wilderness, He suffered them to tarry with Him three days, *having nothing to eat*, thus permitting them to know something of the fellowship of His sufferings; but then, in His thoughtful kindness, would not *send them away* fasting, lest they should faint by the way, and so stretched forth the right hand of His Majesty to supply their need, not suffering them to be tried above that they were able; though when, after His own long fasting and temptation, *He was an hungred*, He would not even speak a word to relieve His own affliction, but waited till in His own good time His Father should send His appointed messengers to minister to Him.

'I remember long ago hearing part of a conversation on suffering, between my father and a friend of his, for whom I had a great veneration, though, like most people, I was a good deal afraid of him—a stern rugged man, who often did injustice to the depths of tenderness and sympathy which lay hidden in his heart. I can see him now, standing by the window in our dark London house, with his great sad eyes looking far away from everything present, talking on in his dreamy way, as if just thinking aloud! "It seems to me," he said, "that there is some mysterious connection between physical pain and the near Presence of God! Think of the examples we have in the Bible of those who had special revelations of His Presence. Jacob bore to his dying day the painful traces of his close contact with the Godhead. Look at Isaiah, crying out before his vision of the Most High, '*Woe is me! for I am a man of unclean lips!*' and Daniel's words are still more remarkable—'*There remained no strength in me, for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength!*' It may be that only so could he have received the Vision. 'Our God is a consuming Fire,'—and I look upon bodily suffering as His Touch, overwhelming alike to all of flesh and blood, but depending in its results on the spirit in which it is received—lifting up the faithful, like Daniel, and 'setting them upon their *knees*' first, mind! and then enabling them to 'stand,' 'trembling' for a time, till the full strength is sent; but crushing the rebellious to the dust."

'It is a wonderful thought, Alice, and I have often felt grateful to him since for giving it to me ; though he little thought I was listening, and I did not understand it then ! It is the same idea that you and I met with the other day, in reading the Dream of Gerontius—

"Consumed yet quickened by the glance of God !"

the same which, in the Middle Ages, gave rise to the mystical belief in the *Stigmata* or Impression of the Five Sacred Wounds being bestowed on those who had attained to great holiness ; only by him the privilege seemed to be placed within the reach even of those who follow afar off—if only they *are* following.

'And then, Alice, there is another thing. Do you remember that after our Lord had sent forth His disciples to teach in His Name, when they returned to Him, tired and excited no doubt with their new work, He told them to "come aside into a desert place and rest awhile" ? I have often thought what a wonderful season of refreshing and stablishing to their spiritual life that must have been ! but I do not suppose they wished for it at first—most likely they would have preferred being sent forth again to do some active work for their Master, to see more fruit of their labours, and only afterwards they would feel how wise and kind He had been in giving them this time for communion with Him and renewal of strength for their work. And just so, it seems to me so well for us to be called aside out of the toil and bustle of a noisy life, and to have leisure and solitude for drawing near to our dear Lord, and receiving from Him greater supplies of nourishment for our own spiritual life in a way that we cannot do in the midst of work-a-day things ; lest, when we have taught others, we ourselves should be cast-aways. But I chafed against it at first, Alice, and am only just beginning to feel that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Then, you know, there is the comfort of being able to realize and *appropriate*, so to speak, many parts of this dear Book,' added Cousin Margaret, as her eyes fell on the Bible in her lap, 'which must be shadowy and unreal to those who have not known suffering, and the further privilege of being able to sympathize in the troubles of others, and perhaps to be of such use to them as we could never have been if we had not felt what they are feeling. It makes such a difference if a person can say to one, "I know exactly what you mean, for I have gone through it myself !" And that is why our Blessed Lord's sympathy and help is so precious and so perfect—because "in all our afflictions He was afflicted," and so He knows just what things are to each one of us individually.'

'But, Cousin Margaret,' said Alice brightly, 'it seems to me that there is a great deal of doing as well as suffering in all this—as if it were the two works turned into one !'

‘I believe you are right, dear child,’ said Cousin Margaret. ‘And we shall not wonder at that, if we remember the legend of the Cross, and think of it as the Tree of Life, bringing forth its fruit every month, drawing its strength and beauty from that

“living stream, as crystal clear,
Flowing from out the Throne;”

by which we mean the grace of the Holy Spirit—taking root downwards, by God’s mercy, in this sinful earth, but bearing fruit upwards in the pure light and air of Heaven, and so forming, as it were, a Jacob’s Ladder of reconciliation between God and man, and consequently of communication between the Church Triumphant and the Church Militant.’

There was silence through the darkening room for a while. The twilight had gathered grey and sombre over the rich undulating plain, and the wooded knoll where the church still shewed dimly against the dark sky. Then slowly the clouds parted, and the whole scene became luminous with silver radiance; the church, wet with past showers, rose white as a bride above its trees. ‘Look, Alice,’ said Cousin Margaret, ‘there is our last lesson for to-night.’

‘The Moon above, the Church below,
A glorious race they run:
But all their glory, all their glow,
Each borrows from her Sun.’

‘I am the Light of the world,’ therefore ‘ye,’ My members, ‘are the light of the world,’—‘Shine ye as lights in a dark place.’

MY BABE’S PASSION.

My little child lay calm and still
Upon my knee;
But that I knew he could not live,
I might have thought that God would give
Him back to me:
I listened to each troubled breath,
And waited patiently for death.

A sudden spasm crost his brow,
He clenched his hands;
I whispered to him on my knee,
‘Now in the dark Gethsemane
My darling stands.’
For I was bearing all he bore,
Knowing that Christ had gone before.

He opened wide his dear blue eyes,
 So full of pain ;
 The moisture started to his brow :
 'The crown of thorns he weareth now !'
 I said again ;
 Then I could better bear to see
 My little one's dread agony.

His little limbs grew stiff and cold,
 He bowed his head,
 Then deeply from his heart he sighed ;
 'Now is my darling crucified !'
 Through tears I said.
 Less bitterly I felt my loss,
 When musing on the Christ's dear Cross.

I thought him gone—when such a smile
 Came o'er my boy,
 I could not think of him as dead,
 But as his angel spirit fled,
 Was filled with joy :
 'His blessed Easter has begun ;
 With Christ shall rise my little one !'
 E. M. LAIGH.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. LUKE, II. 41-52.

- 41 Now His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover.
 42 And when He was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast.
 43 And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem ; and Joseph and His Mother knew not of it.
 44 But they, supposing Him to have been in the company, went a day's journey ; and they sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.
 45 And when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him.
 46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.
 47 And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers.
 48 And when they saw Him, they were amazed : and His Mother said unto Him,

Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing.

49 And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought Me? wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?

50 And they understood not the saying which He spake unto them.

51 And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but His Mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

'It was usually the custom for children to accompany their parents to the feasts, as soon as they were twelve years old. It was not commanded by the Law that women should go up, though they frequently did so.'

'It seems very strange,' said Cecilia, 'that they should have gone a whole day's journey, on their way home, without missing their child.'

'Large companies set out together, so that one person might easily be supposed to be with one or other of the numerous parties, who made up the whole company; and it would not be till the evening, when families assembled together, that they would discover who were the missing members. The first day's journey was usually a short one, beginning late in the day, and only lasting long enough to get well out of the city, so as to be ready for the early start on the morrow.'

'What are the Doctors?' said Ellen.

'The learned men; Scribes and Rabbis, expounders of the Law of Moses. It was their custom to catechise the youths who came up to the Temple; and on rare occasions, as a mark of great favour, one was invited to sit on the bench amongst them, instead of below, at their feet; and here our Lord seems to have been, when He was found by His Mother.'

'What gentle authority there is in her words to Him!' said Mrs. Dalton.

'Do you notice the quiet reproof which His answer contains—first for calling Joseph His father, when His only Father was God; and then for interposing her authority between Him and His Divine mission? There is the same meaning implied in these words, as in those spoken at the beginning of His Ministry—"Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come;" and afterwards—"He that doeth the Will of God, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother." Christ was a human being, the son of Mary, living under the care of Joseph, and as such He was obedient unto them; but He was obedient to a higher law, the law of His Divine Nature: according to that, He worked miracles; and according to that, He was now in His Father's House; not indifferent to His mother's anxiety—that He could not have been—but disregarding it, in the higher duty which lay before Him. This is the first intimation we have—I do not think we shall be wrong in supposing it was the first intimation His parents had from Himself—of His superhuman nature; whether they were reminded of it again, except by His superhuman holiness and innocence, before the time when the Voice came from Heaven, "This is my beloved Son," we do not know.'

‘But, after saying this, He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them.’

‘Yes; He who had said “Honour thy father and mother,” Himself set the highest example of obedience.’

‘I wonder that they did not understand what He meant,’ said May.

‘My dear, we never do understand things as we ought to do; since the wondrous manifestations that had accompanied His birth, He had been for twelve years their own, living with them as any other child lives with its parents. It is no wonder if they were startled and perplexed, when He told them that He had a higher duty than subjection to them—a Father whose claims were more than Joseph’s.’

‘The last verse puzzles me very much,’ said May. ‘How could Jesus increase in wisdom, when He was already God?’

‘It is a perplexing question, my dear; the only explanation we can offer is, that Jesus, being perfectly man, as He was perfectly God, passed through all the stages of human nature. He was a child, with a child’s unformed mind, no less than its weak body; and so He passed into the age of boyhood, where we find Him admired, but still treated like other boys, by the Doctors of the Law, who, had they known what He was, would have prostrated themselves before Him; and so He continued up to the mature age of thirty, His human body and human mind passing through the various stages of man’s nature. He was always perfect, but it was a perfection which changed with His age; perfect as an infant, perfect as a man.’

‘I do not think that makes it any easier to understand,’ said May.

‘No, it does not; it only renews the difficulty; it still remains one of those mysteries which we cannot understand. Our own nature, the connection between our souls and bodies, contain mysteries which baffle all our powers to comprehend them; far more must this be the case, when we think of Him, who in Himself united the nature of man to that of God. But if we cease to try and investigate, there remains great comfort in this verse; it reminds us forcibly of the truth, that Jesus was really and truly MAN, through all the stages of human life—infancy, childhood, boyhood, up to the age of full-grown man; *how* He so existed, *how* He could be, during all the time of His life on earth, fully God, and yet pass through the weakness and helplessness of infancy as man, it is quite impossible for us to conceive; but we may be thankful that it has pleased Him thus to take our nature upon Him; had it not been so, had not a Person of the Godhead become man, we might indeed have looked with reverence to our Creator and Preserver, but we should never have known, as we do now, never even have imagined, that He could feel for us—could understand, not only our highest aspirations, but the small daily emotions which make up the life of man; God would have seemed to us too far above His creatures to have any sympathy with them, had He not revealed Himself to us, bearing our nature. Now, not only have we a friend in God, but we know that He is so; not only does His

sympathy and love for us exist, but it has been displayed so that we can understand and believe in it; or, on the other hand, we might have fallen into the error of the heathen, and in our craving for divine sympathy, have invested, in imagination, God with the sinful desires of human beings—have imagined a God about on a level with an average man, lower than the ideal even of the best man. In the person of Jesus, the Son of God and man, we have a picture of what a perfect man should be; we see which of our desires, emotions, feelings, are innocent, and which are part of our fallen nature; and while we see and feel His sympathy with us, we see also what is the perfection which we should try to imitate.* One way of reading the Gospels is, to mark the indications of our Lord's human nature, His human feelings, the links which bind Him to ourselves, in the midst of His superhuman power and superhuman goodness. But we will not dwell longer on this mysterious subject, though perhaps there is no thought which will more cheer and sustain us through life, than the belief that Jesus was really and truly a man; and that the sorrows we feel were felt by Him, not merely in His sympathy for us, but as realities to Himself.

‘And now,’ continued Mr. Dalton, ‘we have come to the end of the chapter, and I must go; I have stayed already longer than I meant.’

Warm thanks for his explanations were given by the girls, who, after lingering a few minutes talking over what their father had said, settled down to their occupations.

(To be continued.)

EASTER SONG.

AWAKEN, Earth, awaken!
 A light is in the skies,
 A sudden joy hath taken
 All nature by surprise;
 Put off thy winter sadness,
 Put on thy vernal gladness,
 And open all thine eyes!

Long time hast thou been sleeping
 In slumber deep and sound;
 But now bright things are peeping
 Above us and around:
 The sweet blue sky is shewing,
 The soft west wind is blowing,
 And flowers hide the ground.

* See Goulburn's Pursuit of Holiness, chap. x.

Ye heavy eyes and tearful,
 Look out across the earth;
 How bright is Spring, how cheerful,
 How gay with holy mirth;
 For Spring so richly, laden,
 Is but the loved handmaiden
 Of one of greater worth.

For in the midst, attended
 By Spring and all her flowers,
 Comes one, effulgent, splendid,
 The queen of days and hours;
 With crowns of the Victorious,
 With sceptres of the Glorious,
 Lo! Easter Day is ours!

Truly the Rod of Aaron
 A wondrous Bud hath borne;
 Truly the Rose of Sharon
 Bloometh without a thorn;
 Sweet Spring, we love thee truly,
 Because thou bringest duly
 The Resurrection-morn!

F. HARRISON.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CX.

THE CHOICE OF THE EMPEROR.

1516-1521.

It is difficult to us to estimate what the Othman Empire seemed to Europe all through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That first Mahometan outbreak, which had over-run all the East, mastered Northern Africa, and for a time held Spain, had been stopped at Tours; and since that time, foot by foot, the European ground had been won back again.

But the Turkish invasion had been far more terrible. The Saracen Arab had the capacity for the virtues as well as the faults of Ishmael. He was never devoid of a certain kind of chivalry, and was susceptible of high cultivation and refinement; but the Tartar foundation of the Turkish character was at once ferocious and stupid. The mission of the Turk seems to have been simply to ruin and destroy.

The Empire of Constantinople had been at first the bulwark of the

Christian community; and when that had gone before the victorious Solymán, the republic of Venice and the kingdom of Hungary, backed by the Empire, became the frontiers, and had to bear the brunt of danger. They did their work bravely; but the long wars of Italy had weakened the Venetians, so that if they had had a vigorous enemy on the Turkish throne they would have hardly been able to make head.

Fortunately for them, however, a weak prince was reigning during the worst times of Lombardy; and when an able and warlike Sultan came to the throne in 1512 in the person of Selim I., he turned his arms to the East before attacking the West. Some borderers sent to ask on his accession whether they should continue their tribute of carpets. 'Tell the infidels,' he said, 'that the father of carpets is gone, and the father of clubs is come in his stead.'

He spent the earlier years of his reign in a war with Persia, and gained such victories, that he designed the entire conquest of the kingdom, but paused first to subdue the Mameluke dynasty in Egypt and add that country to his dominions. His progress caused great alarm both in Germany and Italy. Forays of savage horsemen came across the Danube, and men of the best blood in Germany perished on the battlefield, or wore out their lives as slaves in Turkish dungeons, and the towns on the Italian shores were subject to the descents of their pirate ships and those of the Moors. Recanati had been many times pillaged, Ostia twice; and the only worthy object of the Lateran Council had come to be to arrange a crusade against them, uniting all the powers of Europe, to check the progress of Islam. This was joined with the building of St. Peter's as a worthy object for alms of the faithful; and no doubt there were some sincerely desirous that it should be accomplished. The learned Greeks, refugees in Italy, contributed to urge Leo to the rescue of Constantinople, ere the barbarous Turks, sworn foes to all that savoured of idolatry—nay, even to all 'likenesses' of any created thing—should have utterly destroyed every remnant of ancient Grecian art. Did not the tripod of twisted serpents, presented by Lysander after the Battle of Platæa to Apollo at Delphi, still deck the hippodrome? Were not statues of Phidias still existing there? and did not Athens still own her Parthenon with all its friezes? Were there not stores of manuscripts of ancient writers, that the Frank world had only learnt too late to value? What an incitement for a Pope, whose delight was in researches for classic beauties, and to whom the finding and identifying a statue or a gem was a prime enjoyment!

And in the old Christian chivalrous spirit, Maximilian viewed the proper work of the Emperor as the leadership of all Christian princes in such an enterprise. It had been the chief vision among the many of his life; but he was growing old, and perhaps had learnt to depend on himself no more than others did. Nor does he seem to have had much hope of his heir, young Charles, who was a perfect contrast to himself. The one was all physical, and no moral, courage; the other could only put

on a show of physical courage by the force of the strong resolution that controlled his sensitive nerves. Besides—out of all the nations whose blood met in the veins of Charles, it was the Fleming that predominated; and Flanders had always been on ill terms with Maximilian. The grave thoughtful lad shewed no brilliancy; and though he studied earnestly, and his Aunt Marguerite and his tutors, Antoine de Croy, Sieur de Chièvres, and Adrian Florissan of Utrecht, Dean of Louvaine, thought highly of his powers, no one else seems to have suspected them. They had practised him already in opening all despatches immediately, even if they arrived in the middle of the night, and in giving an abstract of them to the Council, and listening to the deliberations, so that he already had a considerable knowledge of affairs. Having been born in the first year of the century, he was almost sixteen, when on the 22nd of January, 1516, died his maternal grandfather, Fernando the Catholic. This King had been sick of an intermittent fever for months past, and it had resulted in dropsy; but he was restless and oppressed, and wandered from place to place in search of relief, until at a village called Madrigalejo in Andalusia he found himself too weak to go farther, and was forced to find shelter in a small priory belonging to the friars of Guadalupe. Then it was remembered that he had been warned to beware of Madrigal, and had accordingly refrained from visiting the town of that name in Old Castille.

Charles had previously sent the Dean of Louvaine to Spain, with powers to assume the regency in case of his grandfather's death. On the news of the King's illness, the Dean hastened to Madrigalejo; but Fernando would not see him, and ordered him to leave the place. The dying man's real love was not for the Flemish youth he had never seen, but for the next brother, who had been born in his own palace, bore his own name, had been brought up under his own eye, and was of a gentle docile nature. He wanted to leave him the regency, but the Councillors represented that as the Infante was not yet fifteen the only effect would be to set the brothers at variance before ever they had met; and when he wanted to provide for the youth by the Grandmasterships of the great military orders, they replied that this would be a fruitful cause of jealousies.

'Fernando will be very poor!' said the King, with tears.

'He will have the good will of his brother, and that will be better for him than all,' returned the advisers.

The King consulted them who they wished to have as Regent; and they begged for the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes de Cisneros, the best and most pious of all the statesman cardinals. Thus therefore was he nominated, immediately before Fernando's death. The Dean of Louvain produced the authorization he had received; but as Charles had no power in Spain at the time it was given, the nobles would not accept it.

Charles at once sent orders for his own proclamation as King of Castille and Leon, much to the displeasure of the Spaniards, since he

thus entirely passed over his poor insane mother, the real heiress; and all Ximenes' resolution was needed to carry out his determination. He was very anxious that the new king, Carlos I., as the people called him, should arrive, be crowned, and assume the government; but as long as the war continued between Francois I. and Maximilian, this could hardly be done.

Moreover, Maximilian, viewing him no doubt as sufficiently provided for, had hatched a stranger scheme than ever, namely, to resign the imperial crown to Henry VIII., on condition he would advance the money for raising troops to drive the French out of Italy and fight the Infidel. Henry actually sent Cuthbert Tunstal, Archdeacon of Chester, to visit Germany, and report upon the offer; and the very sensible letter written by this ecclesiastic is still extant. He tells Henry that 'by the constitution of the Empire, the Kaiser must be a native of Germany and subject thereto; whereas your Grace is not, nor never since the Christian faith the Kings of England were subject to the Empire, but the crown of England is an empire in itself, much better than now the Empire of Rome, for which cause your Grace weareth a close crown.' He goes on to explain that an Emperor must necessarily first be King of the Romans, and that Maximilian did not mean to resign this crown, so that a nominal Emperor would be a mere sham; and he concludes, 'I am afraid lest the said offer, being so specious at the first hearing, was only made to get some money of your Grace.' Tunstal also pronounced the Emperor's court to be a 'place of great dissimulation and fair words, where no promises are kept.'

It was but too true. The Last of the Knights, as Maximilian in his younger days had been termed, had broken so many over-hasty pledges in his youth, that he had grown callous either to making or breaking them. There was, however, this difficulty about the accession of Charles—that in the days of bitter warfare between the Popes and the House of Hohenstaufen, it had been made a constitution of the Church that no King of the Two Sicilies should ever be Emperor. Now by conquest Naples and Sicily had been united to Aragon, and Maximilian was—while making this very offer to Henry—trying to persuade Leo X. to send him the Imperial crown to Germany, so that he might make a vacancy as King of the Romans, and get his grandson elected.

However, there was a general pacification among all the powers, with plenty of marriages between their children. The young King of Spain's hand was transferred from the late king's daughter Renée, whom he might have married in a few years, to the infant Louise, child of the present king, François, bringing as her dowry the French claim to Naples; while Henry VIII. promised his little daughter Mary to a future Dauphin, not yet born, and further resigned Tournay to the French, on considerable compensation being made to himself and to Wolsey, both for city and for bishopric. The treaty made at Noyon was the conclusion of the wars begun by the League of Cambrai.

It opened the way for Charles to go to Spain, though still he did not venture through France, but made the long voyage, and landed at Villaviciosa in the Asturias, on the 17th of September, 1517, while Cardinal Ximenes was lying sick at the monastery of Aranda on the Douro. There was something alien in nature between the grave majestic Spaniard and the open-hearted lively Fleming; and the gentlemen whom Charles had brought from his home regarded the great Cardinal with jealous dislike, and persuaded the young king that he was a domineering prelate, fond of power, who must be kept at a distance. Charles, submissive to his governors, and slow to learn to think for himself, made the cruel mistake of attending to their dictation, and wrote a letter thanking the Cardinal for his services, and naming a place of meeting with him, where to obtain the benefit of his counsels, after which 'he would be free to return to his diocese to enjoy the reward that Heaven alone could bestow.'

Charles has been exceedingly blamed for this letter, as an instance of cold ingratitude; but it really is hard to say what reward he could have given a man who was already Archbishop and Cardinal, and whose holiness of life certainly was a reason for supposing that he would not by preference be a statesman instead of a pastor. Ximenes was already very ill, and many historians have not scrupled to say that this letter was the finishing stroke, but this scarcely seems probable. He tried to write a last letter to the King, but was too weak to finish it, and died on the 8th of November, 1517—his last words, '*In Te, Domine, speravi,*'—'In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.'

In the meantime, the Lateran Council finished its work, and broke up with the proclamation of a general Crusade against the Turks. Prayers were put up in the churches of Rome; Leo walked barefoot in procession, and sent forth briefs to all the Christian princes, calling on them to lay aside their dissensions and unite in the common cause. The whole scheme of the campaign was prepared. The Emperor was to lead all his German subjects across the Danube by land to Constantinople. The Kings of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, were to unite their fleets at Carthagen, the Pope to join them at Ancona, and all together sail up the Mediterranean for a fresh Latin conquest of Constantinople. A five years truce in Europe was proclaimed; collections of money were everywhere made, and the most distinguished Cardinals were appointed as legates to each country.

To England fell Cardinal Campeggio, an able man, but not of large wealth. On the tidings of his coming, Wolsey, resolved not to admit a rival authority, caused him to be detained at Calais till his own name had been added to the legatine commission. Reports, during this detention, reached the Cardinal of York, that his Italian colleague had come very ill provided with gear of any kind; and thinking that this lack might bring the office into contempt with the English, Wolsey despatched twelve mules and a large provision of scarlet cloth, to meet

him at Dover, and enable him to make a more respectable appearance. The refined Italian, used to a society where taste and elegance were more highly esteemed than wealth, must have been amused at the precautions of the butcher's son. However, the red cloth was disposed of in housings for the animals and covers for their packs. All the towns on the way did honour to the legate. At Blackheath mounted gentlemen met him; in the borough, the London clergy in procession and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen came forth to greet him in a Latin speech, recited by Sir Thomas More; but unfortunately, in Cheapside one of the mules became restive, and threw the others into confusion; there was a downfall of all the scarlet boxes, and when the crowd ran to behold copes equal to the display of the Cardinal of York, and splendid gifts for the King, they found nothing but emptiness or stuffing, and went off scoffing at beggarly foreigners.

There was a grand reception a few days later at the Palace of Westminster, where the King sat on his throne, with all the spiritual peers on one side of him, then including mitred abbots as well as bishops, and the temporal peers on the other; and Wolsey and Campeggio, as papal legates, came up the centre, with their pillars, crosses, and hats borne before them, and each sat down in a chair of state covered with cloth of gold. Campeggio made a speech in Latin, to which Henry replied with ease in the same language. Another speech by Campeggio's brother set forth the objects of the mission; to which one of the Council replied that the King of England needed not to be reminded of his duty as a Christian man.

The King and the legates then had an hour's private consultation, after which there was a great banquet; but though many of the English nobles were angered at seeing no councillor admitted save Wolsey, whose arrogance filled them with jealousy, they had at least the satisfaction of hearing that no grant of money had been promised, no business concluded, and no special respect shewn to Rome. Probably if the Crusade had taken place, plenty of Englishmen would have rushed to it; but no one as yet believed in it in England, although Leo had so entirely won the heart of François I., that France had allowed his nephew, Lorenzo dei Medici, to subjugate Urbino, the appanage of her faithful old ally, Alfonso di Este. Giuliano dei Medici, the Pope's younger brother, had married Filiberta of Savoy, the King's aunt, shortly before his death; Lorenzo was now to marry Madeleine de la Tour, a lady connected with royal blood, and came to the court of France in time to represent his uncle the Pope as sponsor to the young Dauphin, the other sponsors being the Duke of Lorraine, and the King's sister Marguerite, lately married to the Duke of Alençon. Lorenzo's baggage did not resemble Campeggio's. He brought thirty-six sumpter horses, whose burthens would bear inspection, as they contained, among other things, a state-bed of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. There were grand tournaments, and his wedding was a splendid one. This

connection between the French royal family and the house of Medici, begun by Leo at Bologna, was one of the influences that had the most effect on the course of history.

The Empire viewed the Crusade not only as a religious war, but as one vitally affecting its own stability, since the Turks were on its very borders. Maximilian assembled his last Diet, at Augsburg, in the summer of 1518, hoping—like his great predecessor, Friedrich of the Red Beard—to crown his life of failures with an old age of glory under the Cross; and with this view he convoked the princes of the Empire, canvassing them, at the same time, for the election of his grandson Charles to be King of the Romans. Friedrich the Wise was of course present, and was a strong influence against Cardinal Cajetan, who wanted to have more money raised in Germany for the Crusade, and committed to Roman keeping.

To this Friedrich, at the head of the opposition, replied by requiring that ten grievances should be redressed—among which, two were the indulgences and tenths for a war never entered into. Neither would they elect Charles, as to do so while his grandfather was still King of the Romans, would have been against the constitution.

This opposition on the Elector's part made Pope and Emperor recollect that Wittenburg was in his territories, and that Brother Martin, in a Chapter of his Order, at Heidelberg, had been setting forth a new set of propositions, paradoxes as he called them, all bearing upon the necessity of faith rather than of good works. Many persons had disputed with him, but others had become his friends—in especial a young Dominican named Martin Bucer, from Alsace, who afterwards became a strong influence against Catholicism. All this stirred up Maximilian to write to the Pope to request him to silence the dangerous Augustinian; not, however, before a citation was actually on its way, requiring Martin Luther to appear at Rome. It reached him on the 7th of August, 1518, while the Diet was still sitting at Augsburg.

He and all his friends made up their minds at once that it would be certain destruction for him to venture to Rome; and while excuses on the score of health were being framed, the Legate, Cardinal Cajetan, who represented the Pope at the Diet, undertook to settle the matter, and summoned Luther to meet him at Augsburg. Many of his friends thought his life would be in danger, and he talked about it in a heroic strain himself; but considering that he was sure of the protection of his native prince, the Elector, and of his vicar-general, Staupitz, his peril could not have been very great.

He travelled on foot; and in passing through Nuremburg, had an interview with Albert Durer, who was filling the city with the marvels of his brush and graving-tool. He arrived on the 7th of October, 1518, and was lodged, as usual, in the monastery of his own Order. He found his friends thought he ought to have obtained a safe-conduct; but he was left free, and presented to the Cardinal in his hall of audience.

The two points on which their argument turned were—on the one hand, the infallibility of the Pope ; on the other, upon justification by faith. Apparently the Legate wished to give a fair hearing ; but the clamours of his Italian suite made it difficult, and at last he told Staupitz to silence the monk, as his superior.

‘I have already counselled him to submit himself in all humility to the Church,’ said Staupitz.

‘Reply to his arguments out of the Holy Scripture,’ said the Cardinal.

‘I must confess,’ owned Staupitz, ‘that this is beyond my strength. Doctor Martin is superior to me in intellect, and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.’

The Cardinal warned the Vicar-General that by fostering this disputant, he might incur the charge of heresy ; whereupon Staupitz begged that there might be another public disputation.

‘I will have no more public disputations with that beast!’ cried Cajetano. ‘He has deep eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head!’

So Cajetano concentrated his demands into the order, ‘Retract ;’ and Luther replied, ‘Refute me from Scripture, and I will.’ He became sure that the Cardinal was waiting for orders from Rome to proceed to stronger measures ; and after writing a letter containing an appeal to the Pope, he fled by night from Augsburg, after being only ten days there.

The Elector, who remained, defended him, and pointed out the unreasonableness of calling upon him to retract without having refuted him ; but this argument was far more conclusive to a German mind than an Italian one, which placed the will of the Pope far above all argument. However, Friedrich absolutely refused either to banish Luther, or send him to Rome ; and the report of the proceedings at the Diet only filled Wittenburg more and more with pupils. The really weak point of the Roman See was that the gain of Indulgences was to be kept at all risks, and therefore the indefensible was confused with the defensible.

The appeal to the Pope was answered by condemnation ; but Luther’s respect for the Papacy had become greatly weakened by the treatment he met with at Augsburg, and Cajetan’s inability to argue with him ; and he appealed from Leo X. to a general Council of the Church. It was a disputed point, as indeed it never was ruled even by Rome till 1870, whether the Pope be superior to a General Council or not ; so among his friends, Luther remained secured, and justified by the appeal, which had not indeed saved Savonarola ; but then Wittenburg was not Florence, nor Friedrich a Medici.

Maximilian, much as he loved speculation, took no part in this contest. He had fallen sick of an intermittent fever, and repaired to his beloved Innspruck, where he embarked on the Inn, hoping to shake off his malady by hunting in the Tyrol. At the town of Wels, his feverish thirst led him to eat inordinately of melons, which aggravated his illness

so much that he died, in his sixtieth year, on the 12th of January, 1519. He was buried, by his own desire, before the Altar, at Neustadt in Austria, so that the Mass-priest might always stand over his breast, instead of in the magnificent shrine in the Cathedral at Innspruck, where he had brought together exquisite figures of all the greatest heroes the world has produced. He had had his coffin carried about with him for many years, everyone fancying it contained his treasure.

His death put an end for the present to the notion of the Crusade. Selim died the same spring, from a tumour on the thigh, and the European princes trusted the danger was over, and at any rate were much more concerned with the question who should be emperor, since for the first time since the old anarchical days, before the Austrian Archdukes had obtained the leadership, there was no King of the Romans elected before the Kaisar's death. Moreover, the obvious heir, Charles of Ghent, Archduke of Austria, and Sovereign of the Low Countries, was disqualified by his possession of that ill-gained kingdom of Naples. A King of Castille had once been elected to the German throne in the wild days after the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen; and though he never gained anything by it but the sounding title of Alfonso el Emperador, a precedent had been established in his person.

The French, who had always believed Karl the Great to have been a great Frenchman who conquered Germany, rather than a great German Emperor of the West, had come home from their Italian campaigns full of Italian romance and poetry. Boiardo and Pulci had made their theme the wars of the Franks under Carlo Magno. Turning Saxons, Danes, and Lombards, all alike into Saracens, they had brought them to the siege of Paris, where heroes whose names had long lived in tradition performed wild and romantic feats. Boiardo, a Neapolitan count, had actually set his parish church bells ringing, when he invented the name of Rodomonte for his prime Saracen hero. Ariosto, under the special patronage of the Pope, was continuing what Boiardo had left unfinished, and weaving a delicious web of the adventures of Orlando, maddened by the love of Angelica. Why should not François, the hero of Marignano, and already conqueror of Lombardy, become another Charlemagne?

The Pope was not in his favour, nor in Charles's. The family connection between France and Rome ended tragically in the April of this same year, 1519, by the death of the young Duchess Madeleine de la Tour, at the birth of her first child; and her husband, Lorenzo, already ill, did not survive her for many days. The infant, who was christened Catarina, was destined to play no small nor unimportant part in the history of France. She and her great-uncle, the Pope, were the sole legitimately born descendants of the House of Medici; but there were two illegitimate boys, besides Cardinal Giulio, who was sent to assume the government of Florence, where the spirit of Savonarola only smouldered in a sort of Puritan party called Piagnoni, who—while the

Medicean faction revelled in luxurious ease and elegance, and studied classic literature till they had heathenized themselves and their standard—lived a grave ascetic devotional life, dreaming of the golden age of the Republic, and converting the preachings of Fra Girolamo into prophecies.

An Emperor strong enough to be influential in Italy was not at all desirable to the Pope, who hoped to see some petty German prince elected, when the seven Kurfürsts, or Electors, met at Frankfort early in May. These were—the Archbishops of Cologne, Treves, Mainz, and Spiers, the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria, and the Pfalzgraf, or Count Palatine of the Rhine. François politely wrote to Charles, ‘We are two lovers wooing the same mistress, and whichever she may prefer should be viewed with no enmity by his rival.’

François at least wooed her with substantial arguments. He sent Admiral Bonnivet, and two others of his councillors, with a hired train of four hundred German lanzknechts, and four hundred thousand crowns to buy over votes. They established themselves at Frankfort, where they gave feasts on a splendid scale, generally sending away their guests in the state of intoxication to which the Germans of that day were especially prone.

Henry VIII. and Wolsey seem to have made up their minds, after Tunstal’s report, that there was not much use in trying to have an English Emperor of Germany; but Richard Pace, Wolsey’s chief diplomatist, was sent over to Frankfort to see what could be done there, but for once he brought no money, and only threw all the English influence on the side of Charles, who, as the Queen’s nephew, and the possible husband of the little Lady Mary, was regarded as a family connexion. However, polite wishes were tendered to François, who tried to obtain English support by promising Wolsey fourteen votes in the Conclave, whenever the Papacy should be vacant.

The Elector of Trèves was for François, the Elector of Mainz for Charles; but four of the other Electors, after much doubt and consultation, lasting six months, fixed upon him who was perhaps the most pious and prudent prince then living—namely, Friedrich the Wise, Elector of Saxony. He was devout enough to have made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and had been made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre with Godfrey de Bouillon’s sword; but he was also an able and skilful statesman, and an encourager of thought and of learning. Maximilian had much respected him, and had made him Vicar-General of the Empire, which he had assisted to bring back from its state of anarchy; and Leo X. likewise gave him his interest, little guessing that he was the protector of that monk at Wittenburg, who might become more dangerous to Papal corruption than Savonarola. Had Friedrich the Wise been in a position to take the helm, the Reformation in Germany might have run a very different course!

But he *was* wise; and he knew that with no resources to be relied on

beyond those of his own little northern dukedom, he should be unable to repress the turbulence of princes at present his equals, far less to unite them against the Turks, the common foe. He therefore refused, and strongly recommended that the Archduke of Austria should be chosen, as having the best claim, and being, both by the size and situation of his hereditary dominions, their fittest protector from the Infidel.

The Electors, though a good deal afraid that Charles's great power and habit of exercising it might lead to tyranny, still preferred a prince of the family which had given them six emperors, to a foreign sovereign like François, and finally chose Charles, who was proclaimed King of the Romans in the church of St. Bartholomew, on the 5th of July, 1519.

The Elector Palatine was sent to carry him the offer of the Empire at Barcelona. The Spaniards were very unwilling that he should accept it. They thought the Flemish influence bad enough, but they dreaded the German even more; and they were too proud to be willing to see their cluster of crowns swamped under the grander Imperial title; but their murmurs were in vain. Charles was not likely to give up the dignity he had looked to from his birth. He viewed it as a great and holy trust to be the first Christian sovereign in Europe; and youth as he was, only nineteen, he undertook the charge earnestly; and though he often erred, owing partly to the narrowness of his education, partly to the natural defects of his character, he never transgressed through pride and passion like Henry, nor through selfish levity like François. He had two great purposes in life when he came to the throne; namely, to convoke a General Council for the healing of the scandals of the Church, and to unite Europe in a crusade to force back the Turkish tide of barbarous Mahometanism—worthy aims for a Western Emperor, but to which he found constant drawbacks throughout his reign.

The first was in the discontent of the Spaniards, who detained him by requiring him to preside at one Cortes after another, in each of their little kingdoms. The Castilians, indeed, invented a plan for marrying his poor insane mother, Juana, to Ferdinando, the dispossessed prince of Naples, and setting them up to reign together; but the intended bridegroom declined the project, and Charles offered as a bride instead his grandfather's widow, Germaine de Foix.

Leaving Adrian Florissan, now a Cardinal, to govern in his absence, Charles embarked at Coruña, and arrived at Flushing. There, the first thing he heard was that the Kings of England and France, and all their courts, were going to have a most magnificent meeting near Calais, and that all their nobles were vying with one another in raising means of display.

It was far from pleasant for the young King of the Romans, who knew that, in spite of François's fine speeches, he was full of resentment at his disappointment of the Empire, and was treasuring every cause of quarrel; and of course there were plenty of stock subjects, the most

noteworthy of which were—the kingdom of Naples, held by Charles, and claimed by François; the kingdom of Navarre, whose rightful heir, Henri d'Albret, was bred up at the court of France; while, on the other hand, the duchy of Burgundy was demanded by Charles, though François retained it as a male fief which had lapsed to the crown.

Here was fuel enough to light up a war at any time; and Charles could not but suppose that the meeting of the two monarchs boded him no good, though in fact it had been agreed on as long ago as the restitution of Tournay, when Henry had made a rash vow not to trim his beard until he had met his good brother, and François took a similar promise. However, as time passed on, and Henry's yellow beard, instead of coming down to his waist, was only a golden fringe to his comely visage, while the French gentlemen, like their master, all had long beards, François reproached Sir Thomas Boleyn, the English envoy, who made lame excuse for his sovereign by declaring that the Queen could not endure the sight of a shaggy chin.

All was at last arranged for the meeting early in June, François no doubt hoping to secure Henry's aid against Germany. The King and Queen of England had arrived at Canterbury, on their way thither, when tidings came that the King of the Romans was actually at Dover! It was the first decisive and spirited action of Charles's life, this going over in person to secure the good-will of Henry and of Wolsey, before their meeting with his enemy. It is said, in fact, that when Charles, who paid the Cardinal seven thousand ducats a year, secured on two Spanish bishoprics, had stipulated that England should enter into no league against him, the reply had been a suggestion that it would be wiser to deal with the King in person.

At any rate, Cardinal Wolsey met the Emperor elect, by torch-light, at his ship's side at Dover, and brought him ashore in his boat, while cannon flashed on the cliffs. After sleeping at Dover Castle, he rode on with the Cardinal to Canterbury, meeting King Henry on the way. They rode together, Charles on the right hand, and the Earl of Derby bearing the sword of state before them. It was Whitsunday, and the magnificent ecclesiastical staff of Canterbury came out to meet them, and usher them to the Cathedral, then in the height of its glory. Every part of it glittered with precious stones; and as for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, it blazed like a sun among the rest, so embossed was it with jewels, that gold was the meanest material about it!

There both laid their offerings, and spent some time in devotion; after which Henry conducted his guest to the Archbishop's palace, and presented him to his aunt, Queen Katharine, and likewise to another Queen, Mary, the dowager of France, and Duchess of Suffolk. Curious eyes looked on at the encounter; Mary was still exquisitely beautiful, her delicacy of health had prevented her becoming coarse like her sister Margaret, and gossiping chroniclers declared that she had taken double pains to array herself and her ladies for the encounter; but as she was

on her way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, coquetry towards her former betrothed can hardly be accused of instigating the richness of her apparel; gossip also declared that the young emperor was so much dismayed to see what charms he had missed, that he sat apart, hardly knowing what he said, and would not dance.

But Charles was naturally grave and bashful, with much of the temperament of that melancholy gentleman whose name he bore, Charles the Bold, and with two years training in the solemn Spanish court etiquette, almost Eastern in its reticence. Moreover, in these his early days, his excessive nervous sensibility was only concealed by the most resolute self-restraint; and it is much more credible that the noisily convivial, not to say coarsely jovial, Tudor court, even in these its best days, drove the youth of twenty into himself, and made him silent and embarrassed, than that he was pining for the charms of the woman, lovely as she was, who delighted to shew him that she was happier with her cloth of frieze than with his cloth of gold.

He endured the festivities for the three Whitsun holidays, having meantime more conferences with Cardinal Wolsey than with King Henry, and on the Wednesday left Canterbury at the same time as the English court; but his fleet met him at Sandwich, while theirs awaited them at Dover, so they parted on the way, after he had obtained a promise from Henry, and sealed it by an increased subsidy to Wolsey, that no league inimical to his interests should be made with France.

It was a much more congenial spirit that awaited Henry on the other side of the Channel. The place of meeting was to be between Ardres and Guisnes, within the English pale. Hundreds of skilful workmen were employed in erecting the pavilions that were to lodge the two courts; barons and gentlemen flocked in from all parts—many of whom, it was said, had spent a whole year's income in fitting themselves for the display; and councillors and heralds rode backwards and forwards incessantly, arranging the precautions and the etiquettes of the meeting. The two kings might, so ruled the statesmen, meet in open field; but neither might trust himself in the camp of the other unless on principles of exchange. They might mutually visit the Queens, but neither might be at home when his brother king visited him. Each must be a hostage for the other.

François's chief tent before Ardres was a magnificent dome, sustained by one mighty mast, and covered without with cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top, outside, a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. The cords were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus; but Fleuranges, the chronicler of the French display, is obliged to confess that the King of England's lodgings were '*trop plus belle*,' and they certainly were more solid, for eleven hundred workmen, mostly from Holland and Flanders, had been employed on them for weeks, chiefly about the hangings, for the framework was of English timber, and made at home. Bacchus presided over

a fountain of wine in the court, with several subordinate fountains of red, white, and claret wines, and the motto, '*Faites bonne chère qui voudra*,' a politer one than that which labelled the salvage man with a bow and arrows who stood before the door, '*Cui adhæreo præest*,'—He prevails to whom I adhere.

The outside of the castle was canvas painted to resemble stone work, the inside hung with the richest arras, and all divided into halls, chambers, and galleries, like any palace at home, with a chapel of the utmost splendour. It had the great advantage of superior stability, for a high wind levelled François's blue dome with the dust, and forced him to take shelter in the old castle of Ardres.

On the first day, Wolsey had a conference with François, Duprat with Henry, the upshot of which was that their children should be married, though at that moment Mary of England and Louise of France were both promised to the young King of the Romans, and as all Henry's other four children had scarcely lived to be baptized, it was hard to see how it could be managed. One hundred thousand crowns a year were to be paid to Henry, nominally with a view to this hypothetical marriage, but really to secure his neutrality; and the affairs of Scotland were to be settled by the arbitration of Louise of Savoy and Cardinal Wolsey.

This settled, each king got on horse-back, himself and steed both wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as could possibly be put on them, and met in the valley of Ardres. They saluted and embraced on horse-back, and then dismounting at the same moment, walked arm in arm into the tent prepared for them, where a splendid feast was spread, with two trees in the midst, the English hawthorn and French raspberry lovingly entwined. Lists had been prepared, and invitations to a tournament issued long before; and on the 11th of June, Queen Katharine and Queen Claude sat side by side, with their feet on a foot-cloth brodered with seed-pearls, to admire the jousting, in which both their husbands took a part. Armour had come to such a state of cumbrous perfection by this time, that it was not very easy to be killed in a real battle, (barring fire-arms,) and tilting matches were very safe amusements. Six days were given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broad sword on horse-back, two to fighting on foot at the barriers.

‘Men might say
Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next days' master, till the last
Made former wonders it's. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India, every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins all gilt; the madams too
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting; now this mask

Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them—him in eye
 Still him in praise, and being present both
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discernor
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass.'

So saith Shakespeare by the mouth of Norfolk ; but he does not record how on the last day there was some wrestling at the barriers, and Henry, who was fond of the sport, and never had tried it with an equal, put his hand on his good brother's collar and challenged him to try a fall. Both were in the prime of life, stately well-made men ; but François was the younger, lighter, and more agile, and Henry, to his amazement, found himself on his back. He rose and demanded another turn ; but the noblemen interfered, thinking it a game that might leave animosities.

François was heartily weary of the formalities of their intercourse, and early one morning, called a page and two gentlemen, mounted his horse and rode up to the English canvas castle, where he found Henry still in bed, and merrily offered himself to him as captive, to which Henry responded in the same tone, by leaping up and throwing a rich collar round his neck by way of chain. François then undertook to help him to dress, warming his shirt, spreading out his hose, and trussing his points—namely, tying the innumerable little strings that connected the doublet with the hose or breeches, rendering it nearly impossible to dress without assistance. After having had his frolic, François rode home again, meeting a lecture on his way from the Sieur de Fleuranges, who took him to task thus : 'Sire, I am glad to see you back ; but allow me to tell you, my master, that you were a fool for what you have done, and ill-luck betide those who advised you to it.'

'That was no one—the thought was my own,' replied the King.

And the King was altogether the more reasonable, for Englishmen had never been in the habit of murdering or imprisoning their guests, and never in his life did Henry VIII. shew a taste for assassination. Yet when he beheld the arrogant manners and extraordinary display of the Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, he could not help observing, mindful of what Warwick had been, 'If I had such a subject as that, his head should not stay long on his shoulders.'

The next day, which was the last of this gorgeous fortnight—Midsummer Day—King Henry apparelled himself like Hercules. That is to say, he had a shirt of silver damask with the discourteous motto, '*En femes et infantes ey petit assurance*,' on his head a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves, in his hand a club covered with 'green damask full of pricks ;' the Nemean lion's skin was of cloth of gold, 'wrought and frizzed with flat gold of damask' for the mane, and

buskins of gold. His sister Mary, in white and crimson satin, accompanied him; also the nine worthies, nineteen ladies, and a good many more mounted on horses trapped with yellow and white velvet. Thus they set out to visit Queen Claude at Guisnes, meeting half way a fantastic chariot, containing King François and all his masquers, on their way to make a like call upon Queen Katharine. The two parties took no notice of one another, but passed on; but when returning after supper they met again, the Kings embraced, exchanged presents, and bade farewell; when verily the scene must have been stranger than any other ever enacted under the open sky—a true midsummer night's dream.

‘During this triumph,’ observed Hall, who was never more in his element, ‘so much people of Picardy and West Flanders drew to Guisnes to see the King of England and his honour, to whom victuals of the court were in plenty; the conduit of the gate ran wine always—there were vagabonds, ploughmen, labourers, waggoners, and beggars, that for drunkenness lay in routs and heaps. So great resort thither came, that both knights and ladies that were come to see the nobleness were fain to lie in hay and straw, and held them thereof highly pleased.’

And of these same knights and ladies, the French memoir writer, Du Bellay, says, ‘I will not pause to relate the great superfluous expense, for it cannot be estimated. It was such, that many wore their mills, their forests, and their meadows, upon their backs.’

Polydore Virgil, who had come out of his prison, considers that it was from the Field of the Cloth of Gold that English ladies began the custom of imitating French fashions. One fashion, not feminine, did begin almost immediately after in France, and soon spread to England—namely, that of short hair. It was on the next Twelfth Day that François was staying at Romorantia, and hearing that a king of the Bean had just been made in the Count of St. Pol's house, he sent him a merry challenge from the King of France, and besieged him with snow-balls. The besiegers had an inexhaustible amount of ammunition; the besieged, having exhausted their snow, used more dangerous missiles, and one of these, a heavy brand from the fire, struck François on the head. He fell insensible, and was in great danger for several days, but he never would tell who threw the brand, though report fixed the disastrous action on Jacques de Montgommeri, Sieur des Lorges, father of him who nearly forty years later was to deal a more fatal blow to François's son. Meantime the King's hair was cut close, and all the gentlemen imitated him. Des Lorges was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court, and hero of the adventure sung by Schiller and by Browning, when his exacting ladye-love flung her glove down into the pit of lions, and dared him to deserve her by fetching it back. He brought it safely, but renounced for ever the love of the heartless woman who had gratified her vanity by sending her lover to meet a purposeless and useless peril.

From the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which had not been much less vain and empty a performance than Des Lorges's leap, Henry with his

sister and court rode straight on to Gravelines, to visit the young King of the Romans, Charles the Fifth, Carolus Quintus, as he is called *par excellence*, as the fifth of the Holy Roman Empire. He had hindered all his subjects above the degree of the workmen who hung the draperies, and the vagabonds who rolled round the conduit, from accepting the cartel of the tournament, or lavishing their mills and their forests on their backs; and the French, who thought at least they had secured King Henry's friendship for ever, were greatly grieved at his immediately repairing to their enemy, and employed spies to discover the purpose of the meeting.

It really seems to have only arisen out of Henry's good-natured desire to assure his young nephew that he had done him no harm. Charles now had his aunt Marguerite to act hostess to the ladies, and with the aid of that clever and experienced woman of the world, was probably much more at his ease. Another great entertainment was prepared, in an amphitheatre of rich hangings supported on the masts of ships, and there was to be splendid revelling and masquing; but these frail structures were the sport of the weather, and a great storm drove the banquetters to take refuge in the imperial lodgings.

Charles escorted Henry back to Calais, visited his aunt there, and returned to Gravelines on a finely trapped and beautiful horse given him by the King, and, as the English flattered themselves, declaring his aunt Katharine to be a happy princess to be married to so magnificent a prince.

Charles went home to prepare for his coronation with the silver crown at Aix-la-Chapelle, or more properly Aachen, at the tomb of Charles the Great, by the Archbishop of Cologne. This, which made him King of the Romans, and gave him a right to convoke the Diet of the Empire, took place on the 28rd of October, 1520. On the same day, Solyman the Magnificent took possession of his father's palace at Constantinople; and the lovers of astrology declared that their horoscope was similar, and observed that as Charles was the eleventh from Albrecht of Hapsburg, so Solyman was the eleventh from Othman the Turcoman.

Astrology was a dangerous and engrossing pursuit in those days. It was one element in the tragedy that in England was following up the pageant of the Cloth of Gold. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was the same who as a child had been so safely concealed and cherished when his father was falling by the last stroke of Richard III. He was the only representative of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and had likewise some of the Lancaster blood in his veins. He was a hearty open-handed lordly Englishman, keeping open house, and friendly with all, but imprudent in some of his displays, and with that slight contempt which a genuine son of the Plantagenet would feel for an upstart Tudor, as well as the far stronger and bitterer dislike of a mighty noble for a low-born favourite. Wolsey's display was hateful to him, and they had more than one small quarrel. When Charles V. was at

Canterbury, Buckingham held the water and napkins for the Emperor and King to wash their hands in after dinner—an office befitting the noblest subject present, and only due to royalty. The arrogant Cardinal did what no ecclesiastic of the gentlemanly instincts of good birth would have done—he put his fingers into the bowl; and the Duke, much offended, let the water pour down on the scarlet stockings and shoes that covered the burly legs of the butcher's son. 'Very well, my Lord,' quoth Wolsey, 'I shall sit on your skirts.' So Buckingham came to court in a short jerkin, and on the King asking the cause, said, 'It was to hinder my Lord Cardinal from sitting on his skirts.' A grievance connected with the King had also arisen: a knight named Bulmer having quitted Henry's guard to enter that of Buckingham, and being made to ask pardon on his knees—'I will have none of my servants hang on another man's sleeve,' said Henry angrily; 'what I may think of your departing, and of the Duke's retaining, I may not now declare.'

This was reported to the Duke, who was very angry, and spoke some hot words as to what he would have done had Bulmer been sent to the Tower. This was before the Field of the Cloth of Gold, at which Buckingham appeared in full ducal splendour; but he came back using his English privilege of free grumbling at the immense waste of treasure upon finery, to no purpose but to exhibit the Cardinal's power. His discontent led him into dangerous conversations, especially with one Nicholas Hopkins, prior of the Carthusian friary at Henton, who was given to astrology, and eight years ago, before the Battle of the Spurs, had predicted that the King of England would return with glory from beyond seas, but the King of Scotland would perish if he crossed the Border. The accomplishment of these predictions had given Friar Hopkins great credit; and when he went on to cast a magnificent horoscope for young Lord Stafford, Buckingham shewed his gratification, and spoke openly of the King having only one sickly little girl living, forgetting, apparently, that not only had both the King's sisters no lack of children, but that his aunts had families, and the daughter of Clarence still lived, as Countess of Salisbury in her own right, and surrounded by a goodly number of sons. Nothing was more dangerous than to speak of being possible heir to the throne—scarcely anything more foolish. Spies and informers no doubt magnified the report of the Duke's seditious language, and of the formidable aspect of his retinue; and as nothing was so dreaded by the Tudors as the rise of another king-maker, Henry and Wolsey thought it was time to strike. Buckingham was living at his manor of Thornbury in Gloucestershire, when on the 16th of April, 1521, he received a mandate to attend the court at Greenwich. He set out without suspicion, till he found he was closely attended by three knights of the King's guard, who never lost sight of him by day, and slept in a chamber close to him at Windsor Castle, where he spent one night. The 'gentleman harbinger,' i. e. person charged to provide for the guests in the King's absence, was pointedly uncivil and neglectful, and Buckingham

perceived danger in the air. He rode on to Westminster, and there entered his barge, stopping by the way at the quay of York House, intending to see Wolsey and learn what was the cause of his summons; but he was answered that my Lord Cardinal was unwell. 'Yet will I drink of my lord's wine as I pass,' said the Duke; and with much reverence some of the cardinal's many gentlemen conducted him to the cellar, probably a vault open towards the river, and there he drank, but perceived that no cheer was made him. He looked pale as he returned to his barge; and no sooner was his barge perceived at Greenwich, than the captain of the yeomen of the King's guard boarded it, and attached him of high-treason. He was conveyed up Thames Street to the Tower, the people looking on in surprise and dismay; and on the 18th of May he was brought to trial in the House of Lords, before a committee of seventeen peers, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, whose son, the Earl of Surrey, was married to the daughter of Buckingham, and was now acting as Lord Deputy in Ireland.

The indictment against him was for his inquiries of Hopkins respecting the royal family and his own son; for seducing men away from the King's service to his own; for having declared to his steward that if Bulmer were imprisoned, he would seek an interview with the King, and while kneeling to do him homage would stab him to the heart; and that in case of the King's death, he would cut off the head of the Cardinal and of some others, and seize the Government.

At first the unfortunate Duke pleaded that here was no overt act of treason; but Fineux, the chief justice, laid down the law that to imagine the King's death was treason enough. The Duke then pleaded his cause with much energy, denying his guilt, and refuting the charges. He demanded that witnesses should be produced. These were Hopkins the friar, Perk his chancellor, Delacourt his confessor, and his cousin, Sir Charles Knevett, who had been his steward, all of whom persisted in their charges, Knevett the most loudly. All had been imprisoned in the Tower, and probably threatened, if not tortured.

The peers consulted in private, and agreed to condemn him. Was it personal fear of Henry? Yet he had as yet shewn no violence. No state prisoner had been put to death by him, except the Duke of Suffolk, upon the old sentence, and that was accounted for by his brother's imprudence in proclaiming the cause of the White Rose in the army arrayed against his country. It seems likely rather that the Wars of the Roses had left an exceeding dread of any disturbance from competitors to the throne, and that the statesmen had accepted it as a maxim, that the least indication of a glance towards the crown must be met with summary execution before further mischief ensued; and these seventeen all agreed in the verdict against Buckingham for these very trifling imprudences.

The Duke of Norfolk, his daughter's father-in-law, could not utter the sentence of death without tears.

'My Lord of Norfolk,' resolutely answered the prisoner, 'you have

said to me as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none. Still, my Lord, I nothing malign you for that you have done unto me. May the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do. I shall never sue to the King for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my Lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me.'

With this dignified farewell the Duke was led away, with the edge of the axe held towards him. The barge waiting to take him back to the Tower was cushioned and carpetted in the seat of honour; but he refused to return to that place, saying, 'When I came to Westminster, I was Duke of Buckingham; but now I am nothing but Edward Stafford, the poorest wretch alive.'

He held to his resolution of not suing for mercy, and indeed only four days remained to him, for on the 17th of May, 1521, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, shewing great firmness and resignation to the last. The people groaned and lamented at the sight—a foretaste of what they were often to see in later years. Charles V. was reported to have said, 'Then has the butcher's dog pulled down the noblest buck in Christendom.' The cause of his death remains a mystery; whether owing to the Tudor jealousy of the Plantagenet blood, to Wolsey's hatred, or to his own imprudence exciting the almost morbid dread of a pretender to the throne again disturbing public peace. Buckingham was attainted in blood, and his estates forfeited; nor was the dukedom ever restored to his family, but his son married the daughter of the Countess of Salisbury, and was in the next reign replaced in the barony of Stafford.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Raja received the tidings of his mother's death early in 1844, at Singapore, where illness and the consequent necessity for change had taken him.

I must trust to time for that relief which time alone can give, (he wrote to Mr. Templer.) You know how I loved her—you may guess how I mourn her. All my other news are very good; but, like a spoiled child, I seem to value as nothing other subjects—or blessings, as they ought to be called.

After the first shock, he instinctively turned for relief of mind to active employment; and a British squadron having been ordered to Sumatra to demand redress for a pirate outrage on an Arab vessel

under our flag, he offered to accompany it, as his knowledge of Malay might be of service. The offer being gladly accepted, he sailed in H. M. S. *Wanderer*, one of the vessels that had gone to Saráwak when the *Samarang* was in distress. Their first visit was to Acheen, which they found in the usual state of distraction.

To protect our trade, (wrote Brooke,) we must *make a monarch* and uphold him, and he would be a British servant *de facto*. This would not be difficult, nor would it be expensive. It is astonishing, however, how complete is the ignorance of the Singapore authorities as to what regards their foreign policy. I know not where the fault lies; but it is lamentable that we are unacquainted with the characters, and often with the names, of men who are ruling rivers, and cheating, plundering, and murdering our subjects. Nor do the authorities know the parties which divide the native states; and by knowing the factions (for they be as factious as ourselves) which exist, we could always raise the better and depress the worse, or, in other words, support those who will benefit ourselves.

They could obtain no redress or explanation; and at Murdoo, the scene of the outrage, there was five hours stiff fighting, in which Brooke got an eye-brow cut across, and a shot in his right arm, as he charged a stockade. The *Wanderer* took him back to Penang; and the ringing cheers of the crew as he left the vessel did not back up the remonstrance of Captain Keppel—there with the *Dido*—who suggested that fighting enough was to be had in Borneo, without the Raja's risking his life elsewhere. The *Dido* was then on her way to Calcutta; but Captain Keppel hoped to be able very shortly to visit Saráwak again, and Brooke would have stood a less reasonable reproof accompanied by this prospect. Captain Keppel's fearlessness of responsibility was something after his own heart; and his kindly conciliating ways with the natives, combined with his willingness to take the trouble to understand local politics, made him a good ally. Brooke therefore remained at Singapore, awaiting the *Dido's* return thither.

The following letter to his sister, Mrs. Johnson, was written at this time. He has been speaking of the comparatively idle life he feels he is leading, and goes on—

At Sarawak it is different; for there I have to distribute justice, to make excursions among the Dyak tribes to see that they are not injured or aggrieved, and to attend to the foreign policy of our neighbouring rivers. I have above all the sense of being a good boy, and of being of use to my fellow children, which gilds existence, and satisfies the cravings of imagination. I look with such a comfortable feeling upon the improvements going on around me; every clearing that is made I look upon as my work; every house that springs up owes its foundation to me—they minister all to my satisfaction; and when I witness the contented faces, and know that the people are secured from rapine and extortion, I chuckle inwardly, and devise new schemes of advancement for my adopted country. Saráwak indeed is to me like a foundling, which at first you protect with hesitation and doubt, but which foundling afterwards repays your cost and trouble.

On reaching Calcutta, Captain Keppel found himself unexpectedly ordered to China; and Brooke, after a tedious waiting at Singapore,

returned to Saráwak in H. M. S. Harlequin. It was time he came back; for Kuching was almost in a state of siege, with all her forts manned in anticipation of attack from Seriff Sahib of Sadong. The Raja's first step, a characteristic one, was to call in all the men from the forts; he was at home now, and that would be enough for defence. Then a message was sent to Seriff Sahib, that he should suffer for his misdeeds. Frightened for a time by the punishment of Sarebus, no sooner had Brooke left for Singapore, than the old pirate began building war-boats; and upwards of two hundred were now ready, clustered together, and on the eve of beginning operations. 'Oh for the Dido!' groaned Brooke. 'Oh for force sufficient to crush this swarm of hornets before they scattered themselves on their accursed errands! Another week, and it would be too late. All the Queen's ships, and all the Queen's men, could not bring such a chance together again!' But the Harlequin could merely drop him and depart, and the Saráwak force alone was too weak to attack, except in extreme case. There was no help for it but to wait for the Dido.

And now, day after day brought its direful tale of pillage and murder in Sambas, Samarahan—along all the coast save Saráwak; and at last, growing bolder, the enemy even ventured here, and a farm of the Singé tribe was attacked in broad daylight. But this was going too far. At midnight Brooke received the intelligence, and at two in the morning his boats dropped down the river to intercept the pirates' return. A storm came on, and the enemy escaped with their lives, but left their shot-riddled boats and plunder behind, and gave the White Raja a wider berth in the future. It was a time of great anxiety to him, and yet he was not sorry that things should come to a head, and be decided one way or another. If the Dido came, all would be right; otherwise, his hope lay in being able by help of a gun-boat, purchased but not arrived, to blockade the enemy in one of their rivers, and bring them to terms by stopping the importation of their great necessity, salt.

At last, late in July, (1844,) the much-longed-for Captain Keppel arrived, accompanied by H. E. I. Co.'s steamer Phlegethon. We learn that he found Kuching much altered for the better, and the population considerably increased. Neat and pretty-looking Swiss cottages had sprung up on all the most picturesque spots, which gave it quite an European look. Not European, however, was the letter from Muda Hassim that greeted him. In this *our friend* was informed of the doings of the pirates, and that Captain Belcher had 'told the Sultan and myself that it would be pleasing to the Queen of England that we should repress piracy; and we signed an agreement at his request, in which we promised to do so; and we tell our friend of the piracies and evil actions of the Sakarran people,' &c., winding up with, 'We inform our friend Captain Keppel of this, as we desire to end all the piracy, and perform our agreement with the Queen of England.'

Within a week of the Dido's arrival, the second expedition started, accompanied this time by Budrudeen—a great event in the royal family, and duly honoured in consequence. The barge of state was decked out with banners and canopies; all the chiefs attended, with the Arab priest Mudlana at their head; and the barge pushed off amidst the firing of cannon, and a great cry to Mahomet for his blessing on the undertaking.

Patusen, the chief stronghold of the pirates, situated some seventy miles up the river Batang Lupar, was first attacked and destroyed. As usual, Makota was found to be at the bottom of much of the mischief. He had settled himself in the neighbourhood, and adorned his house with presents that Brooke had at various times given him. But all was now forsaken; for Der Makota took to an ignominious flight. There was a good deal of fighting and hard work, exposure by day and night for three weeks in open boats, and loss of life on both sides. The river navigation, too, was often difficult and dangerous, from the bore which affects the Sakarran, at times with overwhelming force. The expedition was, however, fortunate in this respect, and the simple people attributed the unaccustomed calmness to the magic of their White Raja's presence.

At last Seriff Sahib was driven hopelessly into exile, and Makota captured, owing his life to Brooke alone. Captain Keppel tells of the courage with which Saráwak Dyak and Malay fought around their Raja, their entire confidence in his judgement, and the impression made on the people of the country, who, in silence that might be felt, listened to his words, as in their own tongue he told them of the consequences of ill-doing, and of the bright future that lay before them if they would change their manner of life. That England was a great and mighty nation, that could not let her subjects be molested when in pursuance of their lawful business, and not avenge them; that she was just and generous, and would befriend even those who had wronged her, if they would amend their ways, and act uprightly for the future. Punishment alone, with semi-civilized or barbarous nations, was not in his judgement sufficient.

Supervision and conciliation must go hand in hand with punishment, and we must watch that the snake does not again rear his head through our neglect.

It was in this expedition that Mr. Charles Johnson, the Raja's nephew, made his first acquaintance, as a midshipman of the Dido, with the country over which, in succession to his uncle, he now rules.

The work being over, the Dido was ordered away; the Samarang, however, which had joined the force, remained for a time, and finally conveyed Muda Hassim and Budrudeen to Bruné in great honour. Brooke went with them, to establish their authority still more; and through his influence the Sultan, with their hearty consent, offered to make over the island of Labuan to England.

The remainder of the year 1844 passed quietly. Peace reigned, and in the course of one month alone eight thousand Malay families migrated into Saráwak territory. Brooke was content with the advance he saw in everything, and he was somewhat relieved by the altered tone that at this time appeared in his agent's letters; but he began to weary for a yea or nay from home. In December no official reply had reached him; but privately he learned that the question was turning chiefly on coal, and generally that Government did not know quite what to make of him. He alludes to this in the following letter to Mr. Templer, dated December 31st, 1844.

Another point is, that the Government is suspicious, and place very little confidence in me; they probably expect some job to be hidden beneath the surface of moderation! I am not surprised, for they have no particular reason to place confidence in me more than any other stranger; and as for a job, they have doubtless too many presented to their notice under specious pretences, not to expect one on every occasion. I shall convince them, however, either one way or another, that I do not seek to perpetrate any job; and I dare say, if we come to any communication, that time will gain me confidence. I am surprised, however, that they say they do not understand my intentions. Independently of my published letter, I thought they had intentions and wishes dunned into them. My intention, my wish, is to develop the island of Borneo. How to develop Borneo is not for me to say, but for them to judge. I have both by precept and example shewn what can be done; but it is for the Government to judge what means, if any, they will place at my disposal. My intention, my wish, is to extirpate piracy by attacking and breaking up the pirate towns—not only pirates direct, but pirates indirect. Here, again, the Government must judge. I wish to correct the native character, to gain and hold an influence in Borneo Proper. To introduce gradually a better system of government. To open the interior. To encourage the poor natives. To remove the clogs on trade. To develop new sources of commerce. I wish to make Borneo a second Java! I intend to influence and amend the entire Archipelago, if the Government will afford me means and power. I wish to prevent any foreign nation from coming on the field; but I might as well war against France individually, as attempt all I wish without any means. Yet, i' faith, I am told my intentions are not known. I have been sincere enough; I have offered to serve without pay, though every labourer is worthy of his hire; and I offered to surrender Saráwak without remuneration, though I have laid out £10,000 in its development. The truth is, the Government do not know what to do; they are pottering about coal, and neglecting far greater objects. Coal there is—the country is a coal country; but when gentlemen are sent to make specific reports, it is not known that great difficulty exists in finding this coal, and that the search in a wild country will occupy months, or else the report will be imperfect. The general fact ought, combined with other objects, to decide this question; but to attain a certainty on all points is impossible; for how can I enter the lists as an honest man, and swear that the results are certain? The results depend upon the means employed, and the wisdom with which those means are used; but how can any rational man proceed beyond a rational hope of success? . . . Surely, my intentions have been known from the first; and if they be not trumpeted from Exeter Hall, or vamped up by a false prospectus, a board of directors with an attendant train, and a succession of good dinners, they are not the less solid and feasible.

It is easy for men to perform fine feats with the pen; it is easy for the rich man to give yearly thousands in charity; it is easy to preach against the slave trade, or to roar against piracy; it is easy to bustle about London, and get up

associations for all kinds of object—all this is easy; but it is not easy to stand alone, to be exiled, to lay out a small fortune, to expend life and health, to risk life itself, when the loss would be without glory and without fame; this is not easy; and if in making the comparison I feel and express some scorn, you will excuse me; and the comparison animates me for the future. God will judge us, and I am content. . . . Here, dear Jack, you have a long letter, pretty fresh from the heart, somewhat indignant, and containing all my suspicions and surmises. After all, it may turn out better than I anticipate; but you must allow that delay is vexatious and injurious, and this great unknown, who is about to proceed to Saráwak, a great bore and inconvenience. . . . The two evil tribes, since Keppel's attack upon them, have been anxiously seeking a reconciliation. Sarebus has so far obtained it as to be allowed to trade, and Sakarran has promised to behave well, and the chiefs only wait until I can receive them. Here at once, had I means, I could readily open these two rivers, with their twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, to free trade, which they have never before enjoyed; and through them I could encroach on the interior by slow and gentle means. I am confident I could effect this, had I the means at my disposal! Can you not, then, make allowance for my gnashing my teeth, when I see this promised land, and see it to no purpose? I cannot but deplore the delay or caution which leaves me weak and powerless; for after all, what is asked? As I said before, an occasional vessel would do; and there are steamers lying idle at Singapore.

1 Jan., 1845.—Many many happy New Years, my friend, to you and yours; and as you gather round the fire, you will, I trust, cast a thought on the Borneo Raja and the English exile. I have a few days since received a large box from my sister, containing many melancholy memorials, which has made me think more of home, and cast a sadness over my mind. . . . I cannot begin 1845 without asking you, Have you read the ode to the '45? The century is complete, and I pulled out my Collins the first thing in the morning to read 'How sleep the brave.'

Among many other letters written about this time, to which it is impossible to do more than refer, there are little touches displaying character, that need not be omitted. He finds himself beginning to feel 'very like a man of business; and you know how I hate business. I don't like hard desk-work. I like couches and flowers, and easy-chairs, and newspapers, and clear streams, and sunny walks.' He hopes that if the Government give him any appointment, it will not be accompanied by pecuniary responsibility; 'for you must know as I never keep accounts, as my "*rithmetic*" is very deficient; and as I never could take care of my own money, I should be very sorry to have any charge of another's.'

To Mr. Templer:—

Do not apply to Lord —— again, for one refusal, though a polite one, is enough; and do not push either the —— or Lord ——, for all men dislike being bothered; and there may be difficulties we cannot see, in acceding to any part of my request, which time may remove. After all this, I must leave you to act as you please, and I know you will act better than I should do myself; for, as you well know, I am a *civilized savage*, and have a little foolish pride, which makes me a wretched hand at asking favours.

I do not know whether I should make a European diplomatist; probably my slight acquaintance with society, and the irksomeness of its usages, would be a great drawback; but I should have some confidence in dealing with Asiatics;

and I dare say I should do as well as a more staid person in negotiating with Siam, or in fighting first and conciliating in New Zealand.

After mentioning some amusingly sanguine letters he had received—

After all, it is delightful to have our friends encouraging us; and to me the buoyancy of a sanguine temperament urging me along, is advantageous. You know I am not sanguine. I see difficulties; and even amid the din and glare of pleasure or of pomp, I should catch glimpses of old age and death, passing from a wreath of flowers!

Touching the publication of his Journal—

I hope Keppel will not make a hero of me, it is a bore; and I am too quiet for a hero, and too reserved for a lion's skin.

On the same subject, to Captain Keppel:—

The journals are sadly crude and unconnected; but such as they are, I trust them to you to do with as you like. . . . You know that I am idle and desultory, (some folks consider me a miracle of industry and bustle,) and consequently must expect many parts which I have merely sketched, and intended at some future day to fill up. Contradictions you will find by dozens; because, as I grew in knowledge of native character, my first impressions were corrected. Above all, you will find some very bad writing, which I fear will puzzle you. . . . I mention these matters, but the journal is yours; and except for the interest you took, it would probably have remained in my drawer till my death.

Through the uncalled-for interference of Mr. Wise, parts of this journal were omitted. These, with some additions, were published later by Captain Mundy, R. N.; and to obtain a consecutive account, the reader is driven backwards and forwards between the two works.

In February (1845) came H. M. S. Driver, commanded by Captain Bethune, conveying to Brooke an appointment from Lord Aberdeen as Confidential Agent in Borneo for the Queen, together with instructions to proceed to Bruné with a letter addressed to Muda Hassim and the Sultan, in reply to theirs on the subject of piracy. To Bruné therefore went the Raja in the Driver; and there arrived, the Queen's letter, promising aid in the suppression of piracy, was delivered in state; when the Sultan stared, but Muda Hassim made courteous answer of 'We are greatly indebted; it is good, very good.' The warm welcome which Brooke received from Budrudeen, Muda Hassim, and the party of order, was very pleasant to him; all was going on well, and Pangeran Usop keeping quiet. One trouble, however, there was, and this they confided to their friend. A powerful chief named Seriff Osman, accustomed habitually to live by plunder, was enraged beyond measure that Bruné should turn over a new leaf, and make such a disagreeable and wholly unnecessary alliance with England. He dared the British ships to do their worst; and whether these attacked him or not, he vowed Bruné should suffer for calling in foreign aid. With the evil-minded

Usop at home, and the evil-minded Osman abroad, in league together, would the great English Queen be sure to defend those who were striving to act rightly, if it came to a struggle?

Brooke was very sore at heart that he could only give hope, and not certainty. As Labuan was to be ours, it would be of advantage to ourselves to have a well-conducted native power for our next neighbour, and it would be a noble thing for England to throw her shield over the little state till it could stand alone.

I own (he writes) that this development of the natives through their own exertions is a hobby of mine; if it succeed, it would be nobly done—a pure spot in the troubled ocean of colonial politics.

In May he was again at Bruné, having in the interval visited Singapore, where his new appointment enabled him to get many things done, but not to obtain what he earnestly desired—*viz.* that the work begun upon the piratical communities should be completed, or failing this, that a vessel should be stationed permanently in the neighbourhood of Borneo Proper. On his return, he found Muda Hassim and Budrudeen despondent and perplexed. An American frigate had arrived, and offered immediate protection, with a treaty of friendship and commerce, if the coast were ceded to the United States Government. The Sultan and Pangeran Usop were for accepting, but the two brothers had kept true to Brooke and the English. Still it was very hard, for in their weakness, a bird in the hand was worth any number in the bush; and the English ships came and went, and nobody ever knew if they would come again. It was too true, and Brooke listened and chafed at his powerlessness. It was right for the British Government to be cautious; but meanwhile mischief was brewing, and it might become too late for action. Just one vessel would keep things straight till some decision could be arrived at.

Why (he wrote) cannot the Government trust somebody—anybody—with sufficient powers to protect and conciliate, whilst negotiations are pending? . . . I would take care that protection was not wanting when the Government withdrew—if they do withdraw; but now my hands are tied, and I am reluctant to act on my own account whilst holding a Government situation, unless in the last extremity. . . . I assure you, when I reflect on the little that is needful, and feel how completely I am tied hand and foot, it makes me ill—it affects my body and my mind. . . . If a person can act, he at any rate is doing his best—however little; but to be incessantly on the brink of action, and unable to act—to see power near, and not be able to exert it—to have all measures distorted amongst half a dozen heads—to be incapable of direct action when action is required—is very very hard. One good blow straight from the shoulder is worth half a dozen round-about fillips. Mind, I do not mean to blame men, but circumstances.

A paper of practical suggestions for the better government of the country was drawn up at this time by Brooke, for the guidance of Budrudeen; and then came another run to Singapore, for writing was useless where post there was none, and the only chance of obtaining

help was to go himself. Hitherto his new appointment had been somewhat of a hindrance; for it gave him no real power, while it deprived him of the freedom of direct and speedy action, through which he had won his past success.

It is difficult to do good (he wrote from Singapore, July 6th, 1845) with such obstacles as I have in the way; and my position is worse than ever—a sort of Mahomet's coffin—during the progress of these inquiries. The Government, it is sincerely to be hoped, will either do something, or retire. A man who can act and will act is doing his best, however poor that best may be; but to be hanging between heaven and earth, or, more strictly speaking, standing between two bundles of hay, is a most donkey-like lot. Well, well! We will hope, though hope delayed maketh the heart sick. . . . The Americans have been looking into Borneo Proper; but as yet they have taken no advantage by their motion, though it proves that while one nation is deliberating another can act. The French, too, are active and dangerous, eager for colonies.

The continued entreaty for help told at length, and Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane went in H. M. S. Vixen to the rescue. Arrived at Bruné, Pangeran Usop was formally accused of having unlawfully seized two British subjects, and kept them in slavery, since the agreement between the two governments. To this the Sultan and Muda Hassim made answer that he was in rebellion against them, that they were not strong enough either to punish or to keep him in order, and they would be extremely obliged if the British admiral would help them to do so. The accusation and reply were made in public, Usop himself being present. Seeing matters become serious, he now stole up quietly, and put his hand in Raja Brooke's. The latter was touched, but felt that the time of punishment was come, though he would save the man's life if it could be done without endangering Budrudeen's. It was but a momentary repentance, however, on Usop's part; retiring to his house, strongly fortified with twenty-two guns, he refused the Sultan's summons to surrender, and prepared for defence. A shot from the Vixen, purposely fired above the building, was returned by him; whereupon a second ball was sent clean through, and Pangeran Usop fled away.

From Bruné the British squadron sailed to Malludu Bay, to bring Seriff Osman to order—a work of some difficulty, and not accomplished without loss. As usual, the pirate haunt was up one of the numerous rivers, in this case defended at its mouth by a double boom formed of enormous trees, bolted together by iron plates and cable—'as formidable and ingeniously contrived a boom as ever savage put together.' Labour as they would at this, it was not until after forty-five minutes of full exposure in open boats to the fire of the enemy that an entrance could be effected. That done, the river was ascended; and after two days fighting, the natives fled into their pathless jungles. Brooke was not present on the first day. From some cause or other, it does not seem to have occurred to the Admiral to invite him to join the attacking party, and he remained on board, an unwilling spectator. In the enforced inaction there was time for anxiety; and his nephew Charles Johnson,

loved above all other nephews, was in one of the boats engaged. Whether his presence would have altered affairs he himself doubted; but before a blow was struck, the pirate leader intimated that he wished to speak to Raja Brooke. He was told that the British officer in command would hear anything he had to say; whereupon Seriff Osman replied that he would allow one boat to enter the boom, and they could then discuss matters; to which the aforesaid British officer replied that it must be all or none; and the parley ended, and the fight began. The future raja returned unhurt; but among a total loss on our side of eight men killed and fifteen wounded, there fell his mess-mate and chief friend, the gallant young Leonard Gibbard, struck down as, axe in hand, he worked to destroy the boom. The lifeless body, borne back to the *Wolverine*, was later committed in all honour to the deep. This was on August 19th, 1845.

Brooke returned to Saráwak much happier, but not entirely contented. It was unlikely that large communities, accustomed for years to gain a living by depriving other people of theirs, would at once turn to other means of support; and this was the cloud in the future. If the Admiral would but have promised the constant presence of a vessel, that might just as well have been in a position of usefulness as doing nothing at Singapore, the work would have been made complete; as it was, the Raja was obliged to be contented with the understanding that one should visit Bruné occasionally. Stopping at this place on his way to Saráwak, in order to tell the Malay princes the good news of Seriff Osman's defeat and probable death, he found that they had also a story to tell him. No sooner was the British squadron out of sight, than Usop had plucked up heart and attacked the town; but Budrudeen had defeated him, and saved the place triumphantly, driving Usop to the sea, whither he was now preparing to pursue him.

The Malay prince was the hero of the hour, and Brooke's delight in him was almost that of a father towards a son who brings him honour.

Budrudeen (we read) fights like an European, the very spirit of the Englishman is in him; he has learned this at Saráwak. Victory sits so lightly on his plume, that his authority will now be obeyed; whilst Usop, in consequence of his cowardly flight—for so they deem it—from the want of energy he has displayed, has lost character as well as wealth. Unluckily for himself, he was a great boaster in the days of his prosperity; and now the contrast is drawn with a sneer. 'His mouth was brave,' they exclaim, 'but his heart was timid! He should have died as other great men have died, and not have received such shame; he should have a-moked, or else given himself up for execution.'

It was a great satisfaction to hear also that Budrudeen had cared for and treated honourably Usop's women and children, making over to the former all the gold ornaments belonging to their husband. 'Alexander did not treat the family of Darius with more generosity;' but the Sultan had by fraud and force got possession of the poor creatures, and grabbed all they had, taking credit meanwhile for giving them food and clothing. If this man, with the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate, (thought

Brooke,) could but be got rid of, what a boon it would be ! but patience, patience, Bruné wants rest, and the time is not yet ripe.

So on he went to Saráwak—happy, for the country was comparatively safe, and he had not been the means of deceiving by false hopes those who trusted him.

I first taught them to confide in Englishmen, and none else has yet untaught them this lesson.

On parting, he gave Budrudeen his crest-ring, bidding him send it as a token if danger came, when all the help that Saráwak could give should be brought to his aid.

The town of Kuching had now become four times its former size. Instead of famine, grain was largely stored ; and five hundred tons had been exported in six months, during which time one hundred trading-vessels entered the river, where before it was rare to register one a month. From all sides Malay and Dyak migrated over the border, to be safe near the White Raja ; and more would have followed had he encouraged them. As it was, the chiefs of the surrounding provinces found it necessary to rule their people lightly, or lose them altogether ; and in this way the Raja's indirect influence was wide-spread. In November, (1844,) forty Malay families arrived at once. They had been wandering in every direction to escape from persecution, when a rumour reached them of one spot of land where the miserable and destitute could live in peace. Buoyed up by this hope, they had made long and weary journeys ; but Saráwak was reached at last, and they were safe.

Sarebus and Sakarran meanwhile were turning from piracy to lawful trade. At the latter river, however, there was a resolute opposition from three Seriffs, and the party of order besought Brooke for his advice. 'Turn them out,' said Brooke. On this a meeting was held to consider the Saráwak counsel, which it was decided to follow. But this was more easily said than done, for the Seriffs would not go. Another messenger, sent to Brooke, returned with a letter promising help in two days. Then came hot work, for in these piping days of peace the Saráwak chiefs had let their war-boats rot, and there were not many fit for service. But he had promised, and everybody knew the White Raja's word could not be broken ; so night and day the people worked, and the expedition got off with marvellous rapidity. Brooke thought it best to let them go without him ; but the day following, many qualms came over his mind that he had better have gone too. However, it was all right, and in a fortnight the fleet returned in triumph. The bad Seriffs, seeing such a force against them, had fled into the jungle, and the only pity was that they had escaped. A little later, two of them turned up, and thought to settle on the borders of Saráwak ; upon which their would-be neighbours complained, and Brooke sent the following letter to the chief who was responsible for the peace of the district.

The Tuan Besar (Great Man) wishes to let Sheriff Japper know that Sheriff Muller and Sheriff Ahmit are building houses at the Moarra Sakarran. As it is well known they cannot be allowed to live there, the Tuan Besar thinks it will save them some trouble to stop their building these houses; but if they choose to live at the Moarra, they must protect themselves, as the Tuan Besar will attack them without loss of time. The Tuan Besar wishes to be quite clear with the Sheriff Japper on this subject, and repeats, &c. . . . For these reasons the Tuan Besar writes to Sheriff Japper, that Sheriff Muller and his son Sheriff Ahmit may be prevented from doing what they will repent afterwards.

The playful and sunny side of the Raja's nature, as well as that of his people, comes out in the following anecdote, taken from his journal. A crocodile, which had eaten a man, was captured alive and brought to him, when a discussion arose as to its fate.

One party maintained that it was proper to bestow all praise and honour on the kingly brute, as he was himself a raja among animals, and was now brought to meet the Raja; in short, that praise and flattery were agreeable to him, and would induce him to behave genteelly in my presence. The other party said, that it was very true that on this occasion raja met raja, but that the consequence of honouring and praising a captured crocodile would be, that the crocodile community at large would become vain and unmanageable, and after hearing of the triumphant progress of their friend and relative, would take to the same courses with double industry, and every one eat his man for the sake of obtaining the like fame.

Having maturely weighed the arguments on both sides, taking also into deep consideration the injury which so unwieldy a captive might do in roaming over my garden and grounds, followed by a host of admirers, I decided that he should be instantly killed without honours; and he was despatched accordingly.

In the midst of this peaceful state of affairs, there once more came on the scene Pangeran Makota. '*My friend*,' writes Brooke, 'the excellent, the candid, the amiable Der Makota!'

After much beating about the bush, the object of his visit came out. Owing to unforeseen disasters, and to circumstances wholly beyond his control, his finances had become seriously disordered, and—and—would the Raja lend him two thousand reals? No; the Raja did not lend money. Only one thousand, then? - No. Then might it be one hundred—fifty—five? No, not one farthing! So the Serpent had to retire as gracefully as was compatible with the accidents of his position; but being an artful beggar, he succeeded *en passant* in extracting three reals from somebody who did good service in Saráwak, but who was not on this occasion commended by its Raja.

The close of 1845 saw the arrival of more Chinese. Two years earlier they would have been welcomed; but longer experience had shewn that they were difficult to manage without more force than Brooke possessed, and they seemed to him to be a people without any principle or feeling of gratitude.

Early in 1846 came another step in the march of civilization. With the consent of the chiefs, a law was made, declaring all slaves, who from other countries should fly to Saráwak, free, and fit to be incorporated

into the body of citizens—a law which Brooke saw would eventually strike at the very root of slavery.

All things prospered, and the occasional accounts from Bruné were good. Usop had been caught and executed, and Budrudeen held his own.

Since Mr. Wise was last mentioned he had visited Saráwak, where Brooke had spoken fully to him on every point, and had believed that his agent entirely understood his views; but no sooner had Wise returned to England, than visions of wealth untold seem to have floated before his mind's eye. Perhaps, when away from the Raja, he fancied him made of more malleable material; and it was simply impossible for such as he to conceive the idea of a man who sorely wanted money for a good purpose, and was in a position to carry that purpose out to the highest advantage, refusing to take what was offered, or to countenance the scheme that would lay it at his feet, because there seemed to him a chance of deceiving those whose capital would be employed, and of breaking faith with a few savages. The matter is referred to in the following extract:—

One of the reasons why I have not written to you so fully as usual is a small war I have with my agent, Mr. Wise. His projects are so extended, and his ambition so vaulting, that I am obliged to check his career, which must in the end fail. He talks of making me one of the richest men in England, provided only I shut my eyes, open my mouth, and see what God will send me. I do not approve of this procedure, and therefore I must be content to be poor.

I have resolved, and told Wise, that I will not receive any pecuniary advantage from any projects generated in England. Wise is quite right if he does so, after a mature consideration of circumstances; but it would be wrong in me and dishonourable to make anything, because what is to be made belongs in right to the Bruné rajas.

The latter sentence has reference to the coal of Borneo Proper, which was to be the great bait in Mr. Wise's net.

(To be continued.)

APRIL-FOOLS.

It was a bright sunny March day. The birds were singing in the budding trees, and everything seemed full of enjoyment—especially the merry holiday party of boys and girls, who had been hunting through the wood for specimens of birds' eggs to add to the collections that engrossed all their thoughts, and had just flung themselves down to rest in a sheltered spot.

'What a bore it is that Easter is so early this year!' remarked a

bright dark-eyed boy, who was spending the Easter holidays with his cousins. 'We've no nightingales at home, and I thought I should get an egg here, and now they aren't come.'

'You can get plenty when we go back to school,' said one of the cousins. 'I say! what's that big bird flown in there? I'm sure it has a nest.'

'A cuckoo,' said the first speaker solemnly; 'we had a cuckoo's nest at home once, with a whole brood of young cuckoos in it!'

'Come, Charlie, it's only the 30th of March; you needn't begin April-fooling yet!'

'I wasn't April-fooling! Mamma was told so by an old gentleman who is most particular not to spread false reports.'

'It must be a rum place, that has no nightingales and broods of young cuckoos,' said one cousin; while another remarked, 'You should have kept the story till the 1st, and then we would have sent Julia and Ted to look for the nest.'

'As if we would have gone!' exclaimed Julia, a merry-looking girl of thirteen; 'never, in the whole course of my life, have I been April-fooled yet, and I don't mean to begin now!'

'"In the whole period of my existence" would sound better,' said her eldest brother, John; for Julia's love of high-flown language was a joke in the school-room, especially as she commonly used fine words in some original sense of her own.

'What short memories some people have!' said Teddy, who was next in age to Julia. 'We weren't at home last year; but didn't Cousin Julian do her the year before, that's all!'

'Oh—Cousin Julian—I don't reckon that! He did it in such a dishonourable manner.'

'What do you call dishonourable in April-fooling?' said Charlie; while Agnes agreed with her sister—'Yes, he really was very unfair; he didn't mind a bit telling the most downright falsehoods.'

'That's just what I say,' said Julia. 'One can't be prepared for that; but I'm sure no one who objects to telling falsehoods can April-fool *me*! I can always find them out!'

'It's generally supposed that half-truth is more misleading than downright falsehood,' said John.

'Oh, I don't believe that! One can always find people out when they have any consciences, if one is half sharp.'

'And what if one isn't half sharp?' said Charlie.

'Do you mean to intimidate that I am not?' exclaimed Julia, firing up. 'What are you all laughing at?'

'You look as if you were going to intimidate Charlie,' said John.

'I want him to explain what he means by such a gross insult.'

'I didn't know I was insulting you, but I'll be bound to April-fool you without saying a word that isn't true; and if I don't, you may call me what you like.'

'You have a very good opinion of your own powers,' said Julia, with a dignified air.

'So has someone else,' said Charlie; 'do you dare me?'

'I do more than dare! I defy you!'

'Hear, hear!' exclaimed John and Teddy; while Julia continued, with a theatrical air—

'Rude speech was thine
Of late, and launched at—at—at—'

'What a pity such a sublime speech should fail for want of a rhyme!' said John.

'Such as compels me to demand
Redress of honour at thy hand,'

continued Julia, without attending.

'You'd better throw down your glove while you're about it,' said Teddy.

'I don't believe she has got one to throw!' said Agnes; 'it's something wonderful if she has!'

'Truth impels me to exculpate!' said Julia, shaking her head; but what she meant by 'exculpate' did not transpire, for the others were too much used to her peculiar modes of expression to ask an explanation.

'Let her 'bide if you want to tackle her, Charlie,' said John; 'you'll find her more amenable so.'

Julia had more experience of her brother's management than she cared about, and did not at all wish her cousin to follow his advice. She was determined to display her superior powers of penetration on the 1st of April, and gave the boys no peace on the subject that evening and the next day. John declared that he was sure the greatest sell for her would be for no one to take any notice at all; but Charlie considered his honour at stake to hoax her in some way, and Teddy was quite ready to lend his assistance; so that they all came down on the morning of the 1st prepared for warfare. Julia was on her guard, and withstood gallantly one or two attempts to make her look out of window at nothing; also a tender inquiry of Teddy's as to what had given her such a swelled face, and one or two other trifles of the same kind. The boys were equally impracticable, and nothing worthy of note had passed before the children were called to their short holiday lessons; after which their mother started with Agnes and the little ones on rather a long expedition, to lunch with some friends at a distance; leaving Julia and the boys at home, with Dora, the eldest daughter, to keep order.

The boys were gone out together, and Julia was arranging her eggs in the school-room, and feeling it rather flat that more attempts had not been made to take her in, when she heard the front door bang, and in rushed Charlie and Teddy, in a great state of excitement.

'I say, Ju! Here's no end of a lark! There's a steam-engine got loose, driving along the road to Barnham! If you look sharp you'll just be in time to see it!'

'Nonsense, Teddy,' said Julia, with dignity, 'Do you think I am going to be dragged out on a fool's errand like that? You may go by yourselves.'

'Fool's errand! Stuff! I tell you, it's true. We met Bob just now, and he told us; and he and Jack ran down the lane, and we came to call you. Perhaps we shall get a ride on the engine! Be quick, and get your hat! We're going on to Barnham.'

'Thank you, I've seen plenty of steam-engines in my life.'

'Not cutting loose about the lanes,' said Charlie.

'No more have you; and I hope I have too much sense to be diluted out to see nothing.'

'An awfully weak dilution your sense would make!' said Charlie politely. 'Well, if you won't you won't; only, don't say we didn't call you.—Come, Ted!'

'Where's Dora?' said Teddy.

'Gone to read to one of her old women.'

'Then tell her not to expect us till she sees us;' and the boys ran off.

'Dear little boys! Go and watch the trains pass!' called Julia after them; but she thought they might have tried rather harder to persuade her to go with them.

Dora came in to lunch, and Julia told her the boys were gone to Barnham, where lived their uncle, who had a large family of children; but she did not mention the rest of the story, as Dora was a young lady of a very practical turn of mind, and Julia had no desire for a lecture on the folly of the whole affair. Their father did not come in to luncheon, as was often the case when he was busy; and Julia, who was less fond of Dora than of any of her seven brothers and sisters, began to feel a lurking regret that she had not gone with the boys after all. No doubt they would have some fun if they were really going to Barnham, and she did not think Charlie and Teddy would have stated that fact so boldly if it had not been true. However, she could not go on a wild-goose chase by herself, and Dora shewed no intention of going with her; so she employed herself as best she could in looking for fresh birds' nests in the garden.

The party who had been out to luncheon returned before the boys, and Julia called Agnes mysteriously into the school-room, while the younger ones ran up to get ready for tea.

'I say, Agnes! Look here what I've found!'

'What?' said Agnes, who was too much used to Julia's marvellous discoveries to expect anything very wonderful, and did not shew nearly so much excitement as her sister seemed to think the occasion called for, at the sight of a small egg spotted with red and yellow. 'A new egg?' she said carelessly, in a sort of 'Is that all?' tone, at which Julia appeared rather hurt.

'I should think it *was* a new egg! one I never saw before, and I can't think what it can be!'

'You don't expect me to know, do you?' said Agnes; for she did not share the mania for birds' eggs that possessed the others, and did not understand Julia's air of mystery.

'No; but I don't know what to do. I want to puzzle the boys about it; for they tried to play off such a trick on me, that I want to punish them, so I don't want them to know where the nest is.'

'Don't tell them, then. What trick did they try to play?'

'Oh, they tried to make me believe a steam-engine was running loose about the town, and wanted me to go and see it; but I was too sharp for that! But what would you do?'

'Get out of its way,' said Agnes soberly.

'Nonsense; you know what I mean. What shall I do about the egg?'

'Say nothing about it, if you don't want them to know.'

'But I do, only I don't want them to know where the nest is; and I'm afraid they'll find it, down among the cabbage-stumps, beyond the yew tree.'

'What a very odd place for a nest!'

'That's what makes me sure it's something rare; and I know they thought they were going to catch me out so nicely about the steam-engine, I want to play them off. If I could but send them up the poplar tree after it!'

'You won't take Charlie in so.'

'I don't know that. He thinks himself very clever, but I think I can catch him. I know! I won't shew them the egg, but I'll tell them that they don't know what I found in the poplar tree.—Hark! there they are!'

Agnes laughed silently as the door opened, for she did not the least think that Julia would keep the egg to herself; and she had an idea that it had something to do with a conclave the boys had held in the school-room the evening before, though she would not betray her suspicion.

Only John entered the room, and he remarked, 'So you wouldn't come and see the fun this morning, Ju!'

'You did not expect me, I should think,' said Julia; 'I must say, I wonder you coincide with such proceedings, Jack.'

'As what?' said Jack; 'riding on steam-engines? I can tell you, it was very jolly!'

'What was?' said Julia in her turn, opening her eyes rather wide, for Jack looked quite innocent.

'Riding on the steam-engine,' persisted Jack; 'we all had a ride in turn, and Nelly and Bee and Aunt Mary came out and met us, and we had a regular triumphal procession.'

'Where? What do you mean, Jack?'

'Into Barnham, and up to the farm,' said Jack. 'All the workmen came out to see, and you can't think what a lark it was.'

‘On a steam-engine!’ said Julia, in an utterly puzzled voice; but Agnes jumped to a conclusion more rapidly, and exclaimed, ‘Oh! I suppose Uncle Robert’s new steam-plough has come!’

‘Then it was really true! That was *too* bad! Unkind! mean! sly!’ exclaimed Julia vehemently.

‘What was?’ said Agnes, bewildered.

‘Why, Charlie and Teddy—to take me in like that!’

‘What did they tell you?’ said Jack.

‘That there was a steam-engine running about loose—and of course I thought they meant on the rail-road; but I’ll have my revenge.’

‘Why, they only told you the truth,’ said Jack.

‘And then to run off like that, and leave me behind!’ added Julia pathetically. ‘I know they did it on purpose.’

‘Of course they did. It was your own fault, for making such a clack about it.’

‘You’re just as bad, Jack! I dare say you put them up to it; but you shall none of you—no, none of you—know what treasures I have explored! No, I’ll destroy the nest!’

‘What nest?’ said Jack.

‘That I will never, never develope! no, not with my last breath! Those who can treat me so unflinchingly shall have no sympathy from me.’

‘If you want to punish Charlie and Teddy, you had much better not let them see you were disappointed,’ said Agnes.

‘Of course,’ added Jack; ‘if you just say nothing, they’ll be nicely sold.’

‘I should like to see you hold your tongue, if you were served so!’ cried Julia; ‘but I have it in my power to destroy a secret of untold value;’ and she ran out into the garden, leaving the others laughing, though Jack said rather anxiously, ‘I hope she and Charlie won’t fall foul of each other; he’s awfully peppery when he’s fairly roused.’

‘Oh, she wouldn’t use such fine words if she was really very cross,’ said Agnes; ‘but I must go and get ready for tea.’

This operation did not take many minutes; and as Agnes came out of her room again, Charlie and Teddy ran down before her, and encountered Julia just coming in at the garden door, with something in her hand.

‘Such a pity you wouldn’t come, Ju,’ began Teddy.

‘I know all about it,’ said Julia snappishly; ‘and I wonder you can look me in the face after such deceitful tricks!’

‘Deceitful!’ exclaimed Charlie; ‘why, we said nothing but what was true; and if you didn’t understand, whose fault was that?’

‘It was not fair,’ persisted Julia; ‘but you’ll be sorry some day, when you know—’

‘When we know what? What have you got there?’

‘That I shall not tell you. If you treat me reciprocally you must expect me to equivocate.’

'What on earth does she mean?' said Charlie, quite overpowered by the long words, and not clearly seeing how they applied; but Teddy, not troubling himself to ask an explanation, seized her hand, and began forcing it open, causing her to exclaim in her natural manner, 'Oh! oh! don't, I say! you'll smash it!' and she opened her hand, and shewed the egg with an air of triumph.

'Oh my!' exclaimed Charlie, with a start of apparent astonishment, 'wherever did you find that?'

Agnes felt sure the astonishment was feigned, and retreated into the school-room to hide her laughter; but she heard Julia say, 'Ah! I thought you would be surprised! Go and look half-way up the poplar tree, and you'll see what you will see!'

'You've been up the poplar tree?' exclaimed Teddy; 'that's what you do when Mamma's back is turned!'

'I didn't say I had been,' said Julia; 'but I advise you to go, if you want any more of these eggs.'

'No, no,' said Charlie, 'that won't do, Ju; you won't catch us so. I'm certain that egg never came out of a nest in the poplar tree.'

'How do you know? Do you know what it is?'

'It's like no egg I ever saw but the cabbage-warbler.'

'Really! I never heard of one; but the nest was amongst the cabbages,' said Julia, quite forgetting her resolutions of keeping her own counsel.

'Ah, I thought so! It's very rarely seen in England—not twice in a century.'

'Oh, what fun! Have you ever seen one before?'

'Yes, once—the egg, that's to say. Rare good luck, isn't it, to meet with it twice in one's life?'

'You don't mean to say you've got a cabbage-warbler's egg!' said Jack, coming out of the school-room. 'I say! we must write to Morris's British Birds!—I hope you didn't destroy the nest, Ju.'

'No, I only took the eggs. Oh dear, oh dear! do you think the bird will desert? Oh, what shall I do?'

'I should think it exceedingly probable,' said Jack gravely, putting Julia into a tremendous flurry.

'Oh, what shall we do? Is it any good to take it back? Oh! I didn't want you to find it, so I took them both! I'm so sorry! What is to be done?'

'Take it back at once, before any further mischief is done,' said Charlie; and Julia rushed madly down the garden, sending the boys into fits of laughter.

'How can you!' exclaimed Agnes indignantly.

'How can she?' said Charlie.

'Won't she be in a jolly rage when she finds out!' said Teddy.

'I do think it's too bad,' said Agnes decidedly; but she only brought a storm of vindication from the boys, in the midst of which tea and the

little ones appeared; and Dora came into the school-room, and summoned them to take their places at the table. Jack and Charlie dined late, but they had no objection to school-room tea first; and the party were all assembled, except Julia.

‘Where is Julia?’ said Dora, who was a rigid disciplinarian.

‘In the garden,’ said Agnes; ‘what a time she is!’

‘She must have found some more cabbage-warblers,’ said Charlie; but just then in burst Julia, hot and breathless, and evidently really in a rage.

‘If you think I’m going to stand such treatment as this, you’re mistaken.’

‘What next!’ said Charlie, while Dora looked astonished.

‘You know what! I saw Sam in the garden, and he told me what you’ve been doing—’

‘Stupid old donkey!’ muttered Teddy.

‘—And I call it mean and dishonourable and sneaking!’ continued Julia, raising her voice in a vehement crescendo.

‘I say, Ju!’ exclaimed Charlie, with rising colour.

‘Gently!’ cried Dora; ‘what are you thinking of? What does it all mean?’

Julia and Teddy both began explaining at the top of their voices; but as soon as Dora could gain a collected idea of what was going on, she remarked decidedly, ‘A foolish affair from first to last! I wonder you are not all ashamed to be so babyish! and as to Julia’s behaviour, it is unpardonable in a girl of her age.—Don’t you see, Julia, that the boys only meant it in fun?’

‘They did it on purpose to plague and spite me!’ cried Julia; ‘they always do! They didn’t want me to have the fun this morning, so they never told me; and now—!’

‘Never told you!’ exclaimed Teddy indignantly. ‘Why, you wouldn’t believe it! and if you hadn’t thought you’d been so awfully sharp about that, you’d have found out the nest long ago.’

‘Any baby with half an eye could see it was a sham one!’ added Charlie. ‘I’m sure I never thought you were so green!’

‘And then, thinking she was going to send us up the poplar tree! As if we were going to be caught like that!’ chuckled Teddy.

‘Quiet, boys!—Julia, how can you be so foolish!’ said Dora. ‘It was your own folly that led to it at all; and if you had had any sense, you would not have been taken in.’

Dora’s words only added to Julia’s wrath, as indeed was usually the case in her well-meant interference in school-room squabbles.

‘As if it wasn’t enough to have spoilt my fun this morning, to go and play such a sneaking trick this afternoon!’ she exclaimed.

‘Upon my word, Julia, it’s lucky for you you’re a girl; you’d better not say that again!’ broke out Charlie.

Agnes, who knew Charlie’s temper was not his strong point, looked

appealingly at John; but he appeared intent on spreading his bread-and-butter, and did not respond; only Dora said calmly, 'Very wrong of her, indeed! How can you call it sneaking, Julia, when you have been trying to do the same yourself?'

'It is! and I will say so!' began Julia.

'Yes,' said Teddy, in a provoking voice; 'tis sneaking, isn't it, to play such tricks on innocents who swallow it all? When it's on people who are too sharp for you, it doesn't matter.'

'Teddy, I'll—'

What Julia would have done must remain uncertain, for Jack suddenly exclaimed, 'I say! what is that old cow doing in the garden?' throw up the window, jumped out, and rushed headlong down the path.

'Cow!' Every one was breathless with astonishment. There was a simultaneous rush to the window, and the other boys and Julia followed Jack's example; but Dora and Agnes could see nothing; only in another minute a merry peal of laughter sounded from behind the bushes, and the whole party appeared again, coming back to the house.

'Well done, old Jack!' cried Charlie. 'I didn't think he'd been so sharp!'

'The third time of asking!' shouted Teddy. 'Julia can never boast again!'

'Come, *we* can't crow this time!' said Charlie. 'It was in good company, at all events.'

Julia looked rather ashamed, as her mother came out to know what had caused the commotion she had witnessed from her window.

'A stratagem to get some fresh air,' said Jack. 'The school-room was getting too hot to hold one.'

'A climax of April-fooling,' said Charlie; 'only I beg leave to state that the custom only holds good till twelve o'clock.'

'You should have thought of that before,' said Jack. 'If it holds good for one it does for another.'

'What is the meaning of it all?' said his mother.

A chorus of voices broke out in explanation; only Julia stood by in silence.

'Well, Julia,' said her mother, when the story was finished, 'I must say I think you have no right to complain, and I am very sorry to hear you can't take a joke good-humouredly.'

'Oh, it was rather a shame of us to run away without her this morning,' said Charlie, whose anger never lasted long.—'Never mind, Ju, we've all been fools together now, so nobody can crow over anybody.'

'Except Jack,' said Agnes.

'Ah, he'd better look out,' said Charlie solemnly; 'the moral to be drawn from the late events is, "Never holloa till you're out of the wood!"'

'Then the cabbage-warbler's eggs will be a lasting memorandum,' said Julia, who had gulped down her vexation, and was somewhat consoled by the boys having been caught at last.

'Memorial,' corrected Dora; 'yes, of the folly of April-fooling.'

'Nay, of the advantage of it,' said Jack.

'That depends on how you take it,' said his mother.

'And the moral of that is, "Don't make mountains out of mole-hills,"' said Charlie.

'What a wonderfully moral turn your ideas have taken!' said Agnes. 'I should think we might as well finish tea now.'

'Yes,' observed Jack; 'it has had time to cool, as well as other people.'

So one cabbage-warbler's egg was added to Julia's and Teddy's collection, and Charlie took the other home with him; and often in after days the cousins laughed together over the recollection of that 1st of April, which might have come to such a stormy conclusion, but for the brilliant idea which struck Jack at the right moment.

MONEY-SPINNER.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IV.

SHADES IN SUNSHINE.

My friends would be angered,
My minnie be mad.

Scots Song.

'WHOM do you think we met, Mother?' said Julius, coming into her room, so soon as he had made his evening toilette, and finding there only his two younger brothers. 'No other than Miss Vivian.'

'Ah! then,' broke in Charlie, 'you saw what Jenkins calls the perfect picture of a woman.'

'She is very handsome,' soberly returned Julius. 'Rose is quite delighted with her. Do you know anything of her?'

'Jenny Bowater was very fond of poor Emily,' rejoined the mother. 'I believe that she had a very good governess, but I wish she were in better hands now.'

'I cannot think why there should be a universal prejudice for the sake of one early offence!' exclaimed Frank.

'Oh indeed!' said Julius, amazed at such a tone to his mother.

'I only meant—Mother, I beg your pardon—but you are only going by hearsay,' answered Frank, in some confusion.

‘Then you have not seen her?’ said Julius.

‘I! I’m the last person she is likely to seek, if you mean Camilla.’

‘She inquired a great deal after you, Mother,’ interposed Frank, ‘and said she longed to call, only she did not know if you could see her. I do hope you will, when she calls on Cecil. I am sure you would think differently. Promise me, Mother!’

‘If she asks for me, I will, my boy,’ said Mrs. Poyndsett; ‘but let me look! You aren’t dressed for dinner! What will Mistress Cecil say to you! Ah! it is time you had ladies about the house again.’

The two youths retreated; and Julius remained, looking anxiously and expressively at his mother.

‘I am afraid so,’ she said; ‘but I had almost rather he were honestly smitten with the young one than that he believed in Camilla.’

‘I should think no one could long do that,’ said Julius.

‘I don’t know. He met them when he was nursing that poor young Scotsman at Rockpier, and got fascinated. He has never been quite the same since that time!’ said the mother anxiously. ‘I don’t blame him, poor fellow!’ she added eagerly, ‘or mean that he has been a bit less satisfactory—oh no! Indeed, it may be my fault for expressing my objection too plainly; he has always been reserved with me since, and I never lost the confidence of one of my boys before!’

That Julius knew full well, for he—as the next eldest at home—had been the recipient of all his mother’s perplexities at the time of Raymond’s courtship. Mrs. Poyndsett had not been a woman of intimate female friends. Her sons had served the purpose, and this was perhaps one great element in her almost unbounded influence with them. Julius was deeply concerned to see her eyes glistening with tears as she spoke of the cloud that had risen between her and Frank.

‘There is great hope that this younger one may be worthy,’ he said. ‘She has had a very different bringing up from her sister, and I did not tell you what I found her doing. She was teaching a little pig-herd boy to draw.’

‘Ah! I heard Lady Tyrrell was taking to the education of the people line.’

‘I want to know who the boy is,’ said Julius. ‘He called himself Reynolds, and said he lived with Granny, but was not a son of Daniel’s or Timothy’s. He seemed about ten years old.’

‘Reynolds? Then I know who he must be. Don’t you remember a pretty-looking girl we had in the nursery in Charlie’s time? His “Fan-fan,” he used to call her.’

‘Ah yes, I remember; she was a Reynolds, for both the little boys could be excited to fury if we assumed that she was a fox. You don’t mean that she went wrong?’

‘Not till after she had left us, and seemed to be doing well in another place; but unfortunately she was allowed to have a holiday in the race week, and a day at the course seems to have done the mischief. Susan

can tell you all about it, if you want to know. She was as broken-hearted as if Fanny had been her own child—much more than the old mother herself, I fear.'

'What has become of the girl?'

'Gone from bad to worse. Alas! I heard a report that she had been seen with some of the people who appear on the race-course with those gambling shooting-galleries, or something of that sort.'

'Ah! those miserable races! They are the bane of the country. I wish no one would go near them.'

'They are a very pleasant county gathering.'

'To you, Mother, and such as you; but you could have your county meeting without doing quite so much harm. If Raymond would only withdraw his subscription.'

'It would be as much as his seat is worth! Those races are the one great event of Wilsbro' and Backsworth, the harvest of all the tradespeople. Besides, you know what is said of their expedience as far as horses are concerned.'

'I would sacrifice the breed of horses to prevent the evils,' said Julius.

'You would, but— My boy, I suppose this is the right view for a clergyman, but it will never do to force it here. You will lose all influence if you are overstrained.'

'Was St. Chrysostom overstrained about the hippodrome?' said Julius thoughtfully.

Mrs. Poyndsett looked at him as he leant upon the chimney-piece. Here was another son gone, in a different way, beyond her reach. She had seen comparatively little of him since his University days; and though always a good and conscientious person, there had been nothing to draw her out of secular modes of thought; nor had she any connection with the clerical world, so that she had not, as it were, gone along with the tone of mind that she had perceived in him.

He did not return to the subject, and they were soon joined by his elder brother. At the first opportunity after dinner, Frank got Rosamond up into a corner with a would-be indifferent 'So you met Miss Vivian. What did you think of her?'

Rosamond's intuition saw what she was required to think, and being experienced in raving brothers, she praised the fine face and figure so as to find the way to his heart.

'I am so glad you met her in that way. Even Julius must be convinced. Was not he delighted?'

'I think she grew upon him.'

'And now neither of you will be warped. It is so very strange in my mother, generally the kindest, most open-hearted woman in the world, to distrust and bear a grudge against them all for the son's dissipation—just as if that affected the ladies of a family!'

'I did not think it was entirely on his account,' said Rosamond.

'Old stories of flirtation!' said Frank scornfully; 'but what are they

to be cast up against a woman in her widowhood? It is so utterly unlike Mother, I can't understand it.'

'Would not the natural conclusion be that she knew more, and had her reasons?'

'I tell you, Rosamond, I know them infinitely better than she does. She never saw them since Lady Tyrrell's marriage, when Eleonora was a mere child; now I saw a great deal of them at Rockpier last year. There was poor Jamie Armstrong sent down to spend the winter on the south coast; and as none of his own people could be with him, we—his Oxford friends, I mean—took turns to come to him; and as I had just gone up for my degree, I had the most time. The Vivians had been living there ever since they went on poor Emily's account. They did not like to leave the place where she died, you see; and Lady Tyrrell had joined them after her husband's death. Such a pleasant house! no regular gaieties, of course, but a few friends in a quiet way—music and charades, and so forth. Everyone knew everybody there; not a bit of our stiff county ways, but meeting all day long in the most sociable manner.'

'Oh yes, I know the style of place.'

'One gets better acquainted in a week than one does in seven years in a place like this,' proceeded Frank. 'And you may tell Julius to ask any of the clerics if Lenore was not a perfect darling with the Vicar and his wife, and her sister too; and Rockpier is a regular tip-top place for Church, you know. I'm sure it was enough to make a fellow good for life, just to see Eleonora walking up the aisle with that sweet face of hers, looking more like Heaven than earth.'

Rosamond made reply enough to set him off again. 'Lady Tyrrell would have been content to stay there for ever, she told me, but she thought it too confined a range for Eleonora; there was no formation of character, though I don't see how it could have formed better; but Lady Tyrrell is a thoroughly careful motherly sister, and thought it right she should see a little of the world. So they broke up from Rockpier, and spent a year abroad; and now Lady Tyrrell is making great sacrifices to enable her father to come and live at home again. I must say it would be more neighbourly to welcome them a little more kindly!'

'I should think such agreeable people were sure to win their way.'

'Ah! you don't know how impervious our style of old squire and squiress can be! If even Mother is not superior to the old prejudice, who will be? And it is *very* hard on a fellow; for three parts of my time is taken up by this eternal cramming—I should have no heart for it but for her—and I can't be going over to Sirenwood as I used to go to Rockpier, while my mother vexes herself about it, in her state. If she were up and about I should not mind, or she would know better; but what can they—Lenore, I mean—think of me, but that I am as bad as the rest?'

'Do you mean that anything has passed between you?'

'No, not with Lenore. Her sister spoke to me, and said it was not right when she had seen nothing but Rockpier; but she as good as promised to stand my friend. And when I get to the office, in two years, I shall have quite enough to begin upon, with what my mother allows us.'

'Then you hope she will wait for that?'

'I feel sure of it—that is, if she is not annoyed by this abominable usage from my family. Oh! Rosamond, you will help us when you get into your own house, and you will get Julius to see it in a proper light. Mother trusts to him almost as much as to Raymond; but it is our misfortune to be so much younger, that she can't believe us grown up.'

'O Frank,' said Charlie, coming in, 'here's Price come up about the puppies.—What, Rosamond, has he got hold of you? What a blessing for me! but I pity you.'

Frank and Charlie went off together; and Julius was in the act of begging Cecil to illuminate a notice of the services, to be framed and put into the church porch, when Raymond came in from the other room to make up a whist-table for his mother. Rosamond gladly responded; but there was a slight accent of contempt in Cecil's voice, as she replied, 'I never played a game at cards in my life.'

'They are a great resource to my mother,' said Raymond. 'Anne, you are too tired to play?—No, Julius, the pack is not there; look in the drawer of the chiffonière.'

Julius handed the list he had been jotting down to Cecil, and followed his brother, with his hands full of cards, unconscious of the expression of dismay, almost horror, with which Anne was gazing after him.

'Oh! let us be resolute!' she cried, as soon as the door was shut. 'Do not let us touch the evil thing!'

'Cards?' said Cecil. 'If Mrs. Poyntsett cannot be amused without them, I suppose we shall have to learn. I always heard she was such an intellectual woman.'

'But we ought to resist sin, however painful it may be,' said Anne, gathering strength; 'nay, even if a minister sets the example of defection.'

'You think it wicked,' said Cecil. 'Oh no, it is stupid and silly, and an absurd waste of time, but no more.'

'Yes, it is,' said Anne. 'Cards are the bane of thousands.'

'Oh yes, gambling and all that; but to play in the evening to amuse an invalid can have no harm in it.'

'An invalid and aged woman ought to have her mind set upon better things,' said Anne. 'I shall not withdraw my testimony, and I hope you will not.'

'I don't know,' said Cecil. 'You see I am expected to attend to Mrs. Poyntsett; and I have seen whist at Dunstone when any dull old person came there. What a troublesome crooked hand Julius writes—just like Greek! What's all this? So many services—four on Sunday,

two every day, three on Wednesdays and Fridays! We never had anything like this at Dunstone.'

'It is very superstitious,' said Anne.

'Very superfluous, I should say,' amended Cecil. 'I am sure my father would consent to nothing of the kind. I shall speak to Raymond about it.'

'Yes,' said Anne; 'it does seem terrible that a minister should try to make up for worldly amusements by a quantity of vain ceremonies.'

'I wish you would not call him a minister, it sounds like a dissenter.'

'I think ministers their best name, except pastors.'

'Both are horrid alike,' said Cecil. 'I shall teach all the people to call Julius the Rector. That's better than Mr. Charnock—what Raymond ought to be.'

Anne was struck dumb at this fearful display of worldliness; and Cecil betook herself to the piano, but the moment her husband appeared she shewed him the list.

'He has cut out plenty of work,' said Raymond, 'but three of them must want a field for their energies.'

'It is preposterous. I want you to speak to him about it.'

'You are not expected to go to them all,' Raymond made answer.

'Then there's no sense in having them,' responded Cecil. 'Evening services are very bad for the people, bringing them out late. You ought to tell him so.'

'He is Rector, and I am not,' said Raymond.

'Mr. Venn did nothing without Papa's consent,' exclaimed the lady.

'My dear Cecil, don't let your loyalty make a Harry the Eighth of your father,' said Raymond; 'the clergyman ought to be a free agent.'

'You don't approve?'

'I don't approve or disapprove. It is not a matter I know anything about.'

'But I assure you it has been all thought over at Dunstone.'

'Come, my mother wants to go to bed, and you are keeping her waiting.'

Cecil was silenced for the moment, but not daunted; for was it not the foremost duty of the lady of the manor to keep the clergyman in order, more especially when he was her own husband's younger brother? so she met her brother-in-law with 'Julius, when I undertook that notice, I had no notion you were going to have so many services.'

'Is there more than you have time to paint? Then Bindon can do it, or Jenny Bowater.'

'No! it is not time or trouble; but I do not think such a number of services desirable.'

'Indeed!' said he, looking amused.

'Yes. An over number of services frequented by no one only brings the Church into contempt. I heard Papa say so. We only had regular

Sunday and Saint's Day services, and I am sure Dunstone was quite as religious a place as there is any need to be.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Julius, an odd look flickering about his face; 'but as I am afraid Compton is not as religious a place as there is need to be, I must try, by your leave, all means of making it so. Good-night.'

He was gone, and Cecil was not sure that he had not presumed to laugh at her.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE OLGA'S STORY.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

PART II.—IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XII.—HERMANN'S OPPOSITION.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Will live, though dead.

From the German.

You will not forbid me, Mother dearest, to stay with him now, and comfort him if God take him, or nurse him back to life if I can?

It must seem strange to you to read these words from me: but, Mother, he is passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and seeing it, I seem like a new creature. I do not forget that I am asking you to give me up, and that I am renouncing my beloved home; but whatever sorrow may come to me, all I can think of now is that he is alone, and sick almost to death. Perhaps you will come, Mother; can you?

So wrote Lunia. It was a great shock to my mother, though she had foreseen it in some measure; and when she laid it in Hermann's hands he was furious. All his old obstinate prejudice, and his sense of injury, arose against it.

'No, Mother!' he cried, striking the letter fiercely. 'It shall never be, if I can prevent it. He has robbed you once, and now he will take as a sacrifice the next best thing we have. If I stand in my father's place to protect you, Mother, I will never consent to this.'

'Hermann, my son, you are too violent,' said my mother. She could not, or would not, argue with him then; but later she opened her mind to him. 'You must not forget, my child, in the misfortunes which have fallen upon us, that the Count was the dear father's friend, and that if we lost *him* in those bitter troubles, Baretowsky has also lost his all.'

‘But if he has lost all, (putting aside the rest,) we have no right to sacrifice Lunia to a life of beggary.’

‘You are right, my son,’ said my mother, with a sigh; ‘and yet, the heart will speak. You do not know, as I do, how constantly Lunia has loved him. I have trusted much to an Almighty Father, and must trust still more.’

Hermann did not reply; but when my mother’s simple preparations were made for her journey to join us in London, she found that he too had got leave, and was intending to accompany her. She thanked him, and said she was glad of his company; but as they drew near to London she said pleadingly, ‘Hermann, you will not add to Lunia’s troubles now by opposition?’

‘My opposition may be of little use,’ he answered, somewhat bitterly. ‘But I will not allow this sacrifice to take place without a word to Baretowsky.’

My mother sighed deeply; but she felt that he had reason on his side—more than she had. She was hardly sure that she was not wronging her daughter. At the station I met them: the Count was very feeble that day, and in great pain; and Lunia’s touch was so refreshing to him, and so soothing, that she felt obliged to content herself with sending by me a little line of affectionate greeting. She would be at my aunt’s house in time to meet our mother when she should arrive there. This put the climax to Hermann’s dissatisfaction. He took me aside while our mother was making some arrangements with her luggage, consisting chiefly of country produce for my aunt.

‘Olga,’ he said, ‘I hope you are not as mad as the rest in this wretched affair.’

‘I see great difficulties, but no one is mad about it, Hermann; we are all trying to do what is right.’

‘Right! about as right as the sacrifice of Iphigenia! Do you not see that Lunia is utterly mad? She even neglects our mother for this miserable fellow.’

It was in vain to argue or remonstrate; but my mother, now coming up, perceived the state of affairs, and ere we reached our destination, she said seriously, and almost severely, to Hermann, ‘Remember, Hermann, I positively forbid you to make a disturbance, and render your sister unhappy.’

‘I will do all I can to obey you, Mother,’ he answered, with a gravity which was not sullen. ‘But I *must* put it before Lunia and Baretowsky clearly what they are doing.’

Lunia was ready for us at my aunt’s door, with a sweet smile and greeting; but the inexplicable change which she even observed in herself came like a shock to our mother. It seemed that she had already lost her daughter, and no new loss could add to this. Lunia had found her work in life, and now all her actions centred to one end. Little was said at first. A meal was ready for the travellers; and though the

Count's health and adventures were spoken of, it was but as those of a friend in whom all must needs feel a deep interest.

Lunia had a few words alone with my mother that evening, and they understood one another perfectly. Meanwhile, Hermann took an opportunity of asking me, 'Olga, how far has this gone?'

'How far, Hermann?'

'Yes, how far? Why do you not tell me? Has he been base enough to ask her to marry him, with one foot in the grave?'

'I do not think he has asked it in so many words.'

'Then she is not thinking of throwing herself at his feet?'

'Hermann, you speak so roughly; you have no sympathy.'

'I think I have more sympathy with Lunia's real interests than any of you have. What I want to know distinctly is this—Is this a mere romantic fancy that she must nurse him through his illness, or does she actually want to marry him? She does not define anything in her letter.'

'There is but one way in which she can nurse him.'

He writhed with impatience. 'I always thought, with all his faults, he had the spirit of a man; but I call it the act of a coward to ask the daughter of a man whom he drew on to his death, to share his own misery. I suppose he is an utter beggar?'

'No; he has money.'

'There again! I should not have suspected him of saving for himself. I always believed he had sacrificed everything to his idol, Poland; but it was a half-hearted worship.'

'Hermann, if you are so unjust, you will make us all wretched; and no good can come of it, for my mother and Lunia must do as they think best.' (He uttered an angry exclamation, for he wished to do for us as our father would have done, and it irked him that his youth prevented him from being regarded as the head of the family.) 'The Count did not save for himself; but, to his great surprise, his sister sought him out as he was on the point of leaving Poland, and forced upon him a box full of money and jewels which she had secured for him. He had not seen her since the Austrians had taken possession of his castle, and his inquiries for her seemed to have been purposely foiled. But she looked well, and told him she had every need supplied, and was in safety. He cannot fathom the mystery.'

'Well! but if he looks to have his estates back, he is more mad than even I suppose; and this treasure will not last long.'

'The Countess assured him it should be renewed at need, and gave him an address where to apply to her. But of course, he does not dwell on that. It is no time now to think of the future for him; death is nearer to him than life.'

'Olga, you are a woman, like the rest—sentimental and illogical. You are bent on sacrificing Lunia's future, though you will not look forward to his.'

Here my aunt entered. I told her that Hermann was strongly opposed to Lunia's wishes.

'Then he has more sense than any of you,' she answered; 'but he cannot prevent Lunia from having her own way, so he had better make the best of it.'

Lunia and my mother soon returned; it was plain that both had been weeping, and Hermann had too much feeling to distress them more. On the following morning, I received a note from Dolly; a hideous scrawl, but a great improvement, in point of spelling, on the first of her compositions here recorded.

My own dear Olga,

I am dying to know about our darling Lunia. Mrs. Nordmann told me a little bit, and I guessed a *great* deal more. I know it is that delicious Count, and I *must* know when my darling Lunia is going to be married, and if he is better, poor dear! and if she is very *very* happy. Let me know at once, especially when they are to be married.

Your wicked little

DOLLY.

I pocketed this effusion with a sigh, for I was afraid there would be many difficulties to overcome before our Lunia would be very *very* happy. My young mind had thought of love as a sort of magic home where pure joy must dwell, and that the mere fact of being beloved by the beloved one would make of earth a paradise. But here was deep true love, and a meeting on this side the grave after a bitter parting, which both thought was for life and death; and yet—was this happiness, this sad, white, earnest face of my Lunia?

Early in the morning, she prepared to go out; my mother also. I saw Hermann's face grow stern while they were away. When they returned to the room to take leave of me, he stopped them. 'Lunia,' he said, 'you will perhaps think me hard or cruel, but I must say to you what I have come here to say.'

My mother and I looked imploringly at him, and my mother moved as if to stop him; but Lunia laid aside her gloves, and said quite quietly and sweetly, 'Say whatever you wish, Hermann dear! I am ready to listen.'

Her gentleness disturbed him; he took her two hands, as he sometimes did in play, and looked at her with a very manly face, grieved and strong-willed. 'You know, Lunia, how, since we lost our honoured father, I have tried to take his place to you all, as well as I was able.'

'I know, dear.'

'And now, Schwesterchen, I want you to listen to me as if I were our father.'

'I will, Hermann.'

'Tell me then, in the fewest words, what do you want to do?'

'I want our mother to tell Count Baretowsky, that if it will comfort

him, I will become his wife now, and do my best to nurse him back to life again.' A gentle rose flushed on her cheek, but she spoke calmly and decidedly.

Hermann's foot impatiently tapped the floor. 'Lunia, have you thought what that means?'

'Yes, I have thought,' she answered, solemnly, but still very calmly.

Impatient beyond endurance, Hermann drew for her a terrible picture of the poverty and suffering she might have to endure. My mother and I were terrified at the prospect, which we felt to be too true, yet (with feminine inconsistency) more pained for Lunia's wounded feelings. But when Hermann had ended, from sheer want of breath, she only said quietly, 'Brother, you do not know a woman's heart. Suffering I must endure; God has laid it on me. Better, even for me, mere bodily suffering, if I feel that I am helpful to him, than the bitter pain of leaving him alone in his disappointment and weakness. What you say has no effect, for I am not thinking of myself.'

'Then my wish has no effect?'

'Do not be angry with me, Brother. In any lesser thing, your wish would be much to me; but in this, only my mother's command can hold me back; and she does not give it.'

'Then, have you remembered that he is a Romanist, and you have joined another communion?'

She looked distressed. 'That has crossed my mind; but I remember what Mr. Campbell has told us, that God planted certain branches of the Church in certain lands, and I cannot think it other than right of him to be firm to the faith of his dear country. And if it is right for him, it cannot be wrong for me to be his wife, though I will not be untrue to the faith I have adopted.'

Hermann was flushed and angry. 'But at least you forget his family pride, and that, as soon as he is strong again, he will go back to his miserable turbulent Poland. What good would his humbly-born German bride be to him then?'

Here Lunia looked, for the first time, deeply moved, and turned as if appealing to my mother. She came and took Lunia in her arms; and with the utmost dignity, admitting of no reply, she said to Hermann, 'My son, you have done what you believe to be your duty. Now leave us. You may rest assured that I will not compromise the delicacy or the dignity of your sister.'

Hermann could not but obey. He turned to go, but said, in a respectful yet firm voice, 'Mother, you know that I must return to-day, but I must first see Baretowsky.'

'No, Hermann, no!' cried Lunia, excited for the first time. 'You cannot, you shall not distress him, as you have distressed me.'

'Remember,' said our mother severely, 'in that case it will be you who will compromise Lunia.'

'Mother, I do not forget. You have as yet said nothing to the

Count, nor he to you. He is therefore more of a man than I had taken him for. We shall meet as old acquaintances, and I can learn, perhaps better than you can, what his hopes and prospects are. Then, I must leave you to do your will. But if he accepts this sacrifice, by word or letter I shall then let him know my mind concerning it.'

Boy though he still was, there was too much of our father in him for even his mother to oppose. He went with the others: he saw the Count alone; all he learned beyond that which I had told him was that, as far as he could yet see, Baretowsky was in real despair concerning his country—that he recognized the hopelessness of new struggles, and did not look forward to returning to Poland.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE SHALL STILL BE LORD OF ALL.

Oh! wilt thou have my hand, dear, to lie alone in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and pine.
Now drop the poor pale hand, dear, unfit to plight with thine.

R. B. Browning.

On the day after his return, as Hermann was calling at Mr. Drew's house for directions, Dolly, instead of her father, came into the study, and attacked him.

'Oh! Mr. Nordmann, you have seen dear Lunia. How is she? Is she *very* happy?'

'She looks white and worn enough, if that is being happy.'

'White and worn? Ah! that is because *he* is so ill. Is he not?'

'Count Baretowsky? He is seriously ill.'

'Oh! Mr. Nordmann, do not be afraid to tell me all about it. Mrs. Nordmann told me very much. I do so want to know. Are they to be married at once?'

'I hope to Heaven not!'

'Mr. Hermann! you would not be so wicked as to stand between them?'

He was too boyish to feel that he could refuse to answer this young inquisitor.

'I certainly would stand between Lunia and wretchedness.'

'Is he so poor?'

'He is a ruined man.'

'Oh! yes; of course. All those dear Poles are ruined men. There was Thaddeus of Warsaw. But then, it is only money that they want. Oh! cannot we do something, Mr. Hermann? Let us think. You try to think what you can do, and I will think. I could sell the ponies,' she went on musingly; 'walking is far better exercise, and Olga and I can

share a donkey. I think the ponies would fetch seventy pounds. And oh!—yes; I am sure Papa would give me a nice cheque. Won't that do for a little while? Say a hundred or two; and by the time they have spent that, perhaps the people will give him back his property, or they can come here and stay a year or two.'

She had run herself out of breath, and seemed to have forgotten, in her excitement, her aversion to my brother. He was much offended at this summary settling of our affairs.

'You are very good, Miss Drew; but I set my face against the affair entirely; and—we are not accustomed to receive favours.'

'Oh! Mr. Hermann, don't be so cruel as to be obstinate about it. You don't know Lunia. She cannot give him up. Don't you know she loves him? and people must marry each other when they are in love. Now, dear kind Mr. Hermann—'

She clasped her hands, and the tears came into her eyes. Hermann was decidedly uncomfortable, and wondering where the scene would end, when Mr. Drew came in, in his usual fussy way, and stared with displeased surprise to see his daughter almost on her knees to his clerk.

'Miss Drew seems to take a very warm interest in some entirely private family affairs of ours,' said Hermann haughtily.

'O Papa!' cried Dolly, in a flushed, tearful, and indignant state, 'Mr. Hermann is so cruel to his family: you have no conception. I will tell you all about it afterwards.' And she tossed out of the room.

'What is all this?' asked Mr. Drew suspiciously. Hermann told his story as shortly as possible; and his employer was strongly of his opinion.

'To be sure, to be sure. Women are a parcel of fools. Sensible fellow!'

Probably, in his conversation with Dolly, Mr. Drew objected to the sale of the ponies and to the presentation of unlimited cheques, for she attacked Hermann no more, but, on the contrary, barely recognized him when they met, and poured out her feelings to me in a series of wild epistles.

Meanwhile, my mother saw that she would be detained in London; she could not leave Lunia at this crisis in her life. The Count had a relapse; he was suffering from old wounds and the remains of the low fever which had long clung to him; now to this was added the exhaustion consequent on a sudden hæmorrhage from the lung, brought on by a cough which had pursued him through a long sad course of exposure and suffering. The doctor, a kind fatherly man, had learned Lunia's relation to the sufferer. 'If she were his wife, she might save him yet,' he said. These words decided Lunia. My mother had hesitated hitherto to take the decisive step; but now Lunia said to her, half wild with anxiety, 'Mother, you must speak to him now, or I must do it.'

She would not have spoken so, had she not been almost in despair.

Our mother said sadly, 'My child, you have no need to use that plea.' She also saw that the time was come; she sent Lunia home, and waited to speak to the doctor and to Baretowsky. The former adhered to his opinion; nothing but loving and constant care could save the Count. Yet he spoke with pity of that fresh young blossom, as he called Lunia, if she were sent to wither in the sick room. My mother responded with a sigh; but she did not shrink from her task.

When her step was heard, Lunia, who had sat sewing with a forced serenity, stood up with clasped hands and a pale eager face.

My mother came in with a wan wintry smile. She kissed Lunia long and tenderly. 'Here is his answer, my darling,' she said, putting into Lunia's hands a tiny box. She opened it. Within was a ring, beautiful with one great heavenly sapphire, like a moonlit sky, surrounded by a rim of pearls. If at once there can be deep peace and deep pain in one human soul, they shewed on Lunia's face at that moment.

Our mother would never tell us fully of the scene between her and the Count. She had felt, she said, like Abraham when he took the knife to slay Isaac; no angel had held her hand, and she could not renew her torture. She only told us what a bright light came on the poor pale handsome face when he understood her meaning. 'It would be Heaven,' he said. Then he was cast down, and said he dared not take her at her word: the cost was too great—his life of too little value. He would not, for Lunia's sake, accept the great gift till he had seen her. But he sent the ring, the costliest of the family jewels in his sister's gift; for 'For life or death she is my bride,' he said, 'the only one I shall ever have; the only one I ever would have had, though she be never more to me than now.'

Although he could not speak above a whisper, on account of the injury to the lung, he was even now fearfully exhausted. My mother left him, with an injunction to rest and think that soon he would have one to soothe him constantly.

'To all eternity her goodness will be my comfort,' he said; 'but I dare not think of it till I have seen *her*.'

On the morrow, my mother was too much exhausted by the mental strain of the previous day, to accompany Lunia. In something like remorse, my sister would have stayed with her, but our mother would not permit it; and my aunt—who, though feeling it her duty to grumble at our folly, was really full of a most romantic interest in the affair—took us to the Count's lodgings. With a delicacy which her stiff dry manners did not allow me to suspect, she said, when we arrived there, 'You shall go in with Lunia, Olga: I should embarrass them.'

I went, as a necessity, but feeling myself much in the way. I only nodded to the Count, who was not watching for me, as he sat, wrapped in a great blue fur-lined cloak, his long beard spread over his breast. He was propped up by old red cushions, and looked a most picturesque figure for an artist; but, alas! a sad spectacle for those who loved him.

I went at once to a seat by the window, but the room was too small for me to ignore what was passing.

Lunia went up to him, but remained a few feet from him, her eyes cast down, for the first time blushing and shy. He held out one great white hand, which was too weak to be left alone, and so she laid hers in it instinctively. 'My noble Lunia,' he whispered, drawing her towards him, 'who but you would be ready to come to me in this time of misery?'

She knelt down gently beside him, arranging a cushion that was falling; but she kept her eyes from his. 'Do you want me?' she asked, very low.

'*Want* you, my darling! But while you come to me like this,' he continued, somewhat louder, and with an evident mental effort, 'I *have* you, and I can die in your arms; and to obtain that blessing I would not load you with a life-long burden of sorrow. I dare not accept your noble mother's generosity, my child.'

She was silent.

He thought she assented. With an accent of involuntary dejection, he added, 'But your goodness will ever be my greatest blessing.'

Her face was resting on his arm, like a child's face softly pillowed. It was not till some minutes of silence had elapsed, that she said softly, 'When you go back to Poland, would your poor little German wife be in the way?'

He spread out his feeble hand, and gazed upon it with a sad smile. 'Poland will have but little help from me, I fear. None from strength of arm. If I live, I shall not go back there. There is no more hope.'

He let his hand fall wearily as he concluded, and the deepest dejection overspread his face. He had forgotten, for the moment, even Lunia. The sight of his grief was enough to make her forget herself. She raised herself, and put one arm slowly, shyly, tenderly, round his neck. He turned towards her—their eyes met at last. Somehow, although they said nothing, or nothing loud enough for me to hear, they understood each other. He saw that the sacrifice to her would be in leaving him, not in remaining; *she* saw that all his hopes and dearest dreams were for ever bound up in her. They felt that God had joined their hands. I looked with all my might at a little child tottering along the opposite pavement; yet I could not but hear the deep terrific sob which tells that the flood-gates of a manly soul have given way, and hear the broken syllables, 'My wife!'

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE SPRING TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.—CHAPTER I.

Oh! the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west;
And I said in underbreath—All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh! the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west;
And I smiled to think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.

E. B. Browning.

SCENE—a drawing-room. Time—about five o'clock on an afternoon in March.

It was not one of those blustering lion-like March days; for the month had begun with them, consequently was coming to an end in a peaceable lamb-like manner, with gentle breezes wafting spring thoughts of budding primroses, moist earth, and twittering birds.

Dr. Middleton was standing by the mantel-piece, Nell leaning against the window, and Geoffrey lying on the sofa. Lady Matilda sat at her davenport—now writing, now joining in the conversation.

'So you give me another month to lie here, Uncle Mike,' Geoffrey was saying, 'and I have been on my back for a week already, which has seemed to me a year, therefore I shall be an interesting invalid for as good as four years longer. I wish a fellow could be insured against a sprained knee or anything else at foot-ball, and I wish you had cut off my leg at once, as in that case I might hop about on a crutch. When Blanche was here with the boy yesterday, he was asking me all sorts of questions—amongst others, when I should have my "hamper of potatoes;" and only by a very happy thought of his mamma's, we found out that Nurse had been cramming him with the idea that my leg was to be "hamper-tatoed," or in other words, amputated.—I do think, Nell, you might get up a small laugh, when a poor cripple tries to be funny. What shall I do to make you smile again? Shall I say that I did not mean what I said ten minutes ago?'

Nell certainly did look ruffled when she left the window at last, saying, 'No; because if you did say it, you would not mean it. I know I am angry, I cannot bear to hear you find fault with Archie.'

'What did I say? Now, Uncle Mike, help me to calm her savage little spirit.'

'Now, Uncle Mike, tell him that he is all wrong,' urged Nell, 'that Archie has not altered.'

'Very few of us remain the same,' was the answer, accompanied by a quiet smile.

‘I hope I shall; and I always thought Archie would.’

‘You might have known he never could,’ put in her brother, laughing provokingly at her impetuosity; whilst her mother, rising to leave the room, said, ‘It is not worth quarrelling about, Nell; you excite yourself so unnecessarily about nothing.’

As the door closed upon her, Archie’s champion turned from Geoffrey in hardly suppressed indignation, and stirred the fire vehemently and in silence.

‘Invalid brothers are plagues, and uncles not much better—eh, Nell?’ and the poker was taken from the eager little hands, and the flushed face gently raised between both of his.

‘Indeed, Uncle Mike, Mamma is wrong to call it nothing,’ began Nell. ‘I would quarrel again and again with anybody who says that Archie preaches and does not practise—that he is absurd, and too much of a boy. Why should he not be a boy as long as he likes? How can you say that you get tired of seeing him here, Geff, when he is so kind and thoughtful for you?’

‘I know he is, I don’t find fault with him for that; but I get perfectly sick of the sight of him and Queenie, with their heads together over their French books of an evening. She never looks at them when he is not here; that mania of hers for being clever is all sham. I assure you, that last night I would have given anything for the use of my leg, just to tip up the whole table, as soon as they sat down to it.’

‘And I,’ said Nell, ‘would give a great deal, even to wish to be as clever as Queenie means to be. I admire her for studying as she does in the evening, when we are all amusing ourselves; and I admire Archie for giving up his time to her in that way, after a hard day’s work.’

‘Exactly,’ retorted her brother; ‘where you see an angel, I see a man who makes a fool of himself.’

‘I would rather like a person for what he has not in him, than dislike him for what he has not,’ was the somewhat incomprehensible answer; and then she crept into the shadow of her uncle’s arm-chair, and subsided into silence. The fire crackled quietly, and Geoffrey turned over the leaves of the last ‘Punch’ listlessly, his handsome profile clearly defined against the window; whilst the pale daylight passed dreamily away, and the muffin-man’s bell tinkled round the square.

At last a subdued voice spoke: ‘Why must people change, Uncle Michael? I don’t wish to change, and I am sure you have always been the same.’

Her hand was squeezed just a little tighter in his, and his face glowed with a light from something a long way off, as he answered: ‘I will tell you a story one of these days, dear. No, not now;’ and he smiled away the flow of questions he saw ready to come; ‘not now, for Geoffrey wants you to read to him, so ring for candles.’

Against which she protested, but obeyed nevertheless, except in the matter of reading to her brother, for she declared that Adela considered

it her peculiar province; had Uncle Michael ever heard her read? it was quite a treat. Yes; and Uncle Michael knew too that Nell herself had discovered Adela's talent for reading aloud, and managed to make it known just after Geoffrey's accident, when he required soothing and amusing; and so thoroughly did he appreciate it, that she had not been quite so sharp during the last week—soothed, perhaps, as much as he was in a different way.

'You will not forget your story, one of these days, will you?' Nell said coaxingly.

'No, I shall not forget it,' he answered; and then added, 'have you ever read a verse, which says, all that is in the world, all the pride of life, passeth away; but he that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever? because nothing will change those words, they are some of the truest ever written.'

Her answer was simple enough. 'I am not old enough to understand them quite—am I? You know I am only eighteen, only just out of the school-room, and I have had so little time to think of such things. I don't feel as if I should like to see anything pass away yet.'

'No, darling, not yet,' he said fondly, and followed her with his eyes, as she put Geoffrey to rights before leaving the room, and put herself to rights with him by kissing him, as he lay there half asleep; then she went off to find Adela, thinking over her uncle's words—thinking of someone she knew, who would surely 'abide for ever.' Click went the letter-box, and she must needs peep over the bannisters to see what letters there were. One for Lady Matilda. Ah! that is the expected invitation to a ball in Easter Week, for which Nell had been longing exceedingly. There was also a letter for Queenie; and one for Dr Middleton, which evidently required some thought, for he was very grave when he put the closely written sheet into his pocket; but nobody was any the wiser, except that he said, 'Only a business letter from Archie. I shall not go home till Monday, now.' Queenie's letter could not have been satisfactory either, for Nell found her sitting by the school-room fire, looking the very picture of melancholy. In vain did her cousin try to work her up to a state of ecstasy about the coming ball, dancing round the room whilst she talked—humming snatches of waltzes—only leaving off at last because Queenie complained of a head-ache.

'Does it not seem strange,' said Nell, as she sank into a rocking-chair, 'to think how we have been longing and looking forward to this time, and now—here it really is! There, in that great gloomy book-case, are our poor old grammars and geographies put away for ever and a day; we were only using them a fortnight back, and in another fortnight we shall both actually come out! Archie always promised he would be at my first ball, and so he will be. O Queenie, Queenie! I knew this would be the happiest spring in my life!' and the happy girl sprang up once more, and took one more whirl round the room.

Perhaps if Queenie had heard that conversation in the drawing-room,

she would not have said so fretfully, with her hand to her head, 'Please talk of something else, Nell; you can think of nothing but yourself.' Of course, she was sorry as soon as the words escaped her, and kissing Nell penitently, she told her that she did not mean to be unkind, but she had matter of so much more importance than the ball to absorb her thoughts.

'I wish you would tell me what it is you are always thinking about,' pleaded Nell; 'you so often sit here reading poetry, and writing. Papa complains that you are so silent; but you must not mind his being irritable sometimes, for he cannot bear to see you unhappy; he is really very fond of you.'

'I know he is,' replied Queenie, rising majestically, and throwing her head back as she faced Nell; 'you are all kind, even Adela has been kind lately, and I hate it! don't look shocked, Nell. I hate living upon other people's kindness so much, that I cannot bear it any longer; and so, the other day— You promise not to tell?'

Breathless from astonishment, Nell promised; and Queenie went on: 'The other day I answered an advertisement for a companion to an old lady. This is the answer just come by post; but if you say a word about it to anybody before I give you leave, I shall run away altogether.'

Nell was not the excited one now, as she stood speechless, watching Queenie's trembling hand take the neatly written note from her pocket, hardly able to believe her eyes, when she read that 'Mrs. Burnet would be happy to see Miss Dawson between four and five o'clock on Monday afternoon.'

'I am of no use here—only a burden to everybody; and that would be something to live for. I should be earning my own livelihood, and troubling nobody but myself.'

If her little nephew had proposed a voyage round the world in a canoe, Nell could scarcely have been more astounded. 'I must tell Archie,' she exclaimed at last, when she could no longer gaze in silence at the would-be strong-minded little woman, 'I must tell him, because I know you ought not to do it, and he will tell you so.'

'If you tell him, Nell, I shall never forgive you. Remember—you have promised.'

Poor Nell was in an agony of bewilderment and remorse, and with her arm round Queenie, implored her, by every argument she could think of, by all the ties of affection and kindred, not to take such a rash step. She felt convinced that her Papa would never hear of it; she herself could not let her go—had they not worked together in the school-room for almost a year? had they not together looked forward to this spring? Why should she wish to run away from them all, and settle down to drudgery?

'I am very disagreeable sometimes, I know,' she continued; 'but I will try to make you happy. I will do all in my power.'

Surely, it was not 'very disagreeable' of Nell to weary sometimes of Queenie's wonderful dreams, vague ideas, and poetical similes, so often

interrupting her when she felt most disinclined to listen, so often overheard by Archie, who invariably gave it as his opinion that 'the little girl had a mind, and might do something with it.' Therefore, Nell usually ended by admiring her too, and by sighing over her own inferiority. Nor was it 'very disagreeable' of her to have thought Queenie rather inconsiderate last winter, when she complained of her inability to make any progress in French with their master, and joyfully accepted Archie's proposal to take her in hand. He was a first-rate French scholar, and sitting at a side-table in the Middletons' drawing-room, with Queenie for his pupil, three or four times a week, was certainly preferable to solitude in his apartments. So Nell, with another little sigh, supposed that Queenie was wonderfully clever, and Archie wonderfully kind, and she herself wonderfully unreasonable to wish that there were no such thing as the French language.

'And will you give up your French lessons, Queenie?' she asked; 'will you live away from us altogether?'

Queenie looked dreamily into the fire, saying at last, 'When I felt so anxious to improve in French last winter, I was thinking of being a governess some day; but lately I have thought that I am more fitted for a companion.'

'Oh dear! oh dear! can you really make up your mind to sit knitting with an old lady the whole day long! for my idea of a companion is—a poor patient woman always knitting, with a cross old lady also knitting, and constantly dropping her stitches and wanting them to be picked up!' exclaimed Nell.

'I can't knit, but I can read aloud; besides, she may not be cross, and if she is, I must bear it. Women are meant to endure.'

Spoken like a book, Queenie! but women need not go out of the way in order to find something to endure; it will come soon enough without being sought for.

'But, Queenie, you cannot read aloud all day; and just think of the dry books you will have to read! Do you remember how you always groaned over Russell's "Modern Europe," and never would read your share of Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues"? and I dare say Mrs. Burnet's books will be quite as bad, if not worse.'

Queenie said calmly and resignedly, 'If it will be my duty to read them, I must. Pleasure is not everything. I can give up our ball gladly, and all the enjoyment I should have had this spring, so that I may do my duty. This is not my proper place. There I may be treated as a slave, but you know I am only a poor orphan, and ought to work for my living. I mean to suffer and be strong.'

Nell gazed at her still more wonderingly. She had heard her speak in this way before, but never to such an extent. It did occur to her, that the study of history and chemistry had been in their time a duty not to be shirked, and if she had failed in that, when set before her, might she not fail in this self-chosen task? But then, Nell concluded

that Queenie had always been far beyond ordinary school-room routine; she had heard Archie eloquent upon the subject of her superiority over ordinary girls, and she felt more than ever convinced of it now, as with her large brown eyes flashing, Queenie continued: 'There is something better worth living for than enjoyment—enjoyment is unprofitable after all. Life is very bitter, but I can bear it.'

Here the little tragedy-queen threw herself into the arm-chair and buried her face in her hands; and Nell said softly, 'Queenie, if you will only stay, I will try and shew you the sweets of life too—I think I see all sweet and no bitter, and I may be wrong, and you may be right—yet we might help each other; will you stay?'

'No,' was the answer, in smothered tones. 'I have made up my mind, and nothing shall move me.'

'But you made up your mind the other day never to sit in the drawing-room of an evening, because you said Adela teased so; and then Archie talked you over, and so he would now, if you will only let me tell him.'

Queenie started up, and placing her hand on Nell's arm, said imploringly, 'You promised that you would not! Let me go my own way. Have you never read of heroines who sacrificed themselves, and passed through all sorts of trials? and can I not do the same?'

Ah! that was the secret of the whole matter—Queenie's ambition was to become a heroine—a martyr to a cause; and Nell, simple Nell, really believed her to be one, as she answered: 'You are like somebody in a book, Queenie, and I am such a common-place, matter-of-fact creature, that I cannot follow you; but there is the dressing-bell! does your head ache too much to come down to dinner? Would you rather have tea here with me?'

Tea was pleaded for so prettily and coaxingly by Queenie, that even Geoffrey could hardly have resisted her, and Nell felt more love at that moment than had ever warmed her heart before towards the poor little orphan, whose faults and failings arose chiefly from having had nobody but herself to think of for so long.

When Uncle Michael met Nell coming out of the drawing-room, half an hour afterwards, in her plain linsey dress, with a book in her hand, and asked her if she were not ready for dinner, she replied merrily enough: 'No, Queenie and I are going to have a cosy tea together in the school-room. She has one of her bad head-aches.'

'Ah, then you can run down to the study and entertain Archie till I come; he is waiting to speak to me.'

'Archie here! will he not stay and dine?' she asked wistfully; 'because I cannot go to him now, Queenie wants me.'

'Hang Queenie!' was heard from Geoffrey's sofa, for she was standing with her hand on the open door, and he could hear every word distinctly.

'No, he is engaged to-night; he has much to think of just now. Surely, Queenie could spare you for ten minutes?'

'Ten minutes make all the difference in the world, when a kettle is on

the boil and muffins require toasting, which I promised to see to myself,' was the laughing reply; 'and she begged me not to let the kettle boil over, as it frightened her so the other night by almost steaming and fizzing out of the room; so good-bye—tell Archie to come on Sunday and take us to church.'

No sooner said than done. There she was, before the school-room fire, toasting face as well as muffins in Queenie's behalf, talking away so cheerily, that everything in the warm comfortable little room seemed to laugh with her; even Queenie forgot that note in the depths of her pocket, and almost envied Nell for being so superficial, that the veriest trifle would make her happy.

Uncle Michael was unusually grave for the remainder of the evening, saying nothing more about Archie's brief visit, than that it was 'on business;' with which most unsatisfactory answer, all must be content till Sunday, when they would be at liberty to question him as closely as they pleased.

Nell was longing for Sunday, because, with her firm faith in Archie, she felt convinced that, could a little hint be given him, he might draw Queenie's secret from her; and then all would be right—for would he not surely shew her why she must not leave them, and would she not as surely be guided by his superior good sense, deciding promptly on the right thing to be done?

What would they do without him! Nell never contemplated the possibility of such a state of existence. Yet Geoffrey was mistaken when he declared that in her eyes Archie was perfect, for she knew better; but to know that he was 'Archie,' nothing more nor less, entirely satisfied her.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY was a lovely spring day, just one of those days that carry old people gently back again to such Sundays long ago, into the churches where they used to pray, amongst the familiar trees and flowers, with the well-known scents and sounds, and the 'angel faces,' 'loved long since and lost awhile;' just one of those days that send young people forwards, far above and beyond the rest of the world. Let him who thinks it advisable, clip their wings for them; but let him consider first, whether he has not soared himself once upon a time.

Such a Sunday in the country is heavenly; but then, so many days of the week are Sundays there, that perhaps it is quite as welcome, if not more so, in a great city, where the ceaseless roar of street sounds must give way to the clanging and chiming of many church bells, and busy hands, anxious and restless hearts, must rest on this one day out of the seven.

It was yawning-time in the Middletons' shady drawing-room. Books

were being closed because it was impossible to read the whole afternoon, watches consulted as to whether it were five o'clock yet, and the observation was made that the overpowering perfume of hyacinths had a soporific effect. Blanche was spending the day with them; and Nell had just expressed the wish that if Archie were coming he would come soon—when come he did. Never had he looked better; there was more life than usual about him, and his first words to Nell were: 'This is a day after your own heart, Nell, isn't it? and you do justice to it.'

And so she did, for, although she was not lovely like Queenie, she was loveable, with her speaking deep grey eyes, and a mouth whose expressive lines always confirmed what the eyes were saying.

Archie, looking like a boy out for a holiday, as his uncles told him, stood leaning over the back of a chair, and facing them all, said, 'Are you prepared for a piece of news—or is there not time before Church?'

What reasonable mortal could have answered 'No; wait till after Church'? So he told them, 'I am off at last—to Shanghai.'

'O Archie!' with several exclamation marks, went round the room, but stopped when it reached Nell.

Mr. Middleton shook him warmly by the hand, asking him to tell them all particulars.

'I go out for five years, with the prospect of being taken into partnership at the end of that time. It is in every respect such a good appointment—so exactly what I have wished for, that I feel as if I could hardly be glad enough, thankful enough.'

'Then a torrent of questions followed from everybody, so that nobody noticed Nell quietly leave the room, with a very pale face, and a longing—such a longing!—to go to bed and to sleep for an indefinite time.

She went, almost unconsciously, up-stairs into the nursery, where Nurse had been made quite happy by having her dear little Master Charlie to take tea with her. The two were sitting together, reading Bible stories—so she said; but to tell the truth, he was amusing himself by tracing a likeness in each of the patriarchal portraits to his relations, and had very much shocked her by his persistence in calling Abraham 'Grandpapa.'

'Miss Nell, dearie! you are not well!' was her exclamation as soon as 'her young lady' entered the room; and she would have put Charlie down and bustled up to her, had not Nell, with a little ghost of a laugh, kept her by main force in her chair, saying, 'The drawing-room is so warm—may I not come up here for a little change of air? please don't move.'

And the old woman was obliged to comply; though she glanced anxiously now and then to the window, where Nell stood looking out. Looking—but had anyone asked her what she saw there, she could scarcely have told them; yet she always remembered, with painful precision, everything seen from that window on that evening.

There were some children playing in the square below, and one wa-

crying bitterly, because it might not pluck the lilac hanging in such bunches over the railings, just beyond its reach. She pitied that little child, and wished she were down there to kiss it and give it something that would bring back the smiles again. At the corner, by the lamp-post, stood the policeman. Nell knew that man by sight so well; it seemed but a few weeks ago that she and Geoffrey used to throw him chocolate drops down from that very window when Nurse's back was turned. A hansom cab was waiting before a house on the opposite side of the square, and the driver was asleep, with his head on his folded arms. How very blue and clear was the sky! What a sun-set there must be somewhere! far away in the country—from the plantation it would be exquisite, but Nell did not think about it. All the colouring had been suddenly dashed out of her life, leaving nothing but a cold grey—so it seemed to her then. It was wonderful how changed everything appeared in her eyes, and yet it was really exactly the same as it had been an hour ago.

'Mr. Archie's a-coming,' said Nurse at last; but Nell only said, 'Yes, I know—he is coming to tell Charlie a story;' and she still gazed out, and still saw 'Going to Shanghai for five years,' staring at her pitilessly from the face of all things.

'Not going to church, Nell?' inquired Archie, as he ensconced himself in Nurse's vacant chair, and took Charlie on his knee.

'It is not time yet,' was the reply, in a very dreamy voice; and she came round on to the rug, and leaning against the high fire-guard, watched them playing together; for a story was not forthcoming apparently.

Something in her face had checked him, and he said suddenly, 'Ask Nurse to take you down to Mamma, Charlie boy; I will come soon.'

And as soon as they were alone, he stood by the drooping listless figure, and spoke to her gently in the way she knew so well: 'You are not yourself, Nell, yet it is spring; and I am sure you ought to have spring feelings, on such a day as this.' In the first flush of his excitement, he had been just a little disappointed that she, his old playmate and favourite cousin, had been the only one not to congratulate him; but he himself unconsciously suggested the reason for her silence, by telling her that she was not herself.

Still she was silent, for no words would come; she did so wish that he would go and leave her alone. It hurt her to be reminded of what she always said about spring making her feel so happy. This evening she thought was more like winter.

He looked down into the swimming grey eyes; but his own were dancing with happiness, so that he did not see the tears in hers, as he went on, 'Just say that you are glad I have got it at last, Nell, won't you?'

That was too much for her. Many words would have flowed then at such a home thrust—words from a very warm and a very sore heart—had

not Queenie entered the room, cloaked and bonneted, exclaiming, 'Not ready yet, Nell! Only you and I are going with Uncle Mike and Archie—for Geoffrey wants Adela to play and sing to him.'

Nell vanished; and Archie forgot his injured feelings, when Queenie turned to him, and holding out her hand, said, hesitatingly, and with heightened colour, 'I could not speak before them all down-stairs; but indeed I congratulate you so much. We shall miss you sadly.'—Here her voice quite faltered.—'But we must do our duty here, whilst you do yours out there.'

So she could say what she felt.

Archie only replied by an inarticulate 'Thank you;' but he felt this was ample compensation for Nell's deficiencies; and as he and Queenie walked to Church together he unfolded to her all his plans, telling her how his castles in the air seemed nearer realization than ever before.

'And what are your castles in the air?' asked innocent Queenie.

He paused; then answered—'Firstly, that I may buy back my mother's old place down in Hampshire one of these days; secondly, that I may have a seat in Parliament. Time was when I would have given anything to fight for my country; but a man's mind changes, and I would rather speak for her now. However, that day is some way off yet, I fancy. For my other castles in the air I can bide my time, believing they will also be realized some day.'

'Some days are so bright and some so dark,' sighed Queenie; and he replied, 'Ah, but there is a bright side to every one of them, and to everything.'

They were at the church door; and Nell, who was following with Dr. Middleton, had overheard his words, also Queenie's; and when she heard her say hopefully, 'Yes; and it is a great blessing to be able to make the best of the worst,'—poor Nell, to whom it sounded like mockery, murmured, 'I don't believe in it.'

Archie heard both, and thought Nell might learn something from Queenie. What an idea! when Queenie owed so much to Nell; but whilst one talked, the other lived—that was the difference.

Memories of many Sunday mornings and evenings passed by Archie with them in that pew, haunted Nell throughout the service; more especially, as a certain Prayer-book with a gold clasp caught her eye. It was an old book now, given him by his mother long ago, and kept there, in that particular corner, as he so often spent Sunday with them; the clasp having been an unfailing source of amusement to Nell many a time during the sermon, when she was a little girl with fidgety fingers. She thought of the blank there would be without that book. She could not look up at the windows without remembering how he had once said, that when the sun, shining through the stained glass, cast fleeting and lovely hues on the stone walls and pillars, he always thought of a definition of happiness as given by the hero in a favourite book of theirs: 'Gleams from a brighter world, too soon eclipsed or forfeited.'

And why, she wondered, was his favourite hymn, 'Nearer to Thee,' sung that evening? She watched him singing with his whole soul in voice and eyes, but she could not sing herself.

When they all knelt down, how she wished that she might kneel on as long as she liked; there must be great comfort in becoming a nun, and thereby finding that peace which the world cannot give—but Archie's hearty 'Amen' startled her, making her feel ashamed, and as if that would be only a poor life after all. She knew that he would tell her so. Did he not tell her a year ago that she should think less and act more? Did he not always encourage her in looking forward? but now, what was there to look forward to? Only a blank space, filled as she contemplated it by those dreadful words: 'Going for five years!' So much might happen before the expiration of those years, that she could not comfort herself with any ideas of what might happen afterwards. The time of his return was too far away, even for her long sight, just then.

With a mighty effort she forced herself to listen to the sermon; and almost the first words she heard were—'The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms;'—then she did not care to hear any more, nor to trouble herself about trying to look forward. On those words she rested till they left church, when, as she joined Archie at the door, she said in her old childish way: 'Archie dear, before I forget it, just tell me whether looking forward is the best plan of all?'

He ascertained that Queenie was safe under Uncle Michael's wing before he made answer. 'Yes; looking forward steadily is the best plan of all.'

Nell looked puzzled. 'But what would you do, Archie, if there were no "forward"—if it all seemed shut up? Then you could do nothing but rest, could you?'

It was his turn to look puzzled. She often had puzzled him by coming out at odd times with odd questions. After due consideration, he said, 'It is possible to look forward and rest at the same time, Nell.'

'Is it?' she exclaimed eagerly. 'Then I will try.' For perhaps, by keeping those words in mind about 'The Everlasting Arms,' she might manage to look forward, even over that dreary waste of years, and to rest all the time.

The evening seemed likely to pass just as other Sunday evenings had passed. They had tea, they chatted, they laughed—yet over it all hovered the beginning of a great change, felt by some of the party.

It had been easier to make good resolutions walking home from church, than it was to carry them out, sitting in the fire-side corner of the sofa, with Archie close by, talking in his light-hearted way, as he had done for years—and now there were hardly three months more. Mr. Middleton talked to him about salary and firms; his aunt asked questions about his mother; Geoffrey questioned him upon his outfit; Adela chimed in with everybody; whilst Uncle Michael was silent, as

was his custom when others were talking; but then nobody knew what had been said in his study a few evenings back, when he was so silent afterwards, and had only told them that Archie called to see him on business.

Queenie sat apart from the rest with her book, provoking Adela to say at last, 'You are remarkably unsociable, I must say, Queenie; who has offended you to-night?' at which she started up, and, retorting that she would not trouble them very long, or something to that effect, left the room hastily, so agitated that another word from anybody would have brought tears.

Then there suddenly flashed before Nell, Queenie's plans for the next day, which in her great grief had been entirely forgotten; she remembered them with a miserable feeling that the world was all going wrong, and it did not much matter what happened now.

'I never saw anyone so irritable and disagreeable as Queenie has been to-day!' exclaimed Adela, rather sorry nevertheless for the effect of her rebuke, whilst all except Archie and Nell took it very quietly. Queenie was so fond of a scene. But Nell was seized with a dim fear that more was in her words than the others could see, and with a horrible foreboding that perhaps Queenie, in desperation, might run away that very night; therefore, when Archie stepped forwards directly, as if to follow her, she urged him with her eyes as well as her tongue to 'Go and bring her back again.'

He went straight to the school-room, thinking it most probable that he should find her in the 'haven of refuge,' the 'sanctum sanctorum,' as they used to call it. 'You must not mind Adela, she does not mean to be unkind,' were his first words, as he bent over the crushed little figure, curled up in the arm-chair, just as Nell had seen her when she disclosed her secret and solemnly bound her over to secrecy.

'Don't come here,' she sobbed. 'Go back to the drawing-room, and be happy without me. I know I am in the way, but it will not be for long.'

'But we cannot be happy without you,' he said kindly. 'And what do you mean about being "in the way," and "not for long"? tell me.'

She only shook her head; and putting back the waving chestnut hair that was falling loosely about her face, she rose from her chair, and held out her hand, saying: 'I must say good-night; I cannot say more without saying too much. Thank you for coming to me.'

He kept her hand in both of his, whilst he pleaded: 'If you are not happy here—if you have any trouble they do not know of, make me your friend; tell me about it. Heaven knows what I would do for you, Queenie!'

Frightened by his earnestness, she promised to tell him in a few minutes; and then he dropped her hand, and watched her as she spoke with bent head and clasped hands, looking more like a lovely picture than ever.

Poor Archie! it was not wonderful that he should feel more and more infatuated; nor was it wonderful that 'I bide my time' should seem a hard motto at that moment: but keep to it he would, though his face was very white when she finished by saying, 'I know it is my duty, tell me that I am doing right.'

And he answered in a low firm voice: 'You must not do it, Queenie, not yet. Wait—wait till I come home again.'

Then, as if with an effort, he roused himself to say, in almost his natural manner: 'I think they must be wondering in the drawing-room what has become of us. Don't stay in this dull room any longer. Forget that bad dream of yours about working for your living; it has been on your mind for some time; I honour you for it, but my uncle and aunt would never hear of it. He would be hurt to the quick at the mere mention of such a plan. I know him better than you do, and I know you too—you could not battle with the world all alone. You need not go away from home to find duty; make the best of your life here, which might be a very happy one. Was this one of Nell's ideas, or your own? for she has odd notions in that little head of hers.'

'No; she wished to tell you all about it—she said that you would be sure to prevent my going. But what am I to do about Mrs. Burnet? What must I say to her to-morrow?'

How he pitied her helplessness as she looked at him so imploringly; and at the same time how strong he felt, that she in her weakness turned to him for support! 'Leave all that to me; I will manage it, and nobody need be any the wiser. Are you coming into the drawing-room again?' he asked, holding the door open for her to pass.

'No; I am too tired. Please don't think that I have been very silly; I tried to do right.—I wonder how it was that Nell could feel so sure you would tell me I was wrong.'

'Because Nell knows me; and I hope you will know me better some day.'

'One of the bright days that are coming,' she whispered, adding 'Good-night,' with a smile, that kept him standing in the door-way, looking after her, even till the last glimmer from her candle had disappeared.

Meantime, Lady Matilda expressed her opinion, that the sooner Archie was off the better. 'Sorry as I shall be to lose the dear boy, it will be a relief to my mind when the sea is between him and Queenie—for you know,' turning to her brother-in-law, 'neither having the means, it would be madness to encourage anything of the sort.'

'Would it?' was his sole reply, in a grave and absent manner; and Lady Matilda, not liking his tone, remarked that Nell looked very tired. Why did she sit so close to the fire, when she had been told over and over again that it spoilt the complexion?

Here Archie came in, and sitting down by her, shielded her from the fire and anybody else's notice, by taking possession of her himself, on the

plea of having something to say to her. She was glad that she might sit still and listen to him, for she could not trust herself to speak with her voice so full of tears. The others, with Uncle Michael, were engaged in tracing out the overland route on a map in the other room; so the two were as good as alone.

‘Nell, will you promise me something?’ and here he dropped his voice.

She was rather cautious in making promises since her rash one to Queenie, but she felt so safe with him, that she answered ‘Yes’ at once.

‘I wish,’ he said, ‘that you would make Queenie your charge. See that she does not get low-spirited, poor little thing! She has such lofty ideas of what is right, and finds so few around her who are equal to her, up to her, that she is thoroughly puzzled, and strikes out for herself in a wonderfully bold way—but it won’t do. You know her scheme of going out as a companion?’

Nell nodded assent.

‘Well—I mean to put that all right for her. She must not think of anything of the sort—it would never do. The truth is, I believe she is left too much to herself. You should treat her like one of yourselves—a little more than you do, I think.’

This was rather trying to poor Nell, whose daily life had been full of small sacrifices since Queenie’s over-sensitive and dreamy nature had come into contact with hers; she had certainly done her utmost to see her best side, and to make everybody else see it too; and now she was asked by Archie to make her her charge. She could not do more than she had done, but from what he said there must be something wanting, so she answered in a scarcely audible voice: ‘I will look after her, and be as cheerful as I can, Archie; but it will be rather difficult when you are gone. Oh, why do you go? Why are you going?’ And Queenie was no more thought of now. She could keep up no longer, but fairly broke down, and the tears rained hot and fast upon one little chintz flower on the sofa-cushion.

‘Why, Nell, this is not like you! It is spring time, Nell! Blossoms—balls—sunshine—everything coming out to such an extent, that my going out there cannot make much difference.’

Perhaps it sounds like a jesting heartless answer, but it concealed what he did not care to shew, even to her; as many a light word before and since that evening has veiled a heavy heart; but Nell saw through it, and therefore contrived to conjure up an arch smile, as she answered, ‘It makes just this difference, Sir—that I do not think I shall come out now. I did hope you would have seen me a butterfly.’ Here she was serious again. ‘And I don’t care about anything now.’ Another drop on the chintz rose.

‘There is so much to care for,’ he said very gravely, ‘so much to live for, that I must go.’

‘I tell you what it is, Archie,’—and Nell’s tearful face tried to look stern; ‘men think of nothing but making money, and I thought you

were different. It is detestable! it is filthy lucre! as Nurse says, "That is the root of all evil!" You tear yourself from all the old roots here at home, and go and plant yourself abroad, in a horrid climate, with people all bent upon the same object—making themselves rich—and their relations left behind feel so much poorer, so hungry, so starving—'

'Anyone would think I was a miser, and I am not quite that yet,' interrupted Archie, with a smile. 'If I do go out there to make money, it is not for the money's sake, but for what it brings. You cannot understand, Nell, the feelings of a man, whose dearest hopes are far beyond his reach, for want of money.'

'Don't look like that, Archie,' she whispered, gently touching him. 'You make me calm directly when you look so savage. Of course you are right—you always are—only I wish that men could be happy without money, and I wish I could be happy without my cousin Archie.'

He stroked the kind little hand, and smiled his sunniest smile, as he said, 'And so you will—you must, if you make others happy.'

'Others' meant 'Queenie' in his dictionary at that moment; but Nell understood it to mean the whole of her little world, so she answered, almost in despair: 'And I cannot do that when I am miserable myself.'

'Yes; there is such a thing as forgetting oneself.'

'Oh dear! Oh dear!' she sighed. 'Everything is easy to you, Archie; but as you say so, I suppose it can be done. I will try and put myself far away from myself, and get as near as I can to everybody else.'

'Nearer to Thee,' mused Archie, looking into the fire, 'that is the secret of it all.'

Nell understood him, and said 'Yes,' with a great wish in her heart—so earnest as to be a prayer—that she might learn that secret in time.

(To be continued.)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HAMBURY MILLS.'

CHAPTER VI.

GENTEEL COMEDY.

'Then the lover, sighing like a furnace.'

'No, I will not be so silly again!'

This was the key-note to which poor disenchanted Maggie tried to attune her conduct and her feelings during the days which followed the destruction of her dream. She was perfectly convinced of the truth of Miles Harewood's statements, and beyond measure ashamed of the light

in which she had regarded the very happy cheerful countenance which formed so pleasant an addition to their circle on all occasions. Never, by word or look, should he be reminded of her past folly. And shy solemn Maggie laughed and chattered, and threw herself into every passing amusement, even made Mr. Harewood saucy speeches, and commented to Bessie on his auburn locks. But now and again, when Miles looked up, he would meet the great grey eyes, with their dilating pupils, fixed on him with a gaze, unsatisfied, puzzled, wistful. Were fancy and reason contending still? Who could tell? for the gaze, when detected, was instantly withdrawn. Maggie would colour up, dash into the conversation, or resume her sewing with double diligence. But no one, save perhaps Miles himself, took much notice of these little vagaries, for Maggie was not the central figure of their little circle. It was Edward Fletcher who planned their amusements and expeditions, and it was for Cora's sake, and according to her taste, that they were chosen. There could be hardly enough of doubt and uncertainty to throw the requisite air of romance over the little comedy that was being played, as it seemed, for the amusement of the spectators. Edward wanted a wife, Cora was not altogether averse to the idea of a lover; the lady was very handsome, and the gentleman fulfilled exactly the lady's ideal. Mrs. Carlyon would be fulfilling the duties of a chaperone in getting her niece settled, and acting a mother's part by her son in finding him so charming a wife. But Mr. Fletcher was not the only man who set eyes on Cora, when she danced in the assembly-rooms, or walked on the Hoe; and one morning an electric shock pervaded the family. Major Kingsford, of the ——th, then stationed at Plymouth, waited on General Carlyon, to solicit his permission to pay his addresses to his niece, Miss Cora. Major Kingsford was of a good family, possessed private means, and had conducted himself on many occasions with distinguished bravery. He was under thirty-five, and a most unexceptionable suitor in every respect. General Carlyon, ignorant of his wife's desires, could only bow, look pleased and dignified, and assure Major Kingsford that, in his brother's absence, he might consider himself as his niece's guardian, and that his influence should not be wanting to the success of so flattering a suit. He would himself speak to his niece on the subject. Accordingly, catching Cora on the stairs, he pulled her into his private sitting-room, and taking her by both hands, and looking into the smiling blooming face—whose brilliant youth and health and fearless glances he admired, even to the exclusion of Maggie's shy pale looks—he said, 'Well, my pretty one, and who do you think has been talking to me this morning?'

'I don't know, Uncle, indeed.'

'Come, take three guesses. Someone to ask me questions about a certain young lady. Came to the old man in due form; but we won't ask too many questions as to what had gone before, eh?'

'O Uncle!' exclaimed Cora, starting, and trying to hang down the tall

head that was inconveniently near the level of her uncle's twinkling eyes.

'Someone to ask for my interest in the disposal of this piece of property,' squeezing Cora's long white vigorous hand. 'Come, what shall I say, now?'

'What—whatever you please, Uncle,' stammered Cora, blushing and dimpling.

'Tell him to come again to-morrow, eh?'

'If—if—I—don't—'

Cora's faltering reply was interrupted by a tap at the door of communication between General Carlyon's den and the ladies' drawing-room; and she fled up to her own room, as Edward Fletcher looked in, saying, 'My mother wants to know, Sir, if you care to drive this afternoon?'

'Drive? What—hey? I don't know about that. Perhaps we shall have other fish to fry,' said the General, advancing into the room, where his wife sat at work, and rubbing his hands gleefully.

'Why, what have you got on hand?' asked Mrs. Carlyon.

'Well, I don't know that *I* have anything on hand, my dear, personally,' said the General; 'but there *are* events, you know, in ladies' lives, that are of some importance, both to them and to their guardians, my dear!'

'Is it Maggie?' cried Mrs. Carlyon, with instantaneous comprehension of the sort of crisis alluded to.

'Maggie? No; what could make you think of her? It is my little Cora. Major Kingsford has been with me for the best part of an hour.'

'Major Kingsford? Dear me! well, I thought he was attentive yesterday,' said Mrs. Carlyon, looking pleased, but not unduly excited.

'Yes, he has spoken very handsomely, and I gave him my best wishes. It strikes me he won't be disappointed; for my young lady shewed no insuperable aversion to the idea.'

'No insuperable aversion? Cora! Accept Major Kingsford?' cried Mrs. Carlyon, starting up.

'Well, it looked not unlike it. She said, "Say what you please, Uncle." You wouldn't have a young lady jump down a man's throat! Bless me, what's the matter?'

For the General's speech was interrupted by his step-son throwing down the book he was feigning to read, and rushing out of the room. While Mrs. Carlyon exclaimed, 'The matter, General Carlyon! why, the matter is that you have ruined the happiness of my poor dear boy for life—and that Cora is the most heartless flirt in Plymouth. A country-bred girl, that seemed so innocent! Who would have believed it?'

'The most heartless flirt in Plymouth? My Cora? That's saying a great deal for her, my dear.'

'And not a word too much, General, after the sonnets and the Italian

reading and all that has passed with my poor Edward. Major Kingsford, indeed! I would never have believed it.'

General Carlyon had by this time grasped the complications of the matter, and seeing no other way out of them, fell into a violent passion, nearly stirred the fire out of the grate, swore that Edward was a fool not to have taken greater advantage of his opportunities—that Cora had a right to her own choice—that it was hard on the poor boy, and the very thing to drive him to destruction—and that *never*, so long as he lived, would he mix himself up with anything that concerned a woman again.

Mrs. Carlyon shed tears, took salts, and finally heroically resolved to do her duty by her niece, and give Major Kingsford every proper opportunity of courting that misguided girl.

In the meantime, Cora, in a tumult of happy excitement, had hurried up-stairs, where she found Maggie sitting on the side of her bed, prosaically occupied in sewing pink bows on a white muslin dress.

'Do you think this will do?' she said, holding up her performance.

'Do? O Maggie!' cried Cora, pushing away the muslin, and vehemently seizing Maggie in her arms, 'what do you think? he has been—he told Uncle Carlyon—O Maggie, only think that he should care for me!'

'He—Cousin Edward?'

'Why—yes—of course—who else could it be?' cried Cora. 'Oh, to think this was coming all the time, when we were so dull at Penwithen!'

Maggie's large eyes filled with tears, and her heart beat quickly; she gave a long sigh, and laid her head on her sister's neck. But the little caress was sympathy enough for Cora, in the full tide of the happiness of a bright self-confident nature, which had never been scared by uncertainties and saddened by disappointments. She was bashful and agitated, but not so much afraid of the reception of the news by her relations, who had indeed thrown out more than one hint on the subject, as she was eager for their congratulations and sympathy. So, after a little while, she began to wonder whether she might go to her aunt, and was urging Maggie to come with her, when a message arrived, begging Miss Carlyon to come down-stairs.

'You will do better alone with Auntie,' said Maggie; 'I will come in a minute.'

So Cora, blushing and quivering, went down-stairs; but as the fates would have it, Mrs. Carlyon had left the drawing-room, while her son had entered it; and when Cora opened the door she beheld her cousin Edward, sitting over the fire, with his head in his hands, in a most disconsolate attitude. He started up, looking as pale as death, as Cora came into the room, and paused, hanging down her head, naturally expecting that the next move would come from her lover.

Edward hesitated, and then said, in the stiffest of tones, 'I believe I have to congratulate you, Cousin.'

Cora was conscious that she had expected him to say something else; but being excessively confused, and ready to take much for granted, she simpered and came a step nearer.

‘I have perhaps no right to say that I was exceedingly surprised. But why not? surprise is the correct thing, I believe, on such occasions.’

His manner, more than his words, filled Cora with a blank sense of alarm. She stared at him for a moment, and then her mind suggesting a possible meaning, she stammered out bashfully, ‘I did not know that—you would be so—very much surprised, Cousin Edward.’

‘Did you not know it? Well, never mind, I’ll not detain you now from more agreeable society.’

Poor Cora turned cold and white, and felt ready to cry; then suddenly a light broke in on her—he had not heard her answer. ‘But—but—I—I’m not going to say no—Cousin,’ she stammered, with eyes and cheeks bright and shy.

‘I am fully aware of it.’

As Edward spoke, his mother re-entered the room, accompanied by the General and Major Kingsford. Cora, in utter bewilderment and terror, dashed at the first refuge that occurred to her, and greeted Major Kingsford with alacrity. ‘Oh, how do you do, Major Kingsford? Have you been riding? what lovely flowers!’

‘Bless my soul!’ ejaculated the General under his breath; while the Major looked nearly as much taken aback as poor Edward had done, but offered his bouquet with a bow.

‘Oh, thank you—they *are* beautiful—so kind of you to bring them for me!’

‘I think, my dear Cora, you had better allow your uncle to speak,’ said Mrs. Carlyon, in an awful voice; while Edward stalked out of the room.

‘Why—why—there isn’t much left to be said,’ said the General. ‘It appears, Major, that your addresses are not disagreeable to my niece—h’m, by no means so—and so—’

‘I may hope to receive a favourable answer,’ said Major Kingsford, advancing to the bewildered Cora, and taking her hand.

‘I—I don’t understand you, Sir,’ she faltered.

‘Not understand?’ ejaculated the General. ‘Why, didn’t you tell me this very morning, that I was to give Major Kingsford what answer I pleased?’

‘Major Kingsford! Oh, what have I said—what have I done? Oh!’ and with something between a shriek and a sob, Cora dashed down her bouquet, and rushed out of the room.

‘Really, General Carlyon, there appears to be some great misconception somewhere,’ said Major Kingsford, with some offence.

‘Why—the girl must be crazed—hang me if I can understand a word of it!’ cried the General.

‘I do think,’ said Mrs. Carlyon, ‘that there is a mistake somewhere.’

Perhaps, if Major Kingsford will have the goodness to call again, we shall be able to explain it.'

'I will certainly take my leave for the present,' said the Major stiffly.

Meanwhile Cora, who had left Maggie, not ten minutes before, all smiles and pleasure, came back and threw herself down on her bed, sobbing, and exclaiming, 'Oh, what will become of me! what have I done! Oh! I shall never—never get over it—oh, the disgrace!'

'Why, Cora, what has happened? what can you have done?' asked the frightened Maggie.

'Done! I have accepted Cousin Edward, and he never asked me—and Major Kingsford, and I don't want him—and oh, what *will* they think of me?'

It was some time before Maggie could discover what really had taken place, and then she asked, 'But what made you think it was Cousin Edward that Uncle Carlyon meant?'

'Because—oh, because— I will never speak to him again—I'll go back to Penwithen,' sobbed Cora; but Maggie understood, and sympathized with all her heart. For to accept a gentleman who had not made you an offer, was almost as bad as to tell a young man you had dreamt of him day and night.

But little Maggie had clearer eyes for her sister's perplexities than for her own; and after Cora had sobbed herself into something approaching to tranquillity, Maggie, after careful consideration of sundry facts, resolved to lay one of them before the party chiefly concerned. She went down-stairs accordingly, without giving Cora time to remonstrate, and going into the drawing-room, found there not, as she had hoped, her cousin Edward, but Miles Harewood; who started as if it were his turn to be surprised at sight of the slender maiden, whose shy eyes had so often fallen before his own.

'If you please, Mr. Harewood,' said Maggie, 'do you know where my cousin Edward is?'

'He is in my room,' said Miles, not divulging that Edward had been walking up and down his apartment, storming at Cora's heartlessness, and bewailing his fate. 'Did you want him?'

'I only wanted to tell him, as I am going to tell Auntie,' said Maggie, 'that there has been a great mistake. Cora did not mean to accept Major Kingsford. Uncle was mistaken, and I think, perhaps, Cousin Edward would tell him so.'

As Maggie spoke in her shy young voice, she lifted her eyes, almost for the first time of intention, to Miles's face. How his eyes shone in the fire-light, and how strange and eager he looked!

'That will be very good news for him,' he said.

'Yes, I thought so,' said Maggie simply; but her lips began to quiver and her heart to beat, while the old eerie feeling came back again.

'I'm sure you thought wisely,' he said, in his kind strong voice.

Maggie did not know whether the impulse was to cling to him for

protection in this strange terror, or to flee from his sight. But she controlled herself, and saying simply, 'Please tell him so,' slipped out of the room.

Miles roused himself with a start; and after some consultation with the General and some putting of two and two together, matters were so far mended, that when Cora, coaxed by Maggie, ventured into the drawing-room, her cousin Edward was ready almost to fall at her feet, with such an unmistakeable announcement of his feelings and his hopes, and so many fears that she could never forgive his rudeness, that Cora found her dignity give way to her feelings, and managed to say that she thought she could forgive him after all. And the sudden fits of laughter in which, during the next few days the General frequently indulged, were always accounted for by some irresistibly funny incident, and always ended in a kiss to his favourite niece.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IV.—VIRTUES AND FAULTS OF CHILDHOOD.

AND now, what are the virtues that are to spring out of this instruction and training in early childhood, and how far should they be consciously connected with religion?

Truth stands first, of course. Happily, public opinion in England is in favour of truth; and there is hardly a child of any sort of education who does not view falsehood as the worst crime within its range. Little children's failures in veracity are apt to be from three causes—timidity, insulted reserve, and romancing. The timidity, apparently, is best treated by indulgence to the utmost to confessed faults, and such pitying severity to the deceit, that the poor little mind may be convinced that 'honesty is the best policy.' The child who denies because it thinks you have no right to question, is generally of stuff strong enough to bear and understand the penance; and the romancing inaccurate child wants constant training and being brought to book, sometimes laughed at, sometimes reproved for every foolish misstatement; and every means should be taken of setting before it instances of the evil consequences thence resulting. Though less bad in the child than the other causes of untruth, it is more in danger of being permanent, and of being a life-long defect. Some persons' minds really seem destitute of the power of distinguishing details; they will persist that it is 'all the same,' after being convicted of some flagrant misstatement, and cannot conceive what

is found fault with. I believe education does much to remedy this fault, because, though everyone knows only too many ladies and gentlemen subject to it, it is almost universal among the uneducated of all ages. Try to get to the bottom of any story current in any locality, and the contradictions and absurdities you meet with make you wonder what process is gone through, to bring the capacity of giving trustworthy evidence.

Children in general *need* not labour under this defect. Their memories are stronger than—and are not loaded with such a mass of past circumstances, all much alike, as—those of their elders; and unless hereditary bias, or bad example, be very strong, they can generally be entirely cured, and where inaccuracy is inveterate, be placed on their guard.

Trustworthiness seems to me the next highest perfection in a child. I place it before obedience, because that depends more on the elders than is always allowed for, and may be only fear or pliability, whereas trustworthiness must be conscientious. The true kindness to a child is to make the least command law, and correct resistance as such. Everyone allows this, but everyone will not take the trouble, or has not the strength, to carry it out, and put an end to petty disobedience in trifles. Almost every child, too, has the instinct of trying its strength with its keeper, and experimenting how far it can go. It will disregard the nagging prohibition, or the whining threat, because they have both become unmeaning; and when after a time it does something unbearable, it has a sense of injury that unexpected anger has fallen on it without sufficient warning.

The very same child will be strictly obedient to a person whose power it has learnt to respect, and wearisomely insubordinate under a feebler or more careless dominion; yes, and often when it has given a promise, or feels itself upon honour, it will be scrupulously careful not to transgress, out of sight, orders it would disobey *in sight*. Such a child is thoroughly hopeful, and there is every reason to think its sense of duty will grow wider and higher. And to make children trustworthy, or keep them so, trust them entirely, until you perceive some abuse of your trust, and then shew all your grief, but give hopes that trust may be earned once more.

Do not shew suspicions till you can get them fully cleared up. And when, as sometimes happens, something utterly inexplicable occurs, dismiss it when you find it unfathomable. Your grief and dismay have been, very possibly, as complete a lesson as you could have given had you traced the fault home. Never lay the whole community under punishment till the thing is explained. You will only get into an undignified position, and stimulate the worst side of all the natures.

Scarcely a large family or school but has the experience of some mischief wrapped in mystery; and in talking these over, years after, it will often turn out that the poor children suspected have been so

bewildered and worried by the interrogation, as to lose all certainty whether they were guilty or not. In these cases, it is better to treat the thing as if it had not happened, than to make it a reason for continued distrust.

Temper seems to me to be moulded by the health and circumstances of the child, while it is still an infant. Healthy happy children are generally good-tempered for life; and where they fail is in occasional fits, either of obstinacy, which is misused strength of will, or of passion, which is the uncontrollable outbreak of excitability. It is weakness and tender nerves, suffering in forms neither understood nor explained, that produce the fretful temperament, which lasts even after health has been gained. There is an age too, some little time after speech is perfect, when children, aggrieved perhaps at losing the caresses of infancy, are very apt to get into a whining tone, and bring all their requests and grievances (sometimes their lessons) in the most pitiful voice. It is better to stop this at once, by speaking gently but cheerfully, and saying, 'I will listen to you, if you will speak in your own voice.' It really is an important thing to correct; for there is nothing more hurtful to a woman's position in her family, than the habit of letting her voice become plaintive the moment she is uncomfortable or aggrieved. Sometimes, too, an ordinarily cheerful child falls into a state of weak spirits, feeling everything an injury, and with tears springing on the slightest cause. This is sometimes connected with change of teeth, sometimes with rapid growth. In past days, there was little mercy to a child in this condition; she would be scolded, laughed at, or threatened with crying herself into a thread-paper; and the other children, believing her wilfully naughty, teased her pitilessly. Now a tonic, a glass of wine, or a breath of sea air, is generally the remedy; but with all consideration for the child, it is best, at the same time, to give some gentle stimulus to help her to learn self-control, since it is not likely that she will pass through life without many more periods of depressed power. Fretfulness, whether in the nature, or merely the effect of temporary languor, is best dealt with by inducements on the side of reward. The punishment should only be its natural consequence. 'My dear, I cannot take you this time—you were so tiresome, and teased everyone so much.'

Never let anything be *got* by fretting, or the powerfulness of the engine will only too soon be discovered. Practically, the most fretful person is sure to be the despot of the family; but for her own sake, even more than that of others, the tyranny had better be averted. And when conscience and determination shut the mouth, the spirit of piteousness is in the way to be starved out.

The two strong forms of temper are much more easily dealt with. Passion of the kicking and screaming form is so terrible a memory to the victim, that the will is likely to be in favour of subduing it; and it must be very bad management indeed, that has not cured a girl of it by ten or twelve years old. The test whether the evil is conquered, and

not merely that the lady-like instinct is awake, is shewn by whether *word* as well as gesture is restrained.

Obstinacy often becomes a kind of stupor, in which the child has gone into such a state of passive resistance, as not in the least to understand the efforts at persuasion, or the attempts at coercion, aimed at him. I believe the best way then is to observe that he is not in his senses, and leave him to recover. There is so much pride in sullenness, that to pay it too much attention flatters and increases it. The way to be really mortifying is to avoid making the point of contest too important, especially if it be what it is quite impossible to *make* another person do. 'Ye may gar me greet, but ye canna gar me tell,' says Madge Wildfire; and when the child refuses to speak some word, or accost some visitor, punish it at once for the disobedience, but do not enforce the matter till after the mood has passed, and the zest of resistance is over. If possible, avoid that dreadful state of dogged perseverance which becomes a trial of strength of will; but come off with dignity, by observing that since the child is so foolish it must be punished, and then carry out the punishment, not letting it feel that it has gained the victory.

After all, though judicious management spares the child from giving way to the most visibly obnoxious forms of any kind of temper, the remedy is only from within. External management trains in self-control, and gives power of repression. Religious principle and practice in the child alone can really conquer the enemy, whether anger, obstinacy, or repining.

These tendencies, together with failures in obedience, and falsehoods from timidity, are the errors the young spirit can thoroughly appreciate as sins and temptations, learn to repent of, pray against, and struggle with. It seems to be thus providentially ordered that childish faults, that do not necessarily leave a fatal stain, should be made the means of teaching the soul to depend on Divine help, and strive against temptation.

Thus it is that the strong character, capable of doing far the most in the world by-and-by, is often apparently 'the most naughty,' before the force of will has been turned into the right direction; and thus the finer qualities of the nature make it more sensitive to jars and misunderstanding than the easy, docile, tranquil disposition, which slips along easily, and has not to fight out its place and contend with itself and all around.

Quarrelling, though of course depending much on temper, is not by any means a criterion of the unworthiness or worthiness of children. There are quarrels and quarrels; and it often happens that the most unsatisfactory neglected children are far more peaceful and amiable together, than those who are the most carefully watched and taught. 'A little grain of conscience made him sour,' is as true of the child as of the man; only instead of sour—that is, exhausted and spoilt for want of outlet—we should read turbulent and effervescing. A child with a

strong sense of duty, truth, and uprightness, will, in endeavours to assert its principles, often be far more quarrelsome than the placid easy-going smooth-tempered sort, which dislikes 'a fuss' far more than a transgression. Again, one child of fixed determination and ready invention will lead and fascinate a whole troop—for originality is not so universal but that the flock is happy to find a guide—but a second with an equally strong will, brings war into the play-ground. As to knowing who is in the right, that is generally a hopeless matter. As Manzoni has told us, there is very seldom a dispute where right and wrong are so neatly divided that each party can take the whole of one or the whole of the other; and children, with the vehement little passions distorting their point of view, have hardly the power of giving an impartial statement of their mutual grievances.

The habit of squabbling is, however, such a miserable thing, and one so likely to be lasting, and to be destructive to family peace and happiness, that it should be quashed by authority. The dispute had better be treated as the fault. The game should be put an end to at once, the children separated for the time. Where it is a question of mere taste, and having one's way, the senior child's undoubted *right* should be maintained; but that same elder should be instructed that it is the privilege and grace of age to concede to the younger and weaker; and in nine cases out of ten, this will be willingly done, either from generosity, or dislike of seeing the little one unhappy; but justice should always be upheld, no one ever should be *forced* to yield a right, it only begets discontent, dislike, and reprisals.

'*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,' should be the law of the nursery. Yes—*ruat*, not *cælum*, perhaps; but baby-nurses and motherly elder sisters are apt to make everything give way to the baby-pet, and allow it to become the torment of the older children, whose toys are taken away to gratify its destructiveness, and important little occupations violently broken up to gratify its volatile spirit of imitation or curiosity. To the elders, the threading of beads, or daubing of pictures, or making of models, may seem even less important than Baby's gratification; but to the children they are the business of life, pursued with a sense of purpose and industry, and it is both harsh and mischievous to sacrifice them uniformly to the little one. True, he is very likely to squall, and obstinately insist on being amused with nothing but invading the occupation that engrosses the older one; and the child may be advised—but so as to leave it entirely a matter of free-will—to give way to him, or else put the coveted object out of sight. There will generally be enough love to the little one, and dislike of being ill-natured, to lead to this being done, and probably to a more prudent choice of opportunities another time. If possible, children of this more reasonable age ought to have some refuge from the meddlesomeness of the lesser ones. It would greatly conduce to their comfort, and even to the affection of both parties. If there be not room to keep them separate in nurseries, surely

quiet rational sports might be carried on in the drawing-room or school-room.

Giving up and forgiving are great duties, and a child is capable of both, but compulsion will not succeed in either case. Moral influence alone is effective; and in a well-ordered family the dues of age never should be contested—the right of the eldest in succession to the first choice, the outing, the decision, and the authority, should be fully established, but tempered by training in the generosity of setting oneself aside. This system obviates a good deal of disputing, by making it clear who is to say what is to be done, and who is to be obeyed. A great deal of quarrelling is really for want of an acknowledged leader, a good deal more is a sort of police. This is not said with any view to its toleration—for it is a grievous blot on the bright page of childhood, a sad marring of family affection—but chiefly to shew that it may be more the fault of the parents than of the children; and when there is good sound principle and love at the bottom, the effect on the grown-up fraternity is sometimes to enable them to say the most unpalatable home truths to one another in the most uncompromising manner, and then forget and forgive, as if nothing had happened. However, family courtesy would hinder the violence; and therefore all mutual rudeness and bickerings should be put down with the utmost decision, whenever they crop out. Blows, kicks, pinches, and the like, should most assuredly be punished sharply, especially from the stronger to the weaker, and treated as a serious offence. Some parents think it leaves less ill blood, where boys are fairly equal in strength, to let them batter and buffet it out their own way, and this may be a matter of family temperament and management, only to be dealt with by experience; but between boy and girl, or among girls, hurting by deed should be treated as a shameful offence. There is also great need to watch over that strange melancholy instinct for giving pain by way of feeling power, which exists in most boys, and results in tyranny and bullying. Tortures to see how much fortitude a little girl will display are very hard to detect, because the victim is apt to exert a dumb resolution, half Spartan, half cowardly; but they would, we imagine, be best cured by a father's indignation first, and then by reasoning on the cowardliness of the action. Teazing of a whining girl is more difficult to deal with, because the boy can never be convinced that her folly does not make her fair game, and that he is not using wholesome discipline, and this to a certain extent is true; but the borders between good-humoured banter and tyrannical tormenting are so very easily passed, that the only test is whether the girl be really unhappy, and the boy enjoying—not the fun, but—the infliction of unhappiness, and then he must be punished.

Girls' teazing of one another is chiefly nagging. In its worst kinds it is a development rather of schools than families. The feminine nature is not one to improve by being massed together, and the girl does not naturally like those of her own sex, who are not old enough

to be companions, and yet so little younger than herself as not to elicit the sentiment of motherliness. Spite and jealousy are dangers among girls thrown together without relationship, and without the gradations of age necessarily modifying family rivalries; and where the elders form one division and little ones another, as in schools, the younger are simply troublesome, instead of bringing out the sentiment of affection. And as all parties are too old to fight it out otherwise, the tongue is employed to taunt and tease, and a lasting bad habit is formed. Such things do prevail among sisters, but less commonly. The tendency is often, however, on the part of the eldest girl, to take the part of the little ones with indiscriminating vehemence, and to be much less kind to 'la cadette,' unless she have paired with her in that intimate manner which realizes the old similitude of 'the double cherry seeming parted,' and is one of the most pure and perfect affections in existence.

Nothing can form this connection—nothing but nature, and the peculiar construction of each character, either in similarity or dissimilarity; but a strong and wise hand, hindering all infractions of the peace, and teaching to bear and forbear—shewing to the perpetrator that 'a small unkindness is a great offence,' and to the sufferer that it is a very little one—does much to smoothe the future path of life, and to make home a beloved recollection. Patience and forgiveness are within the scope of a child's virtue, and should be required as the test of its sincerity.

Yet by this I do not mean that there should be a constant appeal to the highest motives as an engine for management. If you tell a child not to tease its little brother, because if he does 'God will not love him,' you say what is not true. You break the Third Commandment yourself, and you put the child in danger of doing the same, and hating the appeal. It is one that the religious poor are in the habit of making; and care must be taken in checking young nursery-maids in making it, to shew you do not mean to prohibit religious subjects, only light appeals. To recall the fault at bed-time, when the temper is over, and teach the child to confess it, and ask pardon in his prayer, is an entirely different thing.

One more point in childish religion is alms-giving. If children have money of their own, the duty of reserving a tithe for charity or the Offertory should be put in their way, as an obligation. Natural compassion will do much, if properly managed; and as the happy creatures need never know of imposition, they may generally 'find joy unmixed in charity.' The great point is to let them feel the tithe the duty, the rest right, but not compulsory. To let little girls' school-room needlework be of garments for the poor, and if possible, to let them give them in person, is an excellent plan; and if they are not allowed to choose the object, or call the gift their own, unless they have bought the material with their own money, they will generally learn to prefer such a purchase to sweets or dolls' clothes.

One great difference has come in of late. Greediness used to be viewed as a degradation, now it is made light of. Children of the last generation, especially girls at home, were led to think the purchase of sweets with their own money a thing no rational being would do, viewing the pleasure as transitory, the waste as shameful. Why is it that now it is thought unkind and strict to train children in the disdain of mere pleasures of appetite, and in the spirit of self-denial, which they must need all their life?

There was something to be said for boys at the old-fashioned schools, where mere necessities alone were provided, and the desire for variety of food was a sort of instinct; but that a child whose ordinary food comprises what is pleasant as well as wholesome, should not be dissuaded from spending money on so poor and foolish an enjoyment as sugar-plums, seems to me, I own, a strange thing. It is far better, far wiser, far happier, for a child to eat at regular times, than to be allowed to eat whatever is before other people, only because it is in sight and looks nice. To some people it seems cruel not to give a child a spoonful out of an egg, or to let it eat the fruit it helps to gather. I can only say that I have been thankful all my life for the habits thus given to me, of being able to see food without expecting it, and of viewing niceties in shops without thinking of buying them unnecessarily.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE VEDAS.

It is interesting to discover among those nations on whom the light of direct revelation has not yet shone, traces of the religion learnt in Paradise; and taught with trembling lips to their children, by parents who felt the first heavy weight of that curse of sin and death that hid God's Face from them.

Even in the confusion of tongues and the dispersion which followed, the primitive truths thus handed down, though quickly dimmed by superstition, did not lose all their original brightness; but still gave forth a faint light to guide some faithful and humble hearts in paths of such devotion and self-denial, as put to shame many who rejoice in a clearer knowledge of Divine things.

We find these traces strongly marked in the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindus—writings which have of late years attracted much attention from the learned men of Europe, who look upon them with special interest, as the first record of the thoughts of the Aryan or Japhetic race. They are said, by those who best understand Sanscrit, the language in which they are written, to be nearly as old as the oldest parts of the Old Testament. The name Veda is derived from a Sanscrit word which

means knowing or knowledge; and these books have for ages been believed, by a large proportion of the Indian races, to contain all the knowledge necessary for man. They are divided into four principal parts—the Rig or Richveda, the Yagirveda, Samaveda, and Atharvaveda; and they form a collection of hymns, prayers, precepts, and dialogues, supposed to be spoken partly by holy men called Rishi, partly by the Devas or gods themselves. We find in them, among some childish expressions and not a few contradictions, such deep and earnest thoughts as astonish us; we find also the yearning for the lost presence of Him, who once walked face to face as a Father with His children in the Garden of Eden; we see the sense of sin, which had separated Him and His creatures, deeply felt and touchingly acknowledged; but we find also the longing which the unenlightened spirit, clothed in a material body, feels for something material to look up to and adore—vent itself in the worship of nature as a manifestation of God. The experience of past ages has made us acquainted with the regular laws which govern the phenomena of the universe; but in the infancy of the world, as Max Müller remarks in his lecture on the Vedas, none know whether the rising and setting of the sun, the order of day and night, might not at any time be interrupted. So when day died into night, and was everywhere buried in darkness, men felt as if the Divine Face were hidden from them in anger. Trembling, they said, ‘Will He return? will the sweet dawn come back to rejoice our eyes, or are these falling dew-drops the tears of the widowed earth?’ Thus lost light was mourned; but when it returned again, with its royal robes, its rich dowry, and its glorious bridegroom the sun—then there was great joy in the hearts which had sorrowed. The beautiful sky or firmament, in whose bosom the sun and stars were born, seemed to them the Power to whom they owed the inestimable blessing of restored day, and under the name of Indra became one of the most highly honoured among their Devas or gods. The Rigveda is full of hymns in his praise, and he is often called ‘the god of the thousand eyes,’—those lovely stars which look down night by night upon the world, as calmly beautiful now, as in the old days when they were worshipped as divine. The morning clouds, the attendants of Ushas, the dawn, are spoken of as the bright cows or herds of Indra, which shed blessings and abundance upon mankind, and refresh the thirsty earth with wholesome showers.

Mr. Hardwicke says that the name Indra is supposed, by some commentators on the Vedas, to mean ‘blue,’ from the colour of the sky; but this does not seem certain.

In a curious collection of Indian paintings, belonging to a friend of mine, there is one which represents Indra in the act of making a triumphal procession through the heavens, riding on the clouds, symbolized by a mighty elephant, with seven probosci, typical of the seven days of the week. Each is ornamented with a star, one of Pleiades, and their light is reflected in the eyes of a splendid peacock,

which marches solemnly among the train of attendants, and musicians, whose song is the music of the spheres.

Indra is associated with Varuna, the god of the waters, and Agni, the spirit of fire, as the purifier or deliverer from sin. The spotlessness of the blue firmament, the cleansing property of water, the refining nature of fire, probably caused these three to be fixed upon as representatives of the Holy One, 'Who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' and Who alone can take it away.

Mr. Hardwicke has translated from the Isa Upanishad an appendix to the second Veda—the following passage, which, though at first addressed to Brahma the Supreme Being, ends with an invocation to the fire-god. 'O God,' says the Rishis, 'Thou who knowest all beings, purify us from every sin, and we shall be enabled to consecrate to Thee our holiest adorations. My mouth is seeking truth only in this golden cup. Agni, spirit of fire, conduct us by sure paths to eternal happiness.'

Varuna, according to Max Müller the god of waters, is thought by Burnouf to derive his name from the root *vir*, to cover, and to be the universe itself. The forces of nature taken as a whole were worshipped under the name Aditi, indivisible.

Some of the finest hymns in the Rigveda, as they appear in the English translations, are addressed to the Maruts or storm gods, and to Surya or Savritri, the sun. The Maruts are described as riding upon the wind, and bringing out their armies to battle with a shock and a sound like the roaring of the sea in its fury.

Savritri (the shining one) is implored in words something like those of the prayer to Agni, before quoted, to lead his worshippers to the land of eternal light, by the same spotless paths which his own golden feet tread in their course through the heavens. A picture in the same collection of which I have spoken, represents him with a human face full of love and benevolence; He is seated in a chariot drawn by a white horse, whose seven heads, like the proboscides of Indra's elephant, are emblematic of the seven days of the week. Beside him flies a little green parrot or love-bird, signifying that his face is never hidden from pure love; though the clouds may gather, though Indra may veil himself, and the Maruts make ready for battle, the sunlight is always shining in hearts 'tender and true.'

The authors of the Vedas ranked the souls of their deceased ancestors amongst the number of their inferior Devas, as direct emanations from Brahma; and Iama, the judge of the dead, is supposed by some writers to be Adam. It was, nevertheless, the duty of all children to offer sacrifices to the higher Devas for the souls of their parents.

Natural objects were only adored as manifestations of Brahma the Supreme, the immutable, the eternal, of whom it was said, 'One sovereign ruler pervades this world of worlds. He is called Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni: that which is one, the wise call by many names.'

In Burnouf's 'Essai sur le Veda,' we find a splendid passage from the

Bhagavadgita, a poem belonging to the second epoch of Aryan poetry, which well illustrates the ideas on this most important subject, formed by the later students of the Vedas, as these books are considered the source of all succeeding Indian poetry. It may thus be rendered in English: 'Thou art the eternal God,' says the author, invoking the Divine Spirit; 'as such all the Rishis know Thee, and as such Thou makest Thyself known. In Thy unity I behold the entire universe, movable and immovable things in Thy immensity! Thou shinest like the fire or like the sun, Thou pillar of glorious light shining on all sides, without beginning, without midst, and without end. Thou fillest alone the arch of heaven and the wide spaces of earth. Thou art in all places at once! Tell me then who Thou art? Reveal Thyself unto me!' Here we see the longing after the Unknown God, unsatisfied by the objects of His creation, passing onward and upward to Him who is above all, known as such by the Rishis, though by them called after the names of what they believed His greatest manifestations, His various personifications, and proving in these sublime words, that to a heart like their author's, though groping in darkness, He had indeed left not Himself without witness.

The best known of the four Vedas is the Rigveda, which has been translated into English. Its name * denotes that the prayers and hymns contained in it are in verse: Yagir or Yajus means prose; and Sama or Saman, that which is applicable to purposes of chanting. The fourth or Atharvaveda is of a distinct character, parts of it being considered spurious, and none of the prayers and hymns contained in it being used in public ceremonies. The prayers, hymns, or invocations of a Veda taken together, are called its Sanhitá, and form its first part; the second is composed of precepts, explanations, and theological arguments, to which collectively the name Brahmanas is given. To this part also belong the Upanishads, whose name, Heeren says in his chapter on Indian antiquities and literature, means 'not mysteries, as it has often been translated, but the knowledge of God, and that indeed in a twofold sense, as describing not only the knowledge itself, but also the writings in which it is explained and taught.'

The Vedas are not historical or biographical, and very little can be gathered from them respecting the political or domestic life of the people whose thoughts they chronicle. One thing, however, is very remarkable—namely,† that while the rites to be observed at funerals are detailed with exceptional minuteness, no trace of the burning of a widow on the funeral pile of her husband is to be found there. It is true that the vid-hava (the husbandless) was placed on the bier beside the dead, together with his bow and arrows; but while they were left there, the woman was always bidden, by a near relation of the dead, to descend from the couch of death, and return to the world and happiness. In the succeeding ceremonies, a belief in the transmigration of the soul into

* Heeren.

† Bunsen.

another body, and a hope of its final blessedness, are expressed in the words which accompanied it to the land of spirits. No hint of its absorption into Brahma is given, though a vague idea of this kind appears from time to time in different parts of the Vedas, and was the foundation of later schools of philosophy. In a sort of song of triumph it was speeded to the far-off country. 'Leave all sorrow there,' sang the survivors; 'then return to thy house and re-clothe thy form; shining with a new and pure splendour. Where pious men dwell in bliss, the God Savritri shall bear thee on his wings.' It seems that the ancient Aryans thought that when the departed spirit had left the sin and sorrow of its human existence at the feet of the fathers and Iama, each new life, each new form would be purer and brighter than the preceding, till at last, its warfare accomplished, its purification complete, it would return with a conscious personality to the companionship of those who like itself had been made perfect.

On the day after the obsequies, the friends and relations of the deceased again assembled, and the officiating priest gave them a few words of advice, entreating them to live pure and holy lives, that the gods might bless them and give them riches, particularly flocks and herds. Then in a prayer to the Creator, he implores Him to provide for all living, and to grant that children may never forsake their parents. Afterwards he bids all present shake off their sorrow, and return to life, mourning being ended in the thought of a living and benevolent God.

The prayer for the increase of flocks and herds was a natural one from a pastoral people, to whom they were the chief wealth.

The pastoral way of life followed by this people, was indicated by many words relating to the occupations and relationships of life. A pretty picture is painted in three names, whose derivations are given by Burnouf, in his *Essai*, before quoted. Patir, father, is derived from a verb which means to nourish; Matri, mother, means a dispenser or divider of goods; duhitri or duhitar, daughter, she who milks the cows. We here see the father hard at his daily work, tending his cattle or cultivating his field, helped by his sons, who in their turn are to be nourishers of families. Then the mother stands before us like Solomon's wise woman, only simpler, whose children rise up to call her blessed—she the dispenser and divider of the household possessions, best of all of the love and sweet words which from age to age have been the most precious treasure of every true mother's heart. Lastly, we see the daughters going out with their milk-pails before the fierce Eastern sun had dried up the freshness of the early morning, and we remember how to the maidens of another ancient people, who went early to water their flocks at a Syrian well, we owe the story of love, and patience, and sorrow, which has moved and instructed the Church from their days until now.

The study and explanation of the sacred writings are entirely confined to the Brahmins or priest—the highest among the four castes into which the Hindus were originally divided. Most of their theology is derived

from the Upanishads, as the special object of these books is inquiry into the nature of God, of the soul, and of the external world. These inquiries have given rise to various schools of philosophy, but the two most important are the Sankhyá and Vedanta. Mr. Colbrooke thinks that the Sankhyá is the most ancient, and that in its beginning it was a system of dualism, maintaining the existence of two eternal self-existent principles, Nature and Spirit, and according to Nature the highest place. But in course of time, the philosophers of this sect entirely abandoned the idea of the self-existence of Nature, and held that all things have their origin in Brahma the Supreme. They believed him to be one in essence with that spark of Divine fire, which we call the thoughts or mind of men, and which would one day be absorbed in its great Original. The principle of natural life, they said, consisted of the material body and the spiritual soul, mutually dependent on each other, the body acting only by the will of the soul, and the soul only receiving impressions through the body. The great object for every man to aim at was a subjugation of the flesh to the spirit, so complete, that all the appetites, passions, and desires, should be not only regulated but annihilated; and when this wished-for end should be accomplished, the soul would have no more need to pass through other transmigrations for its purification and exaltation—it would be absorbed into God, and the deliverance of the body also attained, since it would be set free from sufferings of which it was only conscious through its union with the spirit. The second school, called Vedanta, the end of knowledge, or Mimansa, the search after wisdom, aimed at penetrating the essence of Brahma, who thus describes himself through the mouth of its philosophers: ‘I am the great Brahma, eternal, pure, free, ever constant, ever infinite. He who lives solitary and contemplates me and me alone; he who subdues his passions and hearkens not to their voice—he only understands that the spirit is one and eternal. A wise man should annihilate through the spirit all material things, and contemplate the pure essence alone. Brahma is without attribute and without duality.’ Speaking of his existence before the Creation, they said, ‘That one breathed and lived, it enjoyed more than mere existence; yet its life was not dependent on anything else, as our life depends on the air we breathe; it breathed breathless!’

The Vedanta school denied the existence of matter, treating it as a phantom of the spiritual imagination, and the spirit itself as a lightning flash emanating from the Supreme essence, to which, it agreed with the Sankhyá philosophers, it would return, and into which it would be absorbed.

This doctrine of the duty of extreme mortification of the flesh, has caused great extravagance amongst those who profess it. These devotees, or yogis as they are called, pass their lives in endeavouring to extinguish, by suffering and abstinence, every natural passion and inclination. Some make a vow to live entirely upon rice and water in the smallest quantities, and never to stir from a particular spot; others to remain

always in a painful attitude, or in the endurance of great physical torture. Of course amongst these there are some who are insincere, and wish only to gain a reputation for sanctity. A friend of mine just returned from India, told me the other day, that a yogi once established himself under a tree near his bungalow, who had made a vow never to lie down, and only to sleep or rest in a standing position, leaning against a sort of swing attached to the branches of the tree. People came from far and wide to see this holy man; and my friend's curiosity was excited, for it seemed almost impossible he could live long if he really remained faithful to the vow he declared he had made, and would fulfil. All day long, and day after day, he stood motionless in the same spot, just gaining a little relief at long intervals by leaning upon the swing. Through the long hours of the night it was the same thing, only the same slight change of posture; but at length my friend, having occasion to pass the place about one o'clock in the morning, saw the yogi curled in a most comfortable manner, lying fast asleep at the foot of the tree. This is, however, an exception; most of these men, or at least many of them, are really and heartily absorbed in the one thought—How shall I attain unto God? how shall I find Him?—and no suffering seems to them too great, no sacrifice too costly, if only it may bring them at last to Him. When we read of these things, we cannot do so unmoved, or without thankfulness that we *know* that for us a perfect Sacrifice has been made—a Sacrifice which sanctifies all our sufferings, and leads us not to the annihilation, but to the perfecting and regeneration of that self once made in God's Image.

The mythology that grew out of the later Hindu literature, has no real foundation in the Vedas, though Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer, whose names occur in them, are the heroes of the wildest legends of this later poetic imagination. Sunk in superstition as the common people of modern India seem to be, and far as they have fallen from the comparative purity of the Vedic age, we must yet hope that a day will come when the scales will fall from their eyes, and their ears will be opened to understand the truth which the Vedic sages longed after in vain in its fullness. And for those who are in these latter days yet learned in all the wisdom of their fathers, those who by sacrifice of self would be united to God, we must humbly trust, as Clement of Alexandria did long ago for the Greeks, 'that their philosophy may have been given to them primarily by God, before the Lord had called them also.' Let us, 'who think we stand, take heed lest we fall' lower than the heathen by self-indulgence and spiritual pride. Let us pray every day more earnestly, that our Blessed Redeemer's Kingdom may come to millions in the north and south and east and west, who now lie in darkness, but whose happy song of triumph may one day sound gladly in our ears, when they look upon His Face and say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.'

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON.

Washington, U. S.

February 27th, 1873.

Dear Madam,

The very interesting description of the Cumberland Street Hospital for Children, which appeared in *The Monthly Packet* some months ago, has suggested the thought that an account of a similar institution in this city, under the care of the Sisterhood of St. John, may not be without interest to your readers.

The Associate Sisters have read with the deepest interest the letters concerning various English Sisterhoods, published from time to time in your pages; and it is in the hope of awakening a reciprocal sympathy for our work in the hearts of some members of our Mother Church that this letter is written.

And first, a few words about the Sisterhood. It has been in existence for four years, and consists, at present, of an Order of Associates who are pledged only to one hour's daily work for the Church; although this promise has been greatly extended in the case of the Hospital Sisters, as will presently appear, still even these are, strictly speaking, only *Associates*. It is earnestly hoped that the regular Community of Sisters which has been in contemplation from the beginning, may be organized during the present year. The work of St. John's Sisterhood has the express sanction of the Bishop of the diocese, and is under the personal direction of the Rector of St. John's parish as Pastor.

Since the organization of the Sisterhood, the Associates have had charge of a free 'ragged school' for the children of the very poor, numbering seventy scholars; they conduct the 'Mothers Meeting' at St. John's Home, and are constantly engaged in visiting and caring for the poor and sick; but it is with the last work undertaken by them that we are now concerned.

It was in their intercourse with their ragged scholars that they found the urgent need that existed of a place of shelter for the sick and destitute children of the poor. After much consideration, it was determined in the summer of 1870, to establish a hospital for such children, in the hope that the enterprise would commend itself to the sympathy and generous support of the Church in this city. Accordingly, a small but suitable house was hired, and furnished with accommodations for ten patients, and on the Feast of All Saints, 1870, St. John's Hospital for Children was opened. The care of the little patients was undertaken by a number of the Associates, who, under the name of Hospital Sisters, agreed to reside in the house in turn, a month at a time, one, the Sister in charge, engaging to take the general oversight and care of the Hospital for a year, as it was found necessary to have one Sister at least resident

permanently. The bright cheerful wards of the little Hospital were soon filled; and before the winter had passed, the Sisters were obliged to look for a larger house. In May, 1871, the removal was made to the present location. 'A building,' we quote from the Report of the Board of Physicians, 'could not be found better adapted to the purpose of a Children's Hospital.' It fronts south upon a public park, and contains three large airy wards, with beds for more than thirty patients. The house is so suitable and convenient in every way, that the Sisters would prefer to buy it rather than build a Hospital, when the means shall be given them. It may be here stated that the Hospital has no endowment or permanent support whatever, being maintained chiefly by small monthly subscriptions. As the work extended, the need of additional Hospital Sisters became manifest, and there are now three resident in the house, while the others still give their attendance when required for a month, a week, or even a few hours at a time. Each ward is under the charge of one particular Sister, who has the entire control and management of its little patients, subject, of course, to the direction of the Superior of the Order. The Board of Physicians comprises a number of the most eminent physicians of the city, who have perfect confidence in those to whose care the Hospital is entrusted. During the first year, the number of admissions to the Hospital was sixty-three; there are now about twenty-five inmates, nearly all of whom have been brought from homes of poverty and distress; but under the gentle and loving care, and the happy influence of the house, these children quickly become cheerful and contented.

In November of last year, we were gratified by a visit from two of the Sisters from Clewer. It may perhaps be known to some of your readers that St. Paul's Orphanage, in Baltimore, is under the charge of a branch of the Clewer Sisterhood; they are about to establish a hospital for children in that city, and expressed great interest and pleasure in visiting our Hospital. We need hardly say that this gratification was fully shared by the Hospital Sisters, to whom, as to all who are interested in the cause of Sisterhoods, the very name of 'Clewer' has a charm.

May we not hope that some of those who read this letter will give us their sympathy, and remember us in their prayers, asking for and with us, the blessing of the Good Shepherd upon this humble endeavour, made in His Name, to feed His lambs.

It may be said in conclusion, that this letter is written by the desire of the Superior of St. John's Sisterhood, and has received her approval. Any further information about the Hospital will be gladly given; letters may be addressed to 'THE SUPERIOR, ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, 2013, I STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.'

Your correspondent has written the more freely about the work and its success, as she is not a Hospital Sister, but only

ONE OF THE ASSOCIATES.

HOUSE OF REST AND EDUCATIONAL HOME.

Mr. Editor,

Having your kind permission, I will shortly lay before your readers a noble work, in which two classes of persons will take an interest: first, those who desire the highest and best education for our women; and secondly, those who wish to see such education based on Church principles.

The Educational Home, 21, Delamere Crescent, W., under the charge of a Sister from All Saints, is founded in order to provide suitable accommodation for girls who need—not a regular boarding-school life, but—a home, whence they may attend the great educational classes of London, such as those at the Royal Academy of Music, the South Kensington Art Schools, or the Lectures at Queen's College. The best Professors also attend at the Home, to aid, or entirely to conduct, the studies of the inmates as they are needed.

In a separate department are received governesses or other ladies who, from age, sickness, or other causes, need a temporary or permanent rest. This work depends mainly on benevolence, and donations are earnestly requested; a debt of £200 remains still unpaid on this 'House of Rest.'

A school for younger girls is in contemplation, and will shortly be opened to complete the threefold work. The prevailing atmosphere in the house is a quiet rest and bright cheerfulness.

Detailed information will be readily given by the Sister-in-charge, on application; but this notice is intended to draw attention to a noble and well-conceived scheme, which, if successful, might raise up a body of women cultivated to the highest degree, and at the same time strong in that theological knowledge and religious practice, the lack of which, as Dr. Littledale has so ably pointed out, has a weakening effect on the whole religious work of our land. I may add that the consciences of the students are not forced into any special theological groove; the guiding power of the Home desires only to act in accordance with the wishes of parents.

I remain, Sir,

Truly yours,

ANNE MERCIER.

EASTER HYMN.

‘The Sun of Righteousness.’

ALL in a sea of crimson glow,
 Our Sun of late descended ;
 ’Twas morning in the world below
 When here His course was ended ;
 For *He* was not of light bereft,
 But *we* in darkness dim were left,
 As by a God offended.

But now He breaks forth from the deep,
 (Hell hath no power to stay Him,)
 And summons from their sinful sleep
 All nations to obey Him ;
 See clouds of glory round Him press,
 Saints radiant in His righteousness,
 Who to the world display Him.

There Job proclaims, ‘I know full well
 That my Redeemer liveth ;’
 ‘Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,’
 This answer David giveth ;
 ‘Thy dead shall live,’ Isaiah cries,
 ‘With My dead Body shall arise,
 As morning dew reviveth.’

Lo, pardoned Magdalen exclaims
 ‘Rabboni!’ deeply yearning ;
 See fervent Peter, John, and James,
 With love and rapture burning ;
 Thomas awhile in darkness stays,
 But feels at length those kindling rays,
 His Lord and God discerning.

And wider still those sun-beams spread,
 Arousing many a dreamer,
 And touch the gloom-enfolded head
 Of Saul, the fierce blasphemer ;
 Oh what a flood of splendour burst
 O’er all the firmament, when first
 He prayed to his Redeemer !

And further still, and further forth,
 That blessed Light is going,

To far-off west, and dreary north,
 And in the warm south glowing;
 Till earth and all the spacious sky
 Thrills with a splendid ecstasy
 Of radiance overflowing.

The mountain crest, the grassy blade,
 The dew-drop and the river,
 The monarch and the cottage maid,
 The high and lowly liver,
 Praise Him who rose on Easter morn!
 Our Lord of Day, our Hope new-born,
 Of Life and Light the Giver!

VERITAS

SICKNESS.

SAVIOUR! in sickness I can feel
 Thy tender love to me,
 Who for my sake didst deign to bear
 An untold agony.

Thoughts of the anguish of Thy Cross
 Can calm my sufferings now;
 The mem'ry of Thy Crown of Thorns
 Can soothe my throbbing brow.

When every limb is aching
 In weariness of pain,
 I think upon the Lamb of God,
 For sinful mortals slain—

How *all* Thy bones were out of joint,
 Then how shall I repine?
 The sorest anguish I can bear
 What is it, Lord, to Thine?

But as one ripple on the wave,
 One drop within the sea,
 One tear amongst the many
 In life's long misery.

S. H. P.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1874.

ASCENSION DAY.

(SONNET.)

‘And a cloud received Him out of their sight.’—*Acts i. 9.*

A CLOUD, whose holy mission was to wait
Above the sealèd tomb where Jesus lay,
Wept silv’ry tears to find Him gone away;
Then sought Him through the Easter skies—too late!
In grief and fear it knocked at Heaven’s gate,
Where watched His Star that sung, ‘Believe, O Cloud,
And thou shalt be His throne, no more His shroud;
For He is coming Home, in glory great!’
The cloud believed, though understanding naught—
And comforted, sank to its humbler task;
(To shed kind dew on flowers faint with drought;)
Nor of its mission further dared to ask.
Soon came its call; and dear its faith’s reward,
When on its breast ascending rose The Lord!

BLANCHE C. MEDHURST.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH : EWELL.

IN: .ATION OF SCRIPTURE.

My dear —,

You remind me that to grant the historical truth of the Bible is very different from granting its Inspiration, and I agree with you. The two questions must always be kept distinct if we wish to have a clear idea of the arguments brought forward. But the inquiry, why we

receive the witness of the Bible, must be answered historically before we can satisfactorily approach the subject of Inspiration; and therefore it has been first considered.

Inspiration also is a much more difficult subject to grapple with; and for this reason, that in discussing it we are compelled to use a term which cannot be accurately defined.

We say, perhaps, that it implies the direct influence of the Holy Spirit of God upon the mind of man. But when we have used these words, we are not really nearer the precise truth than we were before; for again we must ask what is meant by direct influence, and what is its extent or limit.

The theories put forward in answer to these questions must be more or less unsatisfactory, from the very fact that they are theories. God has not been pleased to reveal to us the precise mode and extent of the workings of His Spirit in the writers of the Bible, any more than in our own hearts.

All that we can say is, that when we look back to the earliest ages of Christianity we find that the Bible, as we now have it, has from the first been regarded by the Christian Church as having been written under the guidance of God; and that the Books of the Old Testament were also so regarded by the Jews; and it must also be added that when we examine these books we find internal evidence of a knowledge and wisdom beyond the power of man.

The precise amount of that guidance—the degree in which the human individual element, which all acknowledge in the Scripture, was allowed to be exercised—is an open question, and must remain such until it shall be God's Will to give us some further information as to the mode of the working of His Holy Spirit.

You will say this is unsatisfactory because it is vague; but so are many other things both in the natural and moral world, which we recognize without doubt as true, but which we are wholly unable to define. I will only mention the ideas of Time and Space, the influence of the Mind upon the Body, and the distinction between them. If you attempt to define these things, you will at once find yourself engulfed in a sea of perplexity; for definitions are essentially human and earthly, whilst the subjects with which in these instances they have to deal are connected with the spiritual and invisible. And so, in like manner, when we attempt to define the precise Inspiration of the Bible, it seems to me that we are endeavouring to explain what is in itself to human comprehension inexplicable, and our attempt can therefore only end in more hopeless perplexity.

'Theories of Inspiration,' to quote the words of Bishop Ellicott, 'are what Scepticism is ever craving for. It is the voice of hapless unbelief that is ever loudest in its call for explanation of the manner of the assumed union of the Divine with the human, or of the proportions in which each element is to be admitted and recognized. Such explanations

have not been vouchsafed, and it is as vain and unbecoming to demand them as it is to require a theory of the union of the Divinity and Humanity in the Person of Christ, or an estimate of the proportions in which the two perfect Natures are to be conceived to co-exist.'—(*Aids to Faith*, Essay ix.)

So also says Canon Norris, in his Letter on the Inspiration of the New Testament. 'The point to be insisted on is *the Inspiration of the man*, and of the writing only as involved in that of the man. . . . We assert that the writers of these Books were men who had vouchsafed to them a two-fold assistance of the Holy Spirit: first, His assistance in occasional revelations; secondly, His ever-present assistance in checking, guiding, enlightening them, quickening their memory and their language. The possession of such a gift as this was abundantly sufficient to give to their words, whether spoken or written, a Divine authority. . . . We say that they (the books) were written not from the dictation, but with the direct guidance and assistance, of the Holy Spirit, and that herein they differ from all ordinary books.'

Taking this view of Inspiration, we may arrive at the following conclusions:—

I. Inspiration does not always imply such a direct influence from God as shall interfere with the peculiar characteristics of His instrument, man. The distinct style of each writer, both of the Old and New Testament, cannot for a moment be disputed.

II. Inspiration does not involve a revelation from Heaven of facts which men could have known from their own experience, or from the study of the records of the past. The genealogies in the Chronicles and other Books of Scripture, and the frequent reference made to contemporaneous evidence, extant at the time when the writer lived, sufficiently indicate this.

III. Inspiration is to be sought rather in the matter or ideas than in the precise words in which that matter or those ideas are expressed. We see this by the fact that our Blessed Lord quoted, as inspired, passages from the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament Scriptures; thus shewing that Divine Truth is not compromised by being rendered into other language, and that the meaning of the words used, not the precise words themselves, must be accepted as involved in the idea of Inspiration.

This will, I think, be found to strike at the root of many of the small discrepancies of Scripture, about which some persons raise difficulties, which to me, I confess, seem puerile. I will merely instance the different versions given by the Evangelists of the wording of the superscriptions upon the Cross—originally written, we must remember, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. 'This is Jesus the King of the Jews,' (*St. Matthew*;) 'the King of the Jews,' (*St. Mark*;) 'this is the King of the Jews,' (*St. Luke*;) 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' (*St. John*.)

These four versions are all translations of the actual inscriptions, which would naturally in themselves express the same sense in different words. Why should we expect to have that sense expressed to us in identical words? The fact that three languages were employed in the inscriptions, and that we ourselves read the words in a translation, at once accounts for the slight discrepancies. I merely bring forward this as an illustration of the kind of difficulty which is often most unreasonably felt to be a stumbling-block in the way of belief.

There are other cases in which we have no more reason to expect a precisely similar description of the fact narrated than we have to demand that three or four persons placed successively in a witness-box, shall give an account of what they have seen or heard in exactly the same words.

Surely the substantial agreement which would satisfy a fair judge ought to be more convincing to a reasonable mind than the minute identity of expression, which is scarcely ever to be met with in distinct and various human testimony.

Taking the considerations to which I have now referred into account, we cannot—as it seems to me—say more of Inspiration than this, that it is an action of God's Holy Spirit on the mind of man, whereby Divine Truth is conveyed to him; but as the light of heaven, in itself Divine, may be coloured or distorted when seen through an earthly medium, so the light of Divine Truth, in itself perfect, may yet, when conveyed to us through human language, appear imperfect.

'The only question,' says Bishop Butler, 'concerning the authority of Scripture, is whether it be what it claims to be, and not whether it be a book of such sort and so promulgated as weak men are apt to fancy a book containing a Divine Revelation should be. And therefore, neither obscurity nor seeming inaccuracy of style, nor various readings, nor early disputes about the authors of particular parts, nor any other things of the like kind, though they had been much more considerable in degree than they are, could overthrow the authority of the Scriptures, unless the Prophets, Apostles, or our Lord, had promised that the Book containing the Divine Revelation should be secure from these things.'—(*Analogy*, Part II. Chap. iii.)

'There may be mistakes of transcribers, there may be other real or seeming mistakes, not easily to be particularly accounted for; but there are certainly no more things of this kind in Scripture than what were to have been expected in books of such antiquity.'—(Part II. Chap. vii.)

'We have no means of settling definitely,' says Bishop Ellicott, 'whether a *posse peccare* in minor matters may or may not be compatible with a Divine revelation communicated through human media; but certainly till inaccuracies, fairly and incontestably proved to be so, are brought home to the Scriptures, we seem logically justified in believing that as it is with nine-tenths of the alleged contradictions in Scripture, so it is with the alleged inaccuracies. Either the so-called inaccuracy is due to our

ignorance of some simple fact, which, if known, would explain all; or it is really only an illustration of one of those very conditions and characteristics of human testimony, however honest and truthful, without which it would cease to be human testimony at all.'—(*Aids to Faith.*)

This impossibility of absolutely defining the limits of Inspiration whilst we absolutely assert its existence, may, if borne in mind, tend to remove a painful misgiving arising from misapprehension, which is likely to exist even in the minds of some who would by no means deem themselves either ignorant or wanting in thought.

There are those who say—or at least think—that the *sole* foundation of Christianity is the testimony of the Bible:—(the English Bible, uneducated persons will even be inclined to assert.) They look upon the Bible as *one* Book, the contents of which have been revealed in some unknown way by God Himself. Every word as it has come to us must therefore, they say, be not only free from the possibility of mistake, but must be taken in its literal meaning—that meaning being one which they themselves affix to it.

Having thus drawn these rigid lines, they read the Bible with the utmost reverence, till some one suggests a difficulty—perhaps chronological, perhaps arising from two apparently conflicting statements, or a discrepancy in the versions given of the same speech.

Then they are miserable. Reasoning with seeming accuracy from very inaccurate premises, they find themselves compelled to doubt all which they have hitherto held most sacred.

If—so they argue—the Bible chronology is incorrect, or if there are two statements which do not agree, or if different versions are given of the same speech—or in fact, if there is any apparent flaw—the Bible cannot be inspired, because Inspiration demands perfect, literal, verbal accuracy. But if the Bible is not inspired, then the facts it relates are not vouched for, and we cannot believe them; and if we do not believe the Bible facts we have nothing else to look to, and our religion is a dream.

The conclusion seems inevitable, for the argument has the appearance of reason, though it is in fact perfectly unreasonable, since it rests upon various unproved assumptions which are capable of the most entire refutation, the chief of these being, as I before said, the utterly unfounded idea that the Bible is the *sole* testimony to the truth of Christianity—that it is one Book—that the precise words in which the contents are expressed have been dictated as by a Voice from Heaven, and that in its present condition, as handed down to us through the course of hundreds of years, we are to expect to find in it a literal verbal accuracy, free from all difficulty or possibility of misapprehension.

But whatever may be the fallacy of such reasoning with regard to the Scripture, its effect is not the less fatal;—keenest misery in those whose hearts are given to God; scoffing triumph in those who would fain cast off the shackles of faith.

And this because men have chosen to define what God has not defined, to limit what He has seen fit not to limit; to assert what is true to their own minds, but not true when examined by the light of sound reason.

If we refuse to build our faith upon the broad basis which God has given us, but choose rather to rest it, as it were, upon the apex of a pyramid—every slight touch, every suggestion of a discrepancy, or a difficulty, must, if not overthrow it, at least shake it to its foundation.

God has given us the Bible as *one* amongst many evidences, that our religion comes from Him. He does not give it as the *sole* evidence. He has given us in it a narrative of true facts, but He has *revealed* only those which man could not otherwise have known. Historical contemporaneous events He has, it seems, left to be gathered, under His guidance, through the ordinary human media. He has vouchsafed to us proof from external and internal signs, (to which I will presently refer,) that the selection and the transmission of these facts has been watched over and guarded; but He has not told us the precise way in which this guidance has been carried on. Neither has He promised that the facts shall be handed down to us in any peculiar way, so as to be absolutely safe from the mistakes of transcribers, or the errors of translators and interpreters; although there is no doubt that both the Old and New Testament have been preserved with an accuracy which no other writing can boast, and which is fully sufficient for the purposes of salvation. Seeming discrepancies of dates and of minor statements, such as might be met with in any ordinary ancient historical records, transmitted through human means, cannot therefore reasonably be admitted as evidence against the testimony which can be brought forward for the Inspiration of Scripture.

As I said before, God has given us the light of His truth, as He has given us the light of the natural world, through an earthly medium; it must therefore be liable to the imperfections of that medium, and all that we have to do when these imperfections are brought to our notice, is to strive to rub off the dust of our ignorance and the blind prejudice of our hearts, and discover, through God's help, what the truth which lies behind really is, in its purity.

Let us once accept upon satisfactory evidence the Scriptures as inspired, without taking upon ourselves to define the precise limits of that Inspiration, and we need no longer trouble ourselves upon these minor points, except as matters of historical interest, or learned research. They belong to the human element, and do not affect the Divine.

Now with regard to this assertion that the Scriptures are inspired, I would repeat what I have said in some of my former letters.

The *onus probandi*—the burden of proof—or rather of disproof, lies with the Sceptic.

The very first fact which meets us when we inquire into the existence of Christianity, is that the Christian Church is in possession of a number of books which from the very foundation of the Church have been looked

upon as the Word of God, and a large portion of which have been held sacred since the time of Moses.

How did those books first acquire such a character? They are historically true—that we must allow if we admit the historical truth of any books—but how did they become sacred?

We will look into them, and see what they say for themselves.

Very strange they are! History, biography, poetry, statistics, chronology, mingled together in a most remarkable way, at first sight with no special order or purpose! And they spread over a very long period—at least sixteen hundred years, reckoning from Moses. They are written by various authors under very different circumstances. And yet (is it not very extraordinary?) they all have a connection, an intimate relation with one another, so intimate that they are in a constant state, if one may so say, of mutual intercourse. Taking up a reference Bible, and casting one's eyes along the margin, one is absolutely bewildered by the interchange of authors. What were they all writing about? What made them thus agree? What was there, for instance, in the Levitical Law which could connect it with the Epistle to the Hebrews? What have the words of David, or Isaiah, or Daniel, or Zechariah, to do with the simple narratives of St. Luke or St. John? How is it that there is such a oneness of design running through all these separate books, written at very long intervals, and by very different persons, that we actually forget that they are distinct, and being accustomed to quote them as one, continually find ourselves perplexed in referring our quotations to the right author.

The believer in Christianity finds no difficulty in solving this problem. He will say at once that the Scripture writers were guided by the Spirit of God—that it was the purpose of God from the beginning to save mankind, through the Redemption wrought by Christ, from the consequences of Adam's sin; and this, in order to the working out of some vast scheme—(hereafter to be fully made known)—in connection with His government of the universe. He will say that the several books of the Old Testament are full not only of types but of prophecies, relating to the coming of Christ, which have been inspired by the Holy Ghost; whilst the Books of the New Testament refer to the actual Advent of the Messiah, and the establishment of His Church upon earth—that Church which we see is at the present moment in existence.

The believer in Christianity will also say that when the historical and biographical books of the Old Testament are examined they will be found to fit in to this scheme of Redemption by tracing the human descent of Christ from the Creation of man. They will tell you that the closer the examination, the more remarkable is this continuity of purpose running through the Scriptures, which could only arise from Divine interposition; and if you wish for historical testimony to the same belief, he will turn to the Jewish people. He will quote Josephus, as I have quoted him in a previous letter, and refer you to the unbroken tradition of the Jewish race to the Inspiration as well as the historical

truth of the Scriptures. And then he will ask—as he has a full right to ask—What have you to say in answer to this? How can you account for a series of prophecies, perplexing and not seldom seemingly contradictory, all centring in one person and all fulfilled in Christ? What explanation can you give of the selection as sacred of these particular Books from among others extant at the same time? What can you say in answer to the undeniable fact, that the predictions and promises of the Jewish writings had spread, not only in Judæa but even far beyond its confines, the expectation of the coming of One who was to be Lord of all? How is it that there are no other writings like these—absolutely historical, intimately connected with a nation's history, corroborated by the very existence of that nation at the present day, and yet professedly superhuman?

Think of the contents of the Scriptures. They record miracles and deliver prophecies; they appeal at every step to the Almighty God, to Whom all hearts are open, and from Whom no secrets are hid. They profess to give His words, to issue His commands. They speak with an authority which—if it were without foundation—would, one would have thought, rather have called down fire from Heaven upon the blaspheming writer than have been confirmed by the testimony of subsequent events—a testimony which the shrewdest Sceptics have never been able satisfactorily to account for.

These facts must be confronted. Some explanation must be given of them. The guidance and Inspiration of God does explain them; nothing else can.

Look at the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta, examine the Koran—the best known of other records claiming to be sacred. Where is the history to be found in them? Who will appeal to them for the facts of man's by-gone existence? What is the tradition of their origin? Whence do they come, and whither do they lead us? Are not the statements made by them for the most part utter chaos, or at the best vague assertion, with here and there a fact, either derived—as in the case of the Koran—from Jewish tradition, or as in the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta, containing allusions to a belief in the Incarnation of the Deity which singularly corresponds with the Christian Faith.

The very construction of Scripture, the mingling of the human and the Divine, which creates the difficulties found in it, so far from impairing, may be taken as an evidence of its authenticity. There is no other book which presents any such problem.

'The Scripture,' as Bishop Butler observes, (*Analogy*, Part II. Chap. vii.) 'contains an unbroken thread of common and civil history from the Creation to the Captivity, for between three and four thousand years. This general history is not contradicted, but is confirmed by profane history. There appears nothing related as done in any age not conformable to the manner of that age. There is nothing in the characters which would raise a thought of their being feigned, but all the internal marks imagin-

able of their being real. . . . It is to be added also that mere genealogies, bare narratives of the number of years which persons called by such and such names lived, do not carry the face of fiction ; perhaps,' (he adds, with quiet irony,) 'they do carry some presumption of veracity.' This is the human element, but, side by side with this, we are brought at every step in contact with the Divine, and not only with the record of miracles, but with prophecies, which were acknowledged as prophecies by the nation in possession of them ; and which have since been so remarkably fulfilled, that the only way of escaping from the difficulty which they present to the Sceptical theories, is by asserting that they were written after the event. How utterly this attempt fails may be seen by a reference to the tabular statement made by Dr. Pusey in his Lectures on the Book of Daniel,* of the disagreements of the Sceptical theorists.

All indeed assert that the Messiah mentioned by Daniel could not be Jesus Christ ; but when they make their calculations from the prophecy in proof of this assertion, out of twenty learned expositors, no two are found to agree !

And this is but one, though a chief instance of the hopeless diversity of modern Rationalists. You may believe in them, but I cannot. Two things with respect to the Book of Daniel are surely clear. First, that if the prophecies had not been most obviously fulfilled no one would have taken the trouble to dispute their assumed date, any more than they would the dates of other predictions, which have from time to time attracted the attention of mankind. And secondly, that if this date were really false, twenty learned expositors, exerting all the powers of their intellects, must have been able to arrive at some definite conclusion as to the facts to which the words (written, as they assert, after the event) actually refer.

But you may inquire, Upon what grounds were the various Books of Scripture, which are not prophetic, set apart as inspired ? and the inquiry is important, for it includes the writings of the New Testament, in which prophecy is less prominent, and for the most part unfulfilled.

I think myself that you will find a reply in the Books themselves ; and I would beg you to consider that this kind of answer is not what is called a *Petitio Principii*, or begging the question. Once accept the *historical* witness of the Scriptures, and we may apply to them for information just as we should refer to any other well-authenticated witness.†

And that the Old Testament writers do plainly assert having received such a Divine commission scarcely needs proof. Moses wrote the journeyings of the children of Israel 'by the commandment of the Lord,' (*Numbers*, xxxiii. 1, 2.) 'The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His Word is in my tongue,' is the declaration of David. (*2 Sam.* xxiii. 2.) The words of the Prophets repeating again and again that they have received their words expressly from God the Almighty, must be

* Page 217.

† See *Lee on Inspiration*.

remembered by us all. * And the mode of the formation of the Canon of the Old Testament is described by Josephus, where he tells us of the care with which the books were examined by the Prophets and Priests before they were received and enrolled as inspired. †

With regard to the New Testament we have less explicit information ; but one of the first things which strikes us on examining the Gospels is the especial promise given by our Blessed Lord to His disciples, that the Spirit of Truth should be with them—that He should teach them all things, and bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever Christ said unto them. (*St. John*, xiv. 26.) And that He would guide them into all truth, and shew them things to come. (*St. John*, xvi. 13.)

This, observe, is a simple historical record of words actually spoken ; and the first distinct evidence we have of their fulfilment is to be found in the statement of Christian doctrine made by St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost. Compare the Apostle's timid denial of his Lord on the night of the Betrayal, with the bold declaration of the accomplishment of prophecy made six weeks afterwards, and it would seem impossible not to acknowledge that some wonderful power must have been at work in the interval, enlightening, directing, and strengthening him. And this is but the beginning of a long series of evidence of the same kind. Taking the witness of the Apostles as merely affording historical witness, we must be struck at every page with the assertion they contain of the especial guidance of the Holy Spirit ; as for instance, 'Which things also,' says St. Paul, 'we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' (1 *Cor.* ii. 13.) And again : 'For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because when ye received the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe.' (2 *Thess.* ii. 13.) Whilst, speaking of his knowledge of the mystery of Christ, he says, 'which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto His holy Apostles and Prophets by His Spirit.' (*Ephesians*, iii. 5.) So also St. Peter admonishes the Church to 'be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy Prophets, and of us, the Apostles of the Lord and Saviour.' (2 *St. Peter*, iii. 2.)

Everywhere indeed the Apostles claim for themselves Divine guidance. Examples might be multiplied till they were wearisome. It is a claim which cannot be expressed in stronger language than that used by the members of the Council of Jerusalem, when they preface their decision by the words, 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' (*The Acts*, xv. 28.) And if we wish for evidence that this guidance was extended to written as well as oral teaching, we find it in the admonition of St. Paul to the Thessalonians : 'Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle.' (2 *Thess.* ii. 15.)

* See Lee on Inspiration, Chap. vii.

† See previous letter on the Authenticity of the Scriptures.

Examples might be multiplied till they were wearisome. The whole spirit of the New Testament is indeed that of a conviction on the part of the writers of being endowed, within certain limits, with a knowledge of the Will and Counsels of the Almighty;—a conviction profanely presumptuous if not founded on reality.

Reasoning *à priori* therefore, we should at once be led to expect that the writings of Apostles—the special companions of our Blessed Lord, or, as in the case of St. Paul, miraculously converted and gifted with the extraordinary power, of which we have historical evidence—would have possessed a special sacredness and authority. And when we inquire into the fact, we find this authority asserted by the writers themselves. So fully indeed, was this fact of Inspiration acknowledged, that ‘within St. Peter’s life-time, and therefore probably within St. Paul’s life-time also, the Epistles of St. Paul had come to be called “Scriptures,” and classed with other Scriptures;’ * whilst with regard to the Evangelists we have only to recall the promise of Christ to His disciples, to which I have before directed your attention, and we should at once be prepared for that which we find—a record of the Saviour’s life, which in its wonderful comprehensive but most impressive brevity bears on its face the stamp of super-human wisdom, and which has been recognized by the unanimous consent both of infidels and believers, as standing apart from and far above every other narrative that has ever been given to the world.

How, under what circumstances, after what especial inquiry, particular books were received by the early Christians into the sacred Canon we are not told, but the fact that they were so received is undoubted. There were indeed discussions in separate Churches as to some of the sacred books; the Second Epistle of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, the Epistle of St. Jude, and the Revelation; and the fact no doubt shews that the Canon of the New Testament was formed by degrees. But this only proves the more that a careful inquiry was unquestionably made before the books were received as authentic. There may have been some peculiar guidance vouchsafed to those who are described by St. Paul as ‘discerners of spirits,’ but even less than this may have sufficed.

‘For all that was necessary for the Church,’ says Canon Norris, ‘remembering *that inspiration of the man involved the inspiration of the writing*, was to answer this simple question in respect of each of the books. Is this book, or is it not, the genuine production of one of those inspired men, who in that first generation were ministers of the Word? The application of this rule in the formation of the Canon was obvious, and in that early age not difficult. The Apostles themselves tell us that St. Mark and St. Luke were their chosen companions, assisting them in their ministry. They do not tell us the same of Clement of Rome, though one of them mentions him. The writings of the former, therefore, were admitted; of the latter rejected.’ †

* See Letter on the Inspiration of the New Testament, by Canon Norris.

† See Letter by Canon Norris.

I have given the merest outline of the grounds upon which the Christian Church receives the Scriptures as inspired, and I can well believe that you may be prepared to raise objections against them. There is scarcely anything more easy than to raise objections. But the one fact which you cannot dispute is, that Inspiration has been from the earliest days of Christianity accepted as peculiarly belonging to the New Testament Scriptures; and granting this, and granting also what I have said as to their historical truth, and the internal evidence that the writers claimed to be guided by the Spirit of God, in a manner which, if it were not real, would be profane—I ask, what you have to say in reply?

Were the words of Christ, when He promised to bestow His Spirit upon His Apostles and guide them into all truth, a falsity or a reality? Were the Apostles—the faithful followers of the Incarnate God (for such they were if the Gospel histories are authentic)—proud and profane, human leaders, asserting a guidance to which they had no claims, or were they humble instruments of Almighty wisdom?

Were the early Christians—possessed (as they certainly were if the Scriptures are *historically* true) of miraculous powers—deceived when they accepted the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles as embodying words inspired, and guided by the Spirit of God? if so, what was the origin of the deception, and how has it taken such deep root in all ages? These questions cannot be put aside. They demand a definite and conclusive answer, for they are put by the Christian Church of eighteen centuries duration, and the interests of Eternity are involved in the reply.

I have only a few more words to add. There are some earnest-minded persons in the present day, who are inclined to meet the difficulties which are found in the Scripture records, by saying, The Bible is inspired, and therefore whatever it contains must be true. The argument is to themselves conclusive, but to others it is without foundation, since it takes for granted the very thing to be proved, and therefore it fails of its effect.

The sound argument for Inspiration must be based—as I have endeavoured to shew—

1st. Upon the *historical* witness given by the Jewish and the early Christian Church, to the fact that they were received as inspired.

2nd. Upon the historical testimony of the writers themselves, who are recognized as giving a simple straightforward account of events and circumstances, of which they had a competent knowledge, and many of whom directly claim to utter the commands and speak the words dictated by the Almighty—a claim which would be the most awful blasphemy if there were no warrant for it.

3rd. Upon the testimony given by our Blessed Lord—at least to the Old Testament—when He refers to the Law and the Prophets as being of Divine authority, and declares that the Scriptures cannot be broken.

4th. Upon the internal evidence of the Prophecies, and of the very remarkable way in which a series of books, written at intervals during

a period of nearly sixteen centuries, corroborate and support one another, converging, in the Jewish records, in the Birth, the Life, the Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ; and in the Christian, looking back to the Mosaic history of the Fall, and the types and ceremonies of the Jewish Church as the precursor of the Christian.

When, upon a consideration of this historical as well as internal evidence, we have received the Holy Scriptures as inspired, we may then—but not till then—say fairly and conclusively, The Scriptures being inspired must be true. Any apparent discrepancies must therefore belong to the imperfection of the human medium through which they have been handed down to us. And when we meet with difficulties and apparent contradictions, we are justified in attributing them either to our own ignorance of the facts and circumstances to which they allude, or to the misconceptions of translators and the mistakes of copyists, or to the ambiguity of language almost inseparable from such ancient records. And when we examine carefully the alleged errors of Scripture, we shall find that they may nearly all be accounted for satisfactorily on these grounds, affording sufficient reason to presume that any which still remain will in like manner yield to patient research and increasing knowledge.

The more critical is the search into the sacred writings, the more evident it is that the difficulties upon which men rely for destroying their authority are unimportant; for certainly if it were not so all Sceptics would be of one mind, instead of being, as they avowedly are, utterly at variance with one another.

Critical grammatical study renders obscure passages plain. Philological researches throw light upon genealogies. Inquiry into the customs of Eastern countries makes us acquainted with the meaning of obscure allusions; and from beneath the sandy mounds of Assyria and the desert plains of Babylonia, records of the past, engraven upon the very stones, have even within our own day been disintombed to confirm to the doubting and faint-hearted the minute accuracy of those inspired records which they have from infancy been taught to regard as able to make them 'wise unto salvation.'

And now, before I close my letter, suffer me to ask one more question; though I cannot hope that you will view it in the all-important light which I do myself.

In everything that I have hitherto said, I have spoken of the objective testimony to the Inspiration of the Bible. There is another, and to me a far more impressive witness, to be found in its effect upon the human heart; but this, alas! is rather strength to the believer than conviction to the sceptic, and I fear it may be useless to dwell upon it.

Yet I would venture to inquire—for surely the problem must sometimes have suggested itself to your own mind—whence it is that Scripture derives what all own to be its marvellous power? What is there in it to rouse the conscience of the guilty, and speak peace and hope to the

penitent, to give joy to the desponding and courage to the fearful, to check the pride of the presumptuous, and sustain the spirit of the weak-hearted? How is it that a volume written so many centuries ago, referring to events, people, interests, with which—as far as this world is concerned—we can have no connection, should still be able to fulfil the promise recorded in its own pages: ‘Then shall the deaf hear the words of the Book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness. The meek also shall increase their joy in the LORD, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.’ (*Isaiah*, xxix. 18, 19.)

God grant that the hour may not be far distant, when you may be able to meet that question by the answer of your own heart.

Yours, &c.,

*Ashcliff, Bonchurch,
February 12th, 1874.*

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

‘AND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.’

Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.—*St. John*, xvi. 7.

EXPEDIENT is it, Lord, that Thou depart?

Since Thou hast said it, then, it must be so,
Else the fond yearning of the human heart

Would question, doubting, Wherefore must Thou go?

Why not for ever on this earth remain?

To cleanse from guilt, and take its curse away;
Why not e’en now commence Thy glorious reign?
Why not, O Lord, Thy Kingdom come this day?

‘Thou must go hence for yet a little space,’

Vain then our tears, and idle our regret;
This world can not yet be Thy dwelling-place,
Not yet, O Lord, Thy Kingdom comes—not yet.

‘Thou wilt not leave us comfortless—to cheer

Our sad hearts, Thou a Comforter wilt send;
Ah! Lord, for us who miss Thy Presence here,
What hope of comfort in another friend?

Comfort for us! what comfort for the bride

Who mourns the husband torn from her embrace?
No joy for her while he is from her side;
For us no comfort when we miss Thy Face!

Widowed of Thee, Thy Church may vainly try
 To soothe her sorrow with the voice of song ;
 Through the long ages, this her weary cry—
 Why dost Thou tarry, Lord—how long, how long ?

But—Thou hast said it—Thou shalt come again,
 Oh blessed hope, to cheer us here below !
 Our eyes shall watch, nor always watch in vain,
 To see Thee coming, as we saw Thee go.

Yes—Thou hast said it—Thou shalt come again
 To dwell with us—oh, haste that glorious day !
 Thy Kingdom shall have come for ever then—
 Till then, O Lord, Thy Kingdom come, we pray.

F. MALCOLM DOHERTY.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXVII.

THE FIELD OF BREAD.

A. D. 1476 TO A. D. 1479.

THE taking of Szabács was to be only the prelude to yet greater undertakings, and Mátyás diligently pushed on his preparations. Ships were built to sail down the Danube and support the armies on land ; arms were made in great quantities ; and wooden besieging-towers were constructed. But in spite of all this, the Sultan was beforehand with him. Collecting a large army at Adrianople, and allying himself with the Wallachians, he advanced in person against Moldavia, at the same time ordering two of his generals to invade Hungary. Stephen, the Vajda of Moldavia, at once sent messengers both to Buda and Cracow to announce his perilous position, and received in answer a promise of speedy help from Mátyás, together with the advice that he should withdraw into the mountains until the Hungarian troops should arrive. The King of Poland perhaps had no troops to spare, but he despatched ambassadors to the Sultan, who however, rudely repulsed them. Meanwhile the unfortunate Vajda did his best to follow the advice of Mátyás ; but being forced by Mohammed to accept battle in the White Valley, he was defeated ; whereupon the Turks and Wallachians began the siege of the two chief towns of Moldavia. But the unhappy country, which had been laid waste alike by friend and foe, could offer no means of subsistence to a large army ; and the fleet which was to have conveyed

provisions up the Danube having been destroyed by a violent storm in the Black Sea, famine and disease began to do their deadly work among the Sultan's troops, and at length obliged him to raise the siege of both places. Soon after, hearing of the approach of Báthory, the Vajda of Transylvania, Mohammed hastily quitted Moldavia, before the Hungarian general could come up with him. Meanwhile the two Turkish commanders had crossed the Danube at Semendria,* and had penetrated as far as Temesvár, where they were utterly defeated by the neighbouring lords, in conjunction with the commandant of Belgrade. In the course of the battle, the numerous prisoners whom the Turks were dragging with them broke loose, attacked the camp, and secured so much booty, that many of the women and children were to be seen sitting on horse-back, and driving another well-laden animal before them.

No regular campaign against the Turks was, however, undertaken this year, in spite of the King's preparations; for he was at the same time preparing to celebrate his marriage with Beatrice, daughter of the King of Naples. The wedding was to take place on October 16th; and one of the Archbishops, two Bishops, and numerous great lords, with a brilliant retinue of followers, had been despatched to Naples as a guard of honour for the bride. It was not till late in the autumn that she landed on the coast of Dalmatia, accompanied by her brother Ferdinand and the Archbishop of Naples, having been obliged to postpone her departure lest she should fall into the hands of the Turks, who had been making their now annual raid into Styria and Krain by way of Dalmatia. It was a dismal journey that the young princess had to make, through scenes of terrible desolation, where her eye fell continually on the melancholy remains of burnt villages, ruined churches, and human skeletons. But when once she had crossed the frontier into Hungary, all was changed. Peace, order, and prosperity, reigned around; and crowds of rejoicing people came forth to welcome their future Queen. The King was waiting for her in Stuhlweissenburg, and as no one knew better than he how to be magnificent when the occasion required it, so now he had determined that nothing should be spared which might add to the splendour of his nuptials. The wedding guests were numerous and distinguished. There were German princes, foreign ambassadors, visitors from all lands, Hungarian Magnates, and the deputies from towns and counties, who had been summoned to the Diet; while from all parts of the kingdom presents of all kinds came streaming in, to add to the general festivity.

Outside the town tents of costly and elaborate workmanship had been erected; and here, surrounded by his guests and the States of the Empire, Mátyás, on the 10th December, received his bride. She sank on her knees before him, but he immediately raised her; and then the Bishop of Erlau, himself an Italian, welcomed her to Hungary in her own language. Two days later, the Bishop of Veszprém placed the crown on her right

* Szendrő.

shoulder, and anointed her Queen of Hungary. The procession then set out from Stuhlweissenburg for Buda, where the wedding was celebrated on the 22nd December, with unheard-of magnificence; and in spite of the extraordinary cold which had covered the Danube with a thicker crust of ice than usual, tournaments, popular merry-makings, and amusements of all kinds, were the order of the day throughout the month, the only draw-back to the general hilarity being the news that the Turks had availed themselves of the hard frost to cross the Danube, destroy the works erected the previous winter, and make a raid into Transylvania, whence they had carried off much booty and many thousands of prisoners.

But there was one wedding guest who did not come to the feast, and this was the Emperor Friedrich, who had excused himself under various pretexts, which was not remarkable, since his relations with Mátyás were becoming worse and worse. He had joined the Swiss and the Duke of Lorraine in a league against their formidable neighbour, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, of whose death before the town of Nancy, early in the new year, Mátyás must have heard soon after his marriage. The Duke had been his friend and ally, and he had done his best, though in vain, to warn him against being beguiled into a war which was evidently fomented by the Emperor, for the purpose of making his enemies destroy one another, with no trouble to himself. But, besides this, other events had occurred to exasperate the Hungarian monarch. That the Emperor should keep no promises, and should be continually plotting against him, was nothing new; that he should still refuse to invest him with the fief of Bohemia was no more than might have been expected, considering his previous behaviour, though Mátyás felt it as a grievous affront; and that, in addition to all this, there should be, as the King often averred, some secret ground of hatred between the two, known only to themselves, was perhaps not very wonderful. But it is probable that the King would have controlled his resentment, as he had hitherto done, for the sake of doing battle with the Turks for his country and his faith, had not Friedrich, by fresh insults, and an open breach of the peace, made war unavoidable.

The crafty Silesian, Johann Beckensloer, who had been made Archbishop on the death of Vitéz, and had managed to ingratiate himself with the King as much by his craft and cunning as by his talent and real services, had begun to feel jealous of his successor in the Bishopric of Erlau, the Italian Rangoni, for whom Mátyás was trying to obtain a cardinal's hat; and partly through jealousy, partly also, no doubt, through fear lest his secret dealings should be brought to light, this man, who owed all that he had to the King, entered into a secret understanding with the Emperor to betray him. While Mátyás was engaged with the siege of Szabács, the Archbishop, under colour of making a pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle, quitted the country, accompanied by sixty horsemen, and fled at once to the Emperor, taking with him a

large sum of money, and a great quantity of gold and silver plate. Being thus unscrupulous, it is not likely that he abstained from revealing any state secrets that chanced to be in his possession; and besides this, he seems to have invented some shameful slanders against the King, who demanded that the fugitive, and the treasure he had appropriated, should be surrendered to him. The Emperor not only refused, but seized this opportunity to reiterate his accusations against the King; namely, that he had employed money sent him for war with the Turks for other purposes, that he had an understanding with the Infidel, and was secretly giving them every facility for invading Austria. There was little profit in arguing with a man so unscrupulous with his words as was the Emperor; but still Mátyás refuted the accusations, and even sent some prisoners to the Imperial court, to prove that his war with the Turks was something more than a pretence. The ambassador whom Mátyás charged with this mission was a Bohemian, who did not scruple to speak out boldly and bitterly to the Emperor; telling him to his face that while he made a great show of interest in the Turkish war, he did absolutely nothing to forward it; reminding him how he had asked the King to engage in the Bohemian war, though he had done nothing but throw obstacles in his way ever since he had undertaken it; and adding that, no doubt, the King might possibly have repelled the Turks single-handed, but that he did not owe so much to the Emperor, and had not experienced so much kindness at his hands, as to care to endanger himself and his country for the sake of defending Austria.

It was hardly wonderful that, after the interchange of these and other equally bitter civilities, the Emperor did not care to come to Buda for the wedding, more especially as Mátyás was giving protection to some of his insurgent subjects in Austria and Styria. However, in spite of all that had passed, Mátyás still wished to keep the peace, and even to be reconciled, but the Emperor's insincerity came in the way and rendered all negotiations futile; for, while the terms of an agreement were being discussed with Mátyás in his name, he was engaging Vladislav and his Bohemians to assist him in attacking Hungary. Attacks were made on Silesia and the Hungarian frontiers; and the war being thus actually begun behind his back, Mátyás found himself obliged to give up all idea of a campaign against the Turks. War being unavoidable, he took all his measures in a most masterly manner, allied himself with the Teutonic Knights, who promised their help against Poland, and skilfully contrived to secure the neutrality of Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia, all of whom dreaded the being dragged into the war. Having thus taken steps to circumscribe the scene of operations, and having thrown all the odium of breaking the peace upon his enemies, Mátyás announced his intentions, which were received with approval by the greater number of the Magnates.

On the 7th June, Vladislav entered Vienna at the head of eight thousand men, whom he was bringing to the assistance of the Emperor,

and was by him formally invested with the kingdom and electorate of Bohemia, to the complete violation of the treaty of Breslau.

Two days afterwards Mátyás declared war, announcing at the same time that he intended it solely against the Emperor himself, and his hereditary lands, not against the Empire. The Hungarian army assembled in large numbers at Raab; and the Austrian insurgents were prepared to join it so soon as it crossed the frontier, the Liechtensteins alone being prepared to send eight thousand men. Meantime the Emperor and his ally laid siege to Ebersdorf; but Friedrich, who had not even money enough wherewith to equip his son Maximilian for his wedding with the Burgundian heiress, was speedily unable to pay or even feed his soldiers, who deserted him in large numbers, till there were but three thousand left. The news of the approach of the Hungarian army obliged them to raise the siege; and after loading one another with reproaches, the allies separated, Vladislav returning disgusted to Bohemia, and Friedrich making his way back to Vienna, so much alarmed by the aspect of affairs as to be desirous of peace. But the conditions were hard, and the war went on. Trautmannsdorf was well garrisoned, and offered considerable resistance; but when once it had fallen, all resistance was practically at an end; for the Austrians were too much exasperated by the Emperor's incapacity and listlessness, to care any longer to fight for him. Soon Mátyás was before Vienna, summoning it to surrender, and so confident of victory that his mother and wife were with him in the camp. 'Never,' writes Rangoni, Bishop of Erlau, 'did I see such a war; the King goes about with his wife and mother, in gilded triumphal chariots, as if he were going to a wedding; and every day he takes castles and towns—no one opposes him.'

Friedrich had fled from Vienna first to Krems, then, feeling himself no longer safe there, to Linz; and now he beheld the whole of Lower Austria in the hands of the enemy, with the exception of a few unimportant places whose fall could only be a question of time. In these circumstances, seeing that none of his allies were in a position to render him any assistance, and that the German States were not to be aroused, Friedrich first appealed to the Pope; and then, hearing that Vienna and Krems were on the point of surrendering, he actually overcame his natural obstinacy so far as to send ambassadors to Mátyás, praying for peace. The King had no desire to continue the war; and as he had, moreover, no idea of making lasting conquests, the terms of a treaty were arranged without much difficulty, the principal article being that Mátyás should be invested with the kingdom and electorate of Bohemia without further delay.

When the Diet met early in 1478, Mátyás had the satisfaction of announcing the triumphant success of the campaign, together with his intention of speedily terminating all difficulties with Bohemia; and the Diet, which was yearly becoming more tractable, made unheard-of concessions to the favoured king, granting an extraordinary tax for five

years, and practically giving him the power to call out the national forces against any important foe. Being thus supported at home, Mátyás was the more resolute abroad; and when Vladislav of Bohemia attempted to conclude a treaty on terms which would have dishonoured him in the eyes of Europe, he stoutly refused to accept them. A short renewal of hostilities had the desired effect of disposing Vladislav to accept more reasonable conditions, and by the end of the year peace with Bohemia was really a fact. Vladislav was to retain Bohemia, while ceding Moravia and both Silesias to Mátyás, after whose death they might be redeemed; and each was to accord to the other the full style and title used by the Kings of Bohemia. Peace with Bohemia was followed as a natural consequence by peace with Poland; and after several delays, a meeting between the rival kings for the ratification of the treaty took place on the 9th July, 1479. Mátyás had been detained in Hungary, it was said, by preparations for war with the Turks; but not improbably his arrangements for the long-talked-of interview may have had something to do with it, since, though plain and frugal in his daily life, no king understood better than he how to be magnificent in his reception of guests. Doubtless on this occasion too he was more than usually desirous of doing all honour to the princes invited to meet him, among whom were the King of Poland and Duke Albrecht of Saxony. Be this as it may, it was not till the 2nd July that Mátyás made his grand entry into Olmütz, accompanied by his Queen Beatrice, her brother Francis, and a train of Princes, Bishops, and Magnates, who numbered five thousand horses among them. Vladislav was already waiting for him in Neustadt; but with the mistrust of a weak soul, could not be induced to meet him till he had received fresh letters of safe-conduct.

The first solemn interview took place on the 9th, in the open air, between Olmütz and Neustadt. Mátyás rode up with a chaplet on his head instead of a hat; and the Bohemians, fancying that he did this for the purpose of avoiding the uncovering of his head when he saluted their king, advised the latter to fasten his hat on so firmly that no one could undo it; and this advice he eagerly followed, lest he should in any way compromise his dignity. When the kings had arrived within bow-shot of one another, their attendants halted, and they rode forward alone, shook hands, kissed one another, and finally dismounting, entered a tent, where they remained for three hours in conversation. When they had agreed to confirm the conditions of peace, some of the distinguished members of their respective retinues were admitted, that they too might make friends with one another. On this second interview Mátyás tried, but in vain, to induce his 'brother and dear friend' for comfort's sake to take up his abode with him in the town.

Vladislav could not lay aside his mistrust, till at length he was fairly shamed out of it by Mátyás himself appearing unarmed in the Bohemian camp. Then at last he took courage; and, accompanied by the two retinues, proceeded in state to Olmütz. Arrived at the town-gate, the

two kings rode together beneath a splendid canopy, and accompanied by a large number of prelates to the Cathedral, while all the bells rang merrily. Thence they proceeded first to the dwelling assigned to Vladislav, and then to that of the Hungarian King. The following day they exchanged visits, and in a few days more the treaty of peace was fully ratified. Mátyás, as was his wont, had provided in the most sumptuous manner for the entertainment of his distinguished guests; and the town was gay with banquets, tournaments, dances, play-acting, music, and singing in the new style introduced by the Queen from Italy. A large wooden building had been erected, the walls of which were covered with the most costly hangings of all kinds; and here were displayed services of gold and silver plate set with precious stones, the tables, chairs, and couches, likewise gleaming with gold. In this magnificent hall the kings generally dined together, and afterwards amused themselves with dancing or some other pastime. Not less splendid was the dwelling prepared for Vladislav, with its costly silk stuffs and tapestry, and a bed which it is said had been specially prepared by the Queen herself in the most luxuriously comfortable fashion. Very soon the two kings became such good friends, that they visited one another in the most informal manner, as if they had been private individuals; and Vladislav frequently played a game of chess with the Queen. For three weeks the visit lasted; and when at last Vladislav took leave of his host, the latter begged him to accept all that the dwelling he had occupied contained, nor only so, but also gave handsome presents to his most distinguished ministers. Thus did Mátyás contrive to charm and win over even his most bitter foes. The peace, thus opportunely concluded, had become a matter of urgent necessity; for Venice, after waging war with Mohammed during sixteen long years, almost without an interval of repose, had just made peace on most unfavourable terms, in order that she might be at liberty to turn her arms against Ferdinand of Naples, who was making encroachments in Italy. By her defection Mátyás lost a powerful ally; nor was this all, for he found that his close connection with King Ferdinand was to deprive him also of the favour long shown him by the Pope. Venice withdrew her subsidies, and was even suspected of urging the Sultan to attack Hungary, on the understanding that she would supply him with ships if he would furnish her with mounted soldiers. Bitterly did Mátyás complain of Pope and Republic, in a letter which he addressed to his brother-in-law the Cardinal of Arragon, and in which, after declaring that the intrigues of Venice had long been known to him, he goes on to express his surprise that the Pope should have been beguiled by her, and winds up by saying that though he had always greatly valued the Pontiff's good will, he should not be in the least alarmed by his displeasure, inasmuch as he was too far off to be injured by it.

Very soon both Pope and Emperor were roused to a perception of the great danger likely to result from the peace concluded by Venice; and

Friedrich bade the Diet assemble at Nürnberg, where, as his manner was, he himself failed to appear; and the Pope sent his legates to try and awake something of the old spirit of enthusiasm. But it was all in vain! Nothing was done, and the States separated, with a vague promise to meet in larger numbers at some future time, and then do all that might be needful. The Hungarian ambassadors present were enraged at the general apathy; and, sending for a notary and witnesses, caused a memorandum to be written, to the effect that their royal master was not to be blamed if Germany in a short time found herself bewailing a misfortune against which she would not provide when she might have done so. Before the Nürnberg Diet had terminated its useless sittings, the Turks had begun their now annual inroads into Austria from Bosnia, and had thence proceeded as far as Raab.

Meanwhile, important events had been taking place in the East; where Vlad had been murdered by his Wallachian subjects, who threw off their allegiance to Hungary, and gave a free passage through their country to Ali Bég and his army. The latter consequently advanced so swiftly into Transylvania, that Báthory was unable to gather together a sufficient force wherewith to oppose him, and was obliged to allow him to continue his course unchecked, plundering and devastating the country almost up to the walls of Gyulafehérvár. Temesvár was the nearest point from which help could come, and here was stationed Báthory's old companion-at-arms, Kinisi Pál, the miller's son, whom Mátyás had one day chanced to see, holding a mill-stone in one hand and cutting it with the other—'Kinisi, the great giant,' who had since turned out to possess as much strength of mind as of body, and had now by successive steps worked his way upwards till he had become Ban of Temes. Kinisi was not the man to fail him in his hour of need; and Báthory took his measures in the perfect confidence that he should be re-inforced ere long. Suspecting that Ali Bég would try to take his army and all its booty back by way of the Iron Gate, the Vajda boldly determined to cut off his retreat; and, making a circuit, took up his position on the plain of Kenyérmező, to the north of the town of Broos. On the 12th October the Turks were only an hour's march from the Hungarian camp, and Kinisi had not yet made his appearance. The morning of the 13th rose fair and bright; and the whole plain, covered with dew-spangled gossamers, shone like a sheet of silver in the autumn dawn. How would it look one hour later?

Báthory was stirring betimes; he and his men attended a solemn service and received the Holy Eucharist, and then he bade the officers give to each man a piece of turf, that he might lay it on his breast, and when he was in the midst of the fight might remember that his country was lying on his heart, and if he died, might think with joy that he fell for his country's sake. The men swore to conquer or to die, and greeted the unfurling of the banners with the thrice-repeated cry of 'Jesus!' As the echo of the last shout died away the Turkish army appeared

in sight, swarming over the plain, and three times out-numbering the Magyars. Báthory had meantime drawn up his men in order of battle: in the first line of the right wing were the Saxons under the command of the Captain of Hermannstadt; behind them were the Transylvanian Wallachians; in the left wing were the Magyars with the banderium of their Bishop, and behind them the Székels under the command of their count; in the centre Báthory took up his stand with his own banderium, consisting for the most part of men in armour. The two armies, separated only by a narrow stream, stood facing one another for three long hours; Báthory wishing if possible to await the arrival of Kinisi, and the twelve Turkish Pashas not being able to agree among themselves. At length, however, the battle began by an attack upon the Saxons, who, after a brave resistance, were obliged to fall back upon the Wallachians, who were forced in their turn to yield to the pressure of superior numbers, and were either scattered or driven into the Maros. The same fate befell the Székels and Magyars in the left wing. Only the heavy cavalry in the centre stood firm; and behind this the shattered squadrons were hastily re-formed, while Ali Bég drew his men up in a square so mighty that he thought to crush the foe beneath its weight. Just as Báthory was about to advance against this huge mass, his horse stumbled and fell under him; and the soldiers, turning pale, stammered out, 'An evil omen!'

They would fain have retreated; but in a moment Báthory had remounted, and was shouting aloud, 'It is *not* an evil omen! There is no evil omen for those who fight for God and their country!'

Then drawing his sword, he rushed upon the foe with such force, that Ali Bég's squadrons were scattered on all sides by the mere violence of the attack. Others, however, speedily took their places; fresh soldiers seemed to rise from the earth to supply the loss of those who fell, and soon the two hostile armies had lost all appearance of order. Plan there was none; man fought with man in the best way he could, and the only question was which could hold out the longest. The Hungarians, however, were fast diminishing, and fought now less for victory than for a glorious death. Báthory himself had already received six wounds; and now his horse, stricken to the death, sank with him to the ground. Over him rolled the tide of battle; heaps of dead marked the spot where the General lay, with the hand of death already heavy upon his eyes. At this critical juncture, when all seemed lost, a sudden blast of trumpets was heard, and Kinisi's squadrons appeared over the crest of the neighbouring heights. For some time they had heard the noise of battle in the distance, and had hurried up fearing lest they should arrive too late. With a sudden rush they stormed the enemy in the rear; but above the tumult might be heard the thunder of Kinisi's mighty voice as he shouted, 'Báthory, where art thou?'

With a sword in each hand, after his usual manner, he advanced, dealing death to right and left, and looking anxiously for his friend,

as again and again he shouted his name, and forced his way into the thickest of the fight, guessing that there if anywhere he should find the General. Nor was he mistaken. The well-known voice reached Báthory's ear, and called him back almost from the dead. He rose to his feet among the heaps of slain.

'Báthory lives!' was the delighted cry on one side.

'Kinisi is come!' was the response on the other.

The weary Hungarians gathered themselves together for fresh efforts; the Turks lost courage, and those who escaped the general slaughter fled in wild confusion to the mountains, where thousands of them perished at the hands of the exasperated peasants. Ali Bég saved his own life, but his brother Skander Bég, some of the other Pashas, and some thirty thousand of the allied army of the Turks and Wallachians, perished either in the battle or the flight. The whole camp, with all its treasure, its standards, and its lately-captured booty, as well as a large number of Transylvanian prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors. But the victory had cost them dear. Of those who that morning had joyously greeted the rising sun, eight thousand Magyars and Székels, two thousand Saxons and Wallachians, were no longer there to see it set.

The Hungarians encamped on the field of battle, and spent the night in feasting and merriment. Heaps of the slaughtered foe served them as tables; wine circled freely; jubilant songs resounded; war-dances and wrestling matches succeeded one another; and when the mirth was at its height, Kinisi Pál, exhilarated by his success and the rejoicing around him, began to dance by the light of the flaring watch-fire, taking for his partner the dead body of a Turk in full armour, which he picked up between his teeth. Some accounts say that he also took a Turk under each arm, and danced with the three, to the intense delight of his warriors. This is 'Kinisi Pál's dance,' which is celebrated in many a Hungarian song. The whole strange scene, repugnant as it must be to the more refined feelings of our own age, gives a vivid picture of the manners of the time, with their mixture of chivalry and coarseness; and it also serves to paint in unmistakeable colours the utter hatred felt for the Turks, as well as the excitement consequent upon so terrible a day's work. The following morning, when the dead were buried, the Generals led their army into Gyulafehérvár. Báthory recovered in time from his wounds, and built a chapel on the spot where he fell from his horse and lay among the dead, 'that the glory of the victory might belong to God alone.' There is no trace of the chapel now remaining, but the victory of Kenyérmező will be remembered so long as there is a Magyar left to plough the plain which was once drenched with the blood of his ancestors.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY OF EXCITEMENT.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen.

Shakespeare.

THE first Sunday of Julius Charnock's ministry was spent in an unexpected manner. In the darkness of the autumn morning there was a knock at the door, and a low hurried call in Anne's voice at the bedroom door, 'Rosamond! Julius, pray look out! Isn't there a great fire somewhere?'

'Fire! Here!' cried Rosamond, springing up.

'No, not here. A great way off. You could beat it back.'

Rosamond had by this time rushed to the window, which looked out the wrong way, found her dressing-gown, and scrambled into it in the dark ere joining Anne in the gallery, from the end window of which the lurid light in the sky, with an occasional flame leaping up, was plainly visible. When Julius joined them he declared it to be at Willansborough, and set off to call up the coachman and despatch the fire-engine, his wife calling after him to send for the soldiers at Backsworth.

Frank and Charlie came rushing down in gratified excitement, declaring that it was tremendous—the church at least—and exulting in the attainment of their life-long ambition, the riding out on the fire-engine. Servants bustled about, exclaiming, tramping, or whisking, on the stairs; and Raymond presently appeared to ask whether his mother were ill, and when re-assured on that score, hurrying to ascertain whether she were alarmed, before he started for the scene of action.

'Let me come and stay with her,' said Rosamond, a striking figure, in a scarlet dressing-gown, with a thick plait of black hair hanging down to her waist on either side.

'Thank you, it will be very kind,' said Raymond, running down before her, and meeting Susan waddling out in a fringe of curl-papers, for some mysterious instinct or echo had conveyed to her and her mistress that there was fire somewhere—perhaps at home. Mrs. Poyntsett was not a nervous woman, and from the time she saw her eldest son come in, all fright was over, and she could have borne to hear that the house over her head was burning, in the perfect trust that he would save her from all peril; nor had he any difficulty in committing her to Rosamond, when he hurried away to finish dressing and repair to the spot.

Nothing could be seen from her room, but the little ante-room

between it and the drawing-room had an excellent view, as the ground fell away from it, and there was an opening among the trees.

‘We must get you there!’ exclaimed Rosamond, in her excitement, helping her into some garments, and then running out as she heard a step—‘Here, Julius, help me;’ and without more ado, the mother was transported between them to the broad low couch under the window, and there bestowed in a nest of pillows, shawls, and rugs, that seemed to grow up under Rosamond’s touch.

Then following Julius out into the hall as he met his brother, Rosamond clung to him, entreating, ‘Please, please don’t run into any dangerous places.’

‘Never fear, dearest; I am not likely.’

‘Don’t let him, pray!’ she said, turning to Raymond. ‘Make him remember how blind he is.’

‘I’ll take good care of him, Rosamond,’ said the elder brother kindly; ‘I’m used to it.’

‘And send for the —th,’ she added. ‘There is nothing like soldiers at a fire.’

‘The glare must have given notice,’ said Julius, ‘but we’ll send if needful. Let go, you foolish girl; I’m not leading a forlorn hope.’

Did Raymond, as he mounted his horse, turning from the contact of the white and black heads, admire the reasonableness of the Cecil who had never shewn any fears for his safety, nor any tendency to run about the passages in her *robe de chambre*, though she was now dressing with all speed?

The women-folk had to depend on their own eyes for intelligence, for every male, not only of the household but of the village, between the ages of five and seventy, started for Wil’sbro’, and a good many females followed their example, including the cook and her suite.

However, Susan remained, to find her mistress flown, and in her fright, give Lady Rosamond as round a scolding as if she had been Charlie, for her rashness in attempting a transit, which Dr. Hayter had pronounced to be as much as her mistress’s life was worth. Having thus relieved her mind, and finding that Mrs. Poyntsett was really very comfortable, or else too eager and anxious to find out if she was not, the good woman applied herself to the making of coffee.

Anne and Cecil had found their way to the leads, and were thence summoned to partake of this hasty meal, after which they proposed going to look from the brow of the hill; and Mrs. Poyntsett insisted that Rosamond should not stay behind on her account; and, glad to appease the restlessness of anxiety, out went the ladies, to find the best view of the town, usually a white object in the distance, but now blurred by smoke thick and black in the daylight, and now and then reddened by bursts of flame.

Anne had been re-assured as to the need of beating out the fire and trampling down a place to isolate it, as in the bush fires of her

experience; and Rosamond related the achievements of the regiment in quenching many a conflagration in inflammable colonial cities.

It occurred to her that the best place whence to see it was the tower of the church, which, placed upon a little knoll, was standing out in full relief against the lurid light. She found the key at the sexton's, and led the way up the broken stone stair to the trap-door, where they emerged on the leads, and in spite of the cold wind and furious flapping of the flag above their heads, stood absorbed in the interest of the sight.

There was a black mass in the open space, whence rose fitful clouds of smoke, the remnants of the fire, which had there done its worst; and beyond was a smoky undefined outline, with tongues of flame darting up, then volumes of dense white smoke, denoting a rush of water from the engines. Black beings flitted about like ants round a disturbed nest; Rosamond hoped she detected some scarlet among them, and Cecil lamented over not having brought her opera-glass. Even without this, it was possible to make out two long lines of men between the fire and the river, and at times they fancied that they heard the shouting, but the wind generally carried it away. The cold was bitter, and they had to hold together and keep a tight grip upon their garments against the gusts that seemed to rock the tower; but they could not bear to turn away, though the clock beneath pealed out hour after hour; for still as the flames were subdued in one place they broke out in another; but gradually smoke became predominant, and then grew thinner, and as some of the black specks began to straggle into the road as if returning to Compton, the desire to hear became more pressing than that to see, and the three ladies began to descend—a slow and weary process, cutting them off from the view, and lasting so long, that the road was no longer deserted when they finally emerged into the churchyard.

Young Mr. Bowater, grimed, dusty, hatless, and his hair on end, and Rollo following with his feathery tail singed, hurried up at once. 'I'm not fit to touch, Lady Rosamond,' as he shewed a black hand, and bowed to the others.

'Where's Ju—where's my husband?' exclaimed Rosamond.

'Just behind, riding home with Raymond and the rest of them. Wasn't it a magnificent flare-up? But there was no loss of life; and this dog was of as much use as two men—carried whatever I told him.'

'Good old man! You've suffered too!' said Rosamond. 'Pah! you're like a singed horse; but never mind, you're a hero.'

'And where is Mr. Charnock Poyntsett?' said Cecil, retreating from the dog, which her sisters-in-law were vehemently patting.

'He was arranging with the Mayor. Church, paper-mills, and town-hall got the worst of it. It was well he came down; old Briggs, the mayor, lost his head, and Fuller never had one. Everyone gave contrary orders till he came down, and then, didn't we work!'

The Curate stretched his stalwart limbs, as if they were becoming sensible of the strain they had undergone.

‘Did you say the church was burnt?’ asked Cecil.

‘Yes; and a very good thing too! Hideous place, where you couldn’t do right if you died for it! The fire began there—stoves, no doubt—and there it would have stopped if anyone had had any sense; but there they would run and gape, and the more I tried to get them to form a chain and drench the warehouses, the more they wouldn’t do it. And when the flame once got hold of the paper—did you see it?—it was not a thing to forget. I verily believe the whole town would have gone if the Charnocks hadn’t come and got a little discipline into the asses. It was just life and death work, fighting the fire to hinder it from getting across Water Lane, and then it would have been all up with High Street. The tongues broke out like live things ready to lick up everything; and it was like killing dragons to go at them with the hose and buckets. I declare my arms are fit to drop out of their sockets. And the Rector devoted himself to carrying out bed-ridden old women. I forgot to tell you, Lady Rosamond, he has broken his— There now, I never meant to frighten you—broken his spectacles.’

‘You did it on purpose,’ she said, laughing at her own start.

‘No, indeed, I did not.’

‘And is it quite out now?’

‘Yes; when the Backsworth engines and the soldiers came up, it was like the Prussians at Waterloo.’

‘Oh then it was done,’ said Rosamond. ‘Take care! my grandfather was in the Light Division.’

‘And my uncle in the Guards,’ said the Curate. But before the Waterloo controversy could be pursued, four or five figures on horse-back came round the knoll, and Raymond and Julius sprang off their horses, introducing the three officers who followed their example.

One was Rosamond’s old acquaintance, the Colonel, a friend of her father; but she had little attention to spare for them till she had surveyed her husband, who looked nothing worse than exceedingly dusty, and at fault without his spectacles.

Enquiries were made for Frank and Charlie. They were walking home. They had worked gallantly. The flames were extinguished, but the engines must go on playing on them for some time longer. No lives lost, and very few casualties, but the paper-mills were entirely destroyed, and about twenty tenements, so that great distress was to be apprehended.

Such intelligence was being communicated as the party stood together in a group, when there was a light tinkling of bells, and two ladies in a light open carriage, drawn by two spirited ponies, dashed round the knoll; and at the moment something must have gone wrong with them, for there was a start, a pull, a call of ‘Raymond! Raymond!’

Throwing his bridle to Herbert Bowater, he sprang to the horses’ heads.

‘“Mr. Poyntsett! Thank you! I beg your pardon,” said the lady,

recovering herself; and Rosamond instantly perceived that she must be Lady Tyrrell, for she was young looking, very handsome, and in slight mourning; and her companion was Miss Vivian. Julius, holding his surviving glass to his eye, likewise stepped forward. 'Thank you, it was so stupid,' the lady ran on. 'Is not there something wrong with the traces? I don't know how they got themselves harnessed, but there was no keeping at home.'

'I think all is right,' said Raymond gravely, making the examination over to a servant. 'Let me introduce my wife, Lady Tyrrell.'

The lady held out her hand. 'I hope we shall be excellent neighbours.—My sister.—You remember little Lena,' she added to the brothers. 'She stole a march on us, I find. I heard of your encounter on Friday. It was too bad of you not to come in and let us send you home; I hope you did not get very wet, Lady Rosamond.—Ah! Mr. Strangeways, I did not know you were there,' she proceeded, as the youngest of the officers accosted her; 'come over and see us. You're better provided now; but come to luncheon any day. I am sure to be at home at half-past one; and I want so much to hear of your mother and sisters.' And with a universal bow and smile, she flourished her whip, her ponies jangled their bells, and the ladies vanished.

'Stunning pair that!' was young Strangeways' exclamation.

'Most beautiful!' murmured Cecil, in a low voice, as if she was quite dazzled. 'You never said she was like that,' she added reproachfully to Julius.

'Our encounter was in the dark,' he answered.

'Oh, I did not mean the young one, but Lady Tyrrell. She is just like a gem we saw at Firenze—which was it?'

'Where?' said Raymond, bewildered.

'Firenze—Florence,' she said, deigning to translate; and finding her own reply, 'Ah, yes, the Medusa!' then, as more than one exclaimed in indignant dismay, she said, 'No, not the Gorgon, but the beautiful winged head, with only two serpents on the brow and one coiled round the neck, and the pensive melancholy face.'

'I know,' said Julius shortly; while the other gentlemen entered into an argument, some defending the beauty of the younger sister, some of the elder; and it lasted till they entered the park, where all were glad to partake of their well-earned meal, most of the gentlemen having been at work since dawn without sustenance, except a pull at the beer served out to the fire-men.

Cecil was not at all shy, and was pleased to take her place as representative lady of the house; but somehow, though everyone was civil and attentive to her, she found herself effaced by the more full-blown Rosamond, accustomed to the same world as the guests; and she could not help feeling the same sense of depression as when she had to yield the head of her father's table to her step-mother.

Nor could she have that going to church for the first time in state with

her bridegroom, which she had professed to dread, but had really anticipated with complacency; for though Julius had bidden the bells to be rung for afternoon service, Raymond was obliged to go back to Wilsbro' to make arrangements for the burnt-out families, and she had to go as lonely as Anne herself.

Lady Tyrrell and her sister were both at Compton Church, and overtook the three sisters-in-law as they were waiting to be joined by the Rector.

'We shall have to take shelter with you,' said Lady Tyrrell, 'poor burnt-out beings that we are.'

'Do you belong to Wilsbro'?' said Rosamond.

'Yes; St. Nicholas is an immense straggling parish, going four miles along the river. I don't know how we shall ever be able to go back again to poor old Mr. Fuller. You'll never get rid of us from Compton.'

'I suppose they will set about re-building the church at once,' said Cecil. 'Of course they will form a committee, and put my husband on it.'

'In the chair, no doubt,' said Lady Tyrrell, in a tone that sounded to Rosamond sarcastic, but which evidently gratified Cecil. 'But we will have a committee of our own, and you will have to preside, and patronize our bazaar. Of course you know all about them.'

'Oh yes!' said Cecil eagerly. 'We have one every year for the Infirmary, only my father did not approve of my selling at a stall.'

'Ah! quite right then, but you are a married woman now, and that is quite a different thing. The stall of the three brides. What an attraction! I shall come and talk about it when I make my call in full form! Good-bye again.'

Cecil's balance was more than restored by this entire recognition to be prime lady-patroness of everything. To add to her satisfaction, when her husband came home to dinner, bringing with him both the Curates, she found there was to be a meeting on Tuesday in the Assembly-room, of both sexes, to consider of the relief of the work-people, and that he would be glad to take her to it. Moreover, as it was to be strictly local, Rosamond was not needed there, though Raymond was not equally clear as to the Rector, since he believed that the St. Nicholas parishioners meant to ask the loan of Compton Poyntsett Church for one service on a Sunday.

'Then I shall keep out of the way,' said Julius. 'I do not want to have the request made to me in public.'

'You do not mean to refuse?' said Cecil, with a sort of self-identification with her constituents.

'The people are willing to attend as many of our services as they like; but there is no hour that I could give the church up to Mr. Fuller on a Sunday.'

'Nor would the use of St. Nicholas be very edifying for our people,' added Mr. Bindon.

His junior clenched it by saying, with a laugh, 'I should think not! Fancy old Fuller's rusty black gown up in our pulpit!'

'I rejoice to say that is burnt,' rejoined Mr. Bindon.

'What bet will you take that a new one will be the first thing subscribed for?' said the deacon, bringing a certain grave look on the faces of both the elder clergy, and a horror-stricken one upon Anne's; while Cecil pronounced her inevitable dictum, that at Dunstone, Mr. Venn always preached in a gown, and 'we' should never let him think of anything nonsensical.

Rosamond was provoked into a display of her solitary bit of ecclesiastical knowledge—'A friar's gown, the most Popish vestment in the Church.'

Cecil, thoroughly angered, flushed up to the eyes and bit her lips, unable to find a reply, while all the gentlemen laughed. Frank asked if it were really so, and Mr. Bindon made the well-known explanation that the Geneva gown was neither more nor less than the monk's frock.

'I shall write and ask Mr. Venn,' gasped Cecil; but her husband stifled the sound by saying, 'I saw little Pettitt, Julius, this afternoon, overwhelmed with gratitude to you for all the care you took of his old mother, and all his waxen busts.'

'Ah! by-the-by!' said Charlie, 'I did meet the Rector staggering out, with the fascinating lady with the long eye-lashes in one arm, and the moustached hero in the other.'

'There was no pacifying the old lady without,' said Julius. 'I had just coaxed her to the door, when she fell to wringing her hands. Ah! those lovely models that were worth thirty shillings each, with natural hair—that they should be destroyed! If the heat or the water did but come near them, Adolphus would never get over it. I could only pacify her by promising to go back for these idols of his heart as soon as she was safe; and after all, I had to dash at them through the glass, and that was the end of my spectacles.'

'Where was Pettitt himself?'

'Well employed, poor little fellow, saving the people in those three cottages of his. No one supposed his shop in danger, but the fire took a sudden freak and came down Long Street; and though the house is standing, it had to be emptied and deluged with water to save it. I never knew Pettitt had a mother till I found her mounting guard, like one distracted, over her son's bottles of perfumery.'

'And dyes?' murmured Raymond under his breath; but Frank caught the sound, and said, 'Ah, Julius! don't I remember his inveigling you into coming out with scarlet hair?'

'I don't think I've seen him since,' said Julius, laughing. 'I believe he couldn't resist such an opportunity of practising his art. And for my part, I must say for myself, that it was in our first holidays, and Raymond and Miles had been black and blue the whole half-year from

having fought my battles whenever I was called either Bunny or Grandfather. So when he assured me he could turn my hair to as sweet a raven-black as Master Poyntsett's, I thought it would be pleasing to all, forgetting that he could not dye my eyes, and that their effect would have been some degrees more comical.'

'For shame, Julius!' said Rosamond. 'Don't you know that one afternoon, when little Nora had cried for forty minutes over her sum, she declared that she wanted to make her eyes as beautiful as Mr. Charnock's. Well, what was the effect?'

'Startling,' said Raymond. 'He came down in shades of every kind of crimson and scarlet. A fearful object, with his pink-and-white face glowing under it.'

'And what I had to undergo from Susan!' added Julius. 'She washed me, and soaped me, and rubbed me, till I felt as if all the threshing-machines in the county were about my head, lecturing me all the time on the profanity of flying against Scripture by trying to alter one's hair from what Providence had made it. Nothing would do; her soap only turned it into shades of lemon and primrose. I was fain to let her shave my head as if I had a brain-fever; and I was so horribly ashamed for years after, that I don't think I have set foot in Long Street since till to-day.'

'Pettitt is a queer little fellow,' said Herbert. 'The most truculent little Radical to hear him talk, and yet staunch in his votes, for he can't go against those whose hair he has cut from time immemorial.'

'I hope he has not lost much,' said Julius.

'His tenements are down, but they were insured; and as to his stock, he says he owes its safety entirely to you, Julius. I think he would present you with both his models as a testimonial, if you could only take them,' said Raymond.

Cecil had neither spoken nor laughed through all this. She was nursing her wrath; and after marching out of the dining-room, lay in wait to intercept her husband, and when she had claimed his attention, began, 'Rosamond ought not to be allowed to say such things.'

'What things?'

'Speaking in that improper way about a gown.'

'She seems to have said what was the fact.'

'It can't be! It is preposterous! I never heard it before.'

'Nor I; but Bindon evidently is up in those matters.'

'It was only to support Rosamond; and I am quite sure she said it out of mere opposition to me. You ought to speak to Julius.'

'About what?' said Raymond.

'Her laughing whenever I mention Dunstone, and tell them the proper way of doing things.'

'There may be different opinions about the proper way of doing things.' Then as she opened her eyes in wonder and rebuke, he continued, in his elder-brotherly tone of kindness, 'You know I told you

already that you had better not interfere in matters concerning his church and parish.'

'We always managed things at Dunstone.'

Hang Dunstone! was with some difficulty suppressed; but in an extra gentle voice Raymond said, 'Your father did what he thought his duty, but I do not think it mine, nor yours, to direct Julius in clerical matters. It can only lead to disputes, and I will not have them.'

'It is Rosamond. I'm sure I don't dispute.'

'Listen, Cecil!' he said. 'I can see that your position may be trying, in these close quarters with a younger brother's wife with more age and rank than yourself.'

'That is nothing. An Irish earl, and a Charnock of Dunstone!'

'Dunstone will be more respected if you keep it in the back-ground,' he said, holding in stronger words with great difficulty. 'Once for all, you have your own place and duties, and Rosamond has hers. If you meddle in them, nothing but annoyance can come of it; and remember, I cannot be appealed to in questions between you and her. Julius and I have gone on these nine-and-twenty years without a cloud between us, and I am sure you would not wish to bring one now.'

Wherewith he left her bewildered. She did not perceive that he was too impartial for a lover, but she had a general sense that she had come into a rebellious world, where Dunstone and Dunstone's daughter were of no account, and her most cherished notions disputed. What was the Lady of the Manor to do but to superintend the Church, parsonage, and parish generally? Not her duty? She had never heard of such a thing, nor did she credit it. Papa would come home, make these degenerate Charnocks hear reason, and set all to rights.

(To be continued.)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HAMBURY MILLS.'

CHAPTER VII.

SEA-DOVES.

'Alas, poor ghost!'

ONCE more the fair pure tints that come with April brightened the winter gloom of old Penwithen, the pink blooms came out on the grey apple trees, and the primroses peeped through the grass at their feet. The surging waves that had roared and raved all the winter, till the lonely maids at the Manor Farm declared the sound made them hysterical, were tipt with crests of light; and once more, under the

apple trees, gazing at them with wide listless eyes, stood Maggie Carlyon. She was daintily dressed now in the newest Plymouth fashion; and she was no longer afraid of ghosts or visions; and yet Maggie's eyes were sad, and her fingers played listlessly with the round hard pink buds. She was wishing for her sister. It had been so hard to part with Cora—to see her go away in all her bridal happiness, half smiling through the showers of tears that she shed over Maggie—that the poor little sister had nearly broken her heart.

There had been no reason for delaying Cora's wedding. Edward Fletcher's means enabled him to marry, and the house in town could be completed, and the career at the bar begun, much better with Cora's help than without it. What delightful occupation Mrs. Carlyon had in preparing the trousseau, and how fast the weeks of the courtship had flown by! And then, just as the letters which it was hardly hoped would reach Captain Carlyon in time had been despatched, a ship touched at Plymouth and landed him, invalided—just lame enough, as the General said, to keep him out of mischief for a few months, and quite able to give away his daughter.

But one girl he declared he must keep; he hoped to be afloat again in May, and then her aunt might have Maggie and welcome; but till then, he must have his little girl at Penwithen—unless any other young fellow wanted her first, and then he supposed the old father must go to the wall. And the jolly old sea-captain laughed and looked round the wedding party, as he drew the blushing and indignant Maggie to his side.

'I shall go with you, Papa,' she said, all in a fright, 'back to Penwithen!'

And Maggie kept her word. Bessie said that it was not poetical justice for *nothing* to come of Maggie's ghost. But Maggie knew best what pleadings she had cut short with tears and hurry on Cora's wedding-day. She never *could*—she was sure she never could—think of the ghost except with horror. Maggie would never be superstitious again; glamour and gloom had been supplanted by the very plainest clearest daylight. She no longer feared to glance round the room in the twilight, no longer expected the glistening rays of the setting sun to condense into the form of her vision. It was very strange that this Face should still haunt her dreams, and that only yesterday she should have run home so fast that she was breathless, because she fancied a figure on the road was like the figure belonging to the Face.

Maggie was very dutiful; she discovered exactly what her father liked for dinner, and took care that he had it; she filled his pipe, and she walked round the farm with him, when he vigorously set himself to repair the neglect that his property had suffered during his long absence; but still she had many solitary hours, and she missed Cora sadly.

Maggie had always been fond of talking to Lovedy, who had grown up from childhood to girlhood by her side; and in these days was thankful for her young companionship. How she had discovered of late,

without being told by Lovedy, that the boy Hannibal was the handsome Cornish girl's lover, she could not have said; but she knew it well, as also that Lovedy was anxious about his movements; and with a curious sort of sympathy she looked another way when Lovedy stole into the farm-yard of a sunny evening, and did not call old Betsy's attention to the proceeding. Hannibal, however, had been absent for several days. He had been sent by Captain Carlyon on some farming matter to the nearest town, and had never returned. Conjectures as to his fate, varying from breaking his neck to getting tipsy, had been rife at the Manor Farm; and this very afternoon, the Captain had ridden off himself on an expedition of inquiry, not intending to return till the next morning.

As Maggie wandered listlessly about, in and out of the grey-trunked, pink-blooming apple trees, she was suddenly startled by perceiving Lovedy standing in the orchard gate-way, perfectly still, with her great black eyes fixed and her face pale.

'Why, Lovedy, what's the matter?'

Lovedy sprang forward, and caught her by the wrist. 'Miss Maggie, would you give up men's bodies and souls to destruction when a word from you might save their lives?'

Lovedy possessed a great command of language, and a natural talent and liking for a scene. She had once excused herself to Captain Carlyon for some trivial fault with so much volubility, that he had asked her sharply if she was in training for a Methodist preacher. Betsey had sarcastically informed her on more than one occasion, that she 'ought to go play-acting to Falmouth,' and 'she never saw such airs.' But in truth the girl had just the vehemence of feeling and power of expression, not uncommon in her class, and which combined with brains, must have helped many a white witch and fortune-teller to their influence, to say nothing of the female preachers of some small itinerant sects.

'What is the matter?' said Maggie, not so much impressed as she might have been but for her experience of this peculiarity, though she was a little bit afraid of Lovedy too.

'Matter?' said Lovedy, in a hurried impressive whisper. 'The matter's life and death!'

'Is it Hannibal?' said Maggie.

'Ay, who else should it be? And O Missy,' cried Lovedy, bursting into a passion of most genuine tears, 'it is a terrible scrape that poor foolish boy is in, though murder's far from *his* thoughts, I'll swear.'

It was not till after much questioning and many vain attempts at consolation, that Maggie at length arrived at some notion of the state of the case.

Since she had heard Miles Harewood's story, she had suspected that Hannibal's frequent scrapes and absences had had more concern with the smugglers than anyone knew; and Lovedy now confessed with tears and sobs that there was a great venture in hand at present;

that she had heard—she would not say how; but where so many unsuspected people burnt their fingers, communications through wives, children, and servants, were only too possible—that the caves on the shore were to be invested both by sea and land, since it was supposed that the entrances from the land had been betrayed. ‘But if they know this, they will escape in time,’ said Maggie.

‘But they don’t know it, Miss; they don’t know that the deed’s done. They think to escape that way to-night, away over the moor, as Mr. Harewood did.’

Maggie flushed scarlet, and Lovedy went on—‘And I say it is a shame of any gentleman to betray the poor fellows who did their best to save his life when he was in as big a scrape as they.’

‘And how did he get into the scrape, Lovedy? To warn them,’ said Maggie; at which speech Lovedy half laughed through her tears.

So Missy knew that story.

‘He would never betray them!’

‘Well, Missy, the men say no one else could have done so. They swear they’ll have his life the very next night he rides by the cliff.’

‘But—but he is nowhere near,’ said Maggie.

‘Ay, but he is, Miss Maggie; after poor smugglers, or—or other matters; and often he rides back from Vyvyan Court late in an evening. And they vow they’ll take him this very night. But they won’t, Miss Maggie, for the King’s men ’ll be down upon them first; and while they lie in wait for Mr. Harewood, to strike him from his horse and leave folks to think he has fallen into the sea—’

‘Lovedy, how dare you speak of such a cruel wicked murder? I’ll tell Papa.’

‘Twill be done before you can tell him! O Miss Maggie! Miss Maggie! ’tisn’t Hannibal that would think of such a thing. Look, look, unless we can tell them the attack’s coming, they’ll fall on Mr. Harewood, and he’ll have men to back him, and my poor lad ’ll be killed; or if not, they’ll kill the gentleman. O Missy, Missy, let’s save our men while we can!’

Lovedy clasped her hands together, while Maggie stood scared, trembling.

‘Look, Missy, if you’ll come with me—now, *now*, before we’re missed, we’ll get down to the shore! There are two caves, and two ways to them. You run down one while I run to the other, and whisper a word to the first man you see, then back for your life; and we’re home, and no one knows us, and you have saved precious life!’

Maggie stood for a moment with eyes dilated and lips parted, and then the woman’s heart woke up within her, and all her confused notions of impeding justice, all her personal fears, vanished. If Miles Harewood were killed, and she could have saved him! Oh, what mattered the King’s justice—what mattered the lace and the brandy? *she* was not a

magistrate nor a king's officer. 'O Lovedy, I will, I will!' she cried. 'I am not afraid! I'll come!'

'Now One Above bless you, Missy!' cried Lovedy. 'Come, there's no time to spare; you cannot walk fast on the rough roads.'

Urged on by the same motives, and influenced by the force of Lovedy's passion, Maggie took her companion's hand, slipped out at the back gate of the orchard, and away over the heather in the rosy spring sun-set the two girls sped. Lovedy took the shortest path; and soon a fall in the ground hid them from the windows of the house. They spoke very little; Lovedy perhaps maturing her plans, and Maggie shuddering in every nerve at what she had undertaken. The sun sank down behind the horizon, and the twilight deepened rapidly. Maggie was growing breathless and tired, her heart beat, her head throbbed. They had neared the cliffs, and the path began to descend among rocks and roughening ground. Lovedy threaded her way in and out, round and round; then she suddenly stopped at the top of a steep descent. 'There,' she whispered. 'Run on, Missy, and say to the first man you see, "*Sharp's* the word—run for your life!" He will understand you, then back. I'll join you here; he'll be round that corner.'

Lovedy vanished behind a projecting crag, and Maggie ran blindly on, feeling as if she were mesmerized by the black passionate eyes of her companion. No one stood at the corner, but the path went on till the dim twilight seemed lost in a black hollow. Maggie shrank back terrified; she could not go on; she dared not. Suddenly, a sound like a moan of pain smote on her ear; and, her fear conquered by a still greater dread, she ran on into the cavern. A few paces from the entrance, sat leaning back against the wall, a man's figure. The last rays of day-light poured into the darkness in a dim misty stream; and here, with her light dress and flying hair, her hands stretched out in an appealing gesture, Maggie stood.

Before she could find voice to speak, the man started and threw himself forward, shading his eyes with his hand. 'Speak, speak! Who are you?' he cried, in rapid eager tones; and the voice, for *this* time the face was hidden, revealed to Maggie that it was Miles Harewood who spoke.

'Oh!' she cried, springing towards him. 'It is too late! We were to warn you—they. Are they gone? The soldiers are coming!'

'Maggie!' exclaimed Miles; then, after a moment, 'Now it is *I* that have taken *you* for an angel! In Heaven's name,' he added hurriedly, 'what brings you here?'

Hardly knowing what she said, Maggie poured forth Lovedy's story. 'She said they would murder *you*, and be killed themselves. Where are they? for the coast-guard have come by sea, and will come by land soon to take them.'

'I hope so,' said Miles coolly. 'Miss Carlyon, your servant is without excuse for working on your feelings so as to bring you here. Go back,

I entreat you. I am perfectly safe—but you, what would your father say?’

‘She thought Hannibal would be killed,’ said Maggie simply, as if in entire excuse. ‘I *promised* to warn them.’

‘But,’ said Miles, ‘instead of the enemy you found the prisoner. I *was* attacked, and my right arm lamed; and here I am, you see, waiting with a rope round my waist for his Majesty’s officers to come and release me. No, there’s no danger; I heard them say their two precious hiding-places did not communicate with each other. Your maid may have warned the other half of them. She will be too late. Miss Carlyon,’ he added, laying a firm hand on her dress; ‘do you think I would let a young lady—Maggie, do you think I would let *you*—go among them?’

His strong tones softened with the last words; and Maggie faltered out, ‘Will they be killed? I can’t—I dare not. But Lovedy?’

‘Lovedy must take care of her own lover; I will take care of *you*—that is my first duty. I have done my best for these scoundrels, and now justice must take its course, I cannot allow it to be tampered with.’

Stern as the words might be, Maggie felt a strange satisfaction in yielding to them; she did not even resent the ‘I will take care of *you*.’ This was no vision of her own; but a very determined reality, over whom her words had no power. No power? He would have paid in gold for every one; but even at her own wish he could not let her harm herself. She could not undo the hard knots of the cord that fastened him, and he could not manage them with his uninjured hand; but this was a trifle. Thinking their entrance by the land perfectly safe, and anxious to secure some valuable booty, they had left their prisoner for a short time unguarded, and Miles had no fears for his own safety. He continued to entreat Maggie to escape before the coast-guard should arrive, or the smugglers return.

‘I—I—dare not go back by myself,’ stammered Maggie, with a sudden sick fear of the dark moor and the lonely walk. ‘If Lovedy should not come!’

‘You are in far worse danger here! Oh, if I could free myself!’

‘Don’t—don’t! you will hurt your hand!’ cried Maggie, as he struggled with the knots. ‘Oh, it is bleeding! let me tie it up.’

And as she tried to draw her little handkerchief round the wound, suddenly she felt his other arm round her, and she forgot the ghost, and forgot the vision, as she hid her face, sobbing.

‘Oh, I am not afraid here; but I *am* afraid, if I go, they will kill you.’

‘My darling! my darling! can it be so, at last?’

‘Miss Maggie! Miss Maggie! Heaven forgive us! where are you?’ cried a frightened voice, and Lovedy rushed into the cave. ‘They are coming! they are coming! We shall meet them! Hide—hide!’

‘Hush—for your life be quiet!’ cried Miles; and he pulled Lovedy back into the darkness.

She, realizing the situation at once, dropped down behind a broken piece of rock, as stealthy footsteps were heard approaching. Maggie clung to Miles's arm, her sobs hushed in the sense of infinite protection. The night had gathered in now, they could not see who was coming, they could not see each other; suddenly there was silence, and they knew that the footsteps had passed them.

Lovedy sprang up. 'Now, Missy, now! and they'll never see us!'

'Yes, now,' said Miles. 'My sweet one, my darling, let me know you are safe! I shall see you to-morrow.'

Lovedy caught Maggie by the hand, and pulled her almost by force away, out into the gleamy starry darkness, and away over the heather, without pausing for one word of explanation or conjecture.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE OLGA'S STORY.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

PART II.—IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIV.—SAINT CECILIA.

It is Thine own, O Lord,
 Who toil while others sleep,
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap;
 They lean on Thee entranced
 In calm and perfect rest:
 Give us that Peace, O Lord,
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

A. A. Procter.

In looking back on this time, the central point to me is Lunia's love, and the coming parting from her, and I feel it trivial to dwell on the minor details. Yet I ought to set down how kindly my aunt's rector smoothed the difficulties in the way of the actual ceremony, even to finding a Roman Catholic priest to officiate after the Protestant rite. The great point was to avoid excitement to the Count, who indeed seemed to live in a new atmosphere of calm bliss in the knowledge of the love that enfolded him—greater love than he had found on earth since his mother left him, a boy, to the charge of his elder sister. She, with her stern devotion to her country, her devotion to him being really only worship of the patriot, had given him no true woman's love.

It was a great trial to Lunia to expect Hermann's opposition. I

had written to him, when all was settled; for we agreed that, acting conscientiously, he deserved confidence. His expected letter came—addressed to Baretowsky, full of half sarcastic, half solemn conjurations to him not to destroy Lunia's happiness. The answer which the Count dictated to him was this:—‘Hermann, you desire to shield our beloved one from sorrow, and I honour you for it. But you do not know yet where the sorrow or joy lie for those who have loved each other so long as we have. When you do, dear boy, you will not blame us.’

Lunia needed no preparation; in as few days as sufficed for the legal arrangements, the ceremony took place in that simple lodging. On the previous evening, for the first time, she was restless; her colour went and came; I could see that she restrained her tears with difficulty; she looked at my mother, whose meek head bent, and whose patient hands moved, over some homely gift she was completing for her girl; and as she looked, she sighed involuntarily. But we knew the danger, now that she was on the verge of a labour of difficulty and pain, of awakening the feeling of family love, which for a time had been in abeyance to the sudden call for another love. We would not say a word that could move her. For half an hour, before we parted for the night, she sat at my mother's feet, her head upon her knee; her eyes resting on the liquid sapphire with its pearly rim. My aunt was netting silently, and had been unusually silent throughout the evening. It was at this moment that she suddenly said, ‘When the Count is well enough to move, you shall bring him here, Lunia. This shall be your home, girl, when you want one. I have no child, and I feel as if you were in place of a child to me.’

Her hands trembled over the mesh, but she spoke quietly. Lunia could but move to her side and kiss her hands and cheek; she moved her face towards the caress with a peculiar smile, but made no other sign. With my aunt, all was ‘deeds, not words.’

Early in the morning, I took a basket of white flowers and a crucifix which I had prepared, and in the sick-room I made a little altar. The night-nurse, a good kind woman, aided me. The bridegroom was waiting; with a smile which reminded me of the old merry days, he watched my preparations. Then our darling bride came, with our aunt and mother. She was calm, because all thought of self was gone; only the solemnity remained, and the longing for all good for *him*.

The doctor and the clergyman completed our little party, which even then we felt to be almost too large—so much depended on tranquillity.

I threw over Lunia's black dress a long white mantle, and placed a trail of Cape-jasmine on her hair. The thought of the gay Lunia of old in the short Polish frock flitted across my fancy; it was a bitter contrast; this pale, sad, earnest girl seemed too young for the load upon her. As she knelt for a few moments alone before the cross, we felt as if it had been Cecilia, the maiden bride, the holy woman whose life was given for heavenly love.

Quietly she rose, and stood beside the sick man's couch, and did her part in the shortened services, repeating with a solemn fervour, in which, in her deep anxiety for her husband, she only felt half the significance of the words, 'In sickness and in health, till death us do part.' How long ere death would come to do that bitter office?

When it was all over, we left the two alone, feeling as those feel who turn from the new-made grave where one they had clung to in all their lives is laid to silent rest. With such a cold shudder at my heart, I felt on my cheek Lunia's long kiss, and saw her drop at my mother's feet, who held out her trembling hands over the still flower-crowned head in silent benediction. Then our aunt's common sense came to our aid, and she shortened the moments of agony. For the Count—my brother now—it was time that we were gone. Exhaustion had followed on excitement; and with pallid cheeks, he lay back as in sleep, but with a peace upon his face which half rewarded us for our sacrifice.

On that day, returning from his work in bitterness of heart, Hermann found his tea-table garnished by a pigeon-pie, a cold fowl, and a crab, all glorious in wreaths of white blossoms; the erected claws of fowl, crab, and pigeon, bearing white favours defiantly before his eyes. Stormily, he rang the bell.

'Who put that nonsense there?'

Victoria, herself bedecked with a big favour, in awe of him, gasped open-mouthed, 'Miss Dolly, Sir; she come and did it all.'

'Take away this trash!'

He threw the favours on the floor, and Victoria picked them up and carried them out, horror-struck. But the pie was very good, and Hermann almost forgave the culprit for its sake.

CHAPTER XV.

RETROSPECT.

We linger in the ruins of the old tent. . . . We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The Voice of the Almighty saith: 'Up and onward, for evermore.' We cannot stay amid the ruins.

R. W. Emerson.

On this day on which I write—a wild cold day of March—four years and more have gone by since we left Lunia, in the calm of a newly-vowed nun, beside her husband's sick-bed. Henceforth no more our simple Lunia, but, with all her sufferings, a lady of high name, the Countess Baretowsky. But, although we soon found how much this title enhanced the interest of her sad history in the eyes of others, and though even to our staid aunt it cast a glamour over her lot, we were too unsophisticated to feel it any comfort.

When I had written those words, my mother came behind me and looked over my shoulder.

‘Well, Olga, my child, your task is nearly finished. You have taken our Lunia from us.’

‘Yes, Mother dear; but I cannot end my story without you. When I returned to teach the girls and keep house for Hermann, you were the one who saw how our Lunia’s good work went on; and she is my heroine, after you.’

I laid my writing aside, and slipped down beside her on the little sofa.

The fire was crackling in the grate, and warming the pale pink walls and chintz-covered furniture. Outside, the leafless trees were blowing gustily—lifting bare arms of appeal to the grey cold sky; clouds of dust were whirling up the road, on whose length no traveller was visible.

‘That was a sad time, when you had left me, Olga, and the excitement was over, and Lunia gone. Daily I went to see and help her; but her calm; though it was the calm of faith in God and entire love to her husband, was too unearthly to be any comfort to me. It was so long that he hovered between death and life. At last, you know, there came the great day—I have told you of it—when dear old Dr. Webb so kindly said to Lunia, “I was a true prophet, you have saved him;” and her calm broke up for the first time, and she fell on my neck in a flood of hysteric tears.’

‘And she wrote to me but three lines, in such a blurred, blotted writing: “Olga, God has given him back to us. Return thanks for me, for us.”’

‘I think your Aunt Sophie was to the full as glad as I. She actually cried with joy. Can you conceive Aunt Sophie crying?’

‘It is difficult; but Lunia is like her own child.’

‘And then there was the gradual dawn of returning health, and the gradual return of our own dear Lunia thawed out of the nun with her dreadful calm; the old Lunia shewing out bit by bit, as it were, with her fun and modest grace and simplicity, (as you remember her in the dear old days, Olga,) like a tree budding after a long winter. She seemed so glad when some little joke first brought a smile on the poor invalid’s lips, and then a feeble laugh—so feeble that it made us shed tears to hear it. Not long after that came the great migration to Aunt Sophie’s. She was as full of business as a bird building a new nest. Her preparations were great. You know how changed the house looked when you were last there, Olga?’

‘Oh yes! so much brighter and more home-like. One could see at once that Aunt Sophie was happier.’

‘It was new life to her. All that stiffness which had come from her long widowhood, (and even, I fear, from her childless wifehood, for my brother was always too much engrossed with the music,) seemed to have thawed away. And so there were the new aunt, and the old Lunia, and

the renovated house, and the poor dear fellow to be the idol of all: and when I saw them so comfortably settled, I knew the old mother had better come home to the children who still wanted her.'

A little caress was all the answer I could make to this.

'Mother, will you explain to me again about the Countess Lodoiska? I never understood that matter.'

'Lunia wrote to her by her husband's wish, as soon as he could express any desire. Months passed before he received any answer. Then, when he did hear from her, the first thing which fell out of the envelope was Lunia's letter, torn in half; the second, a bank-bill for two thousand pounds. Then came her letter. What a woman she must be! wild, revengeful, passionate!'

'I always remember her as when we met her in the wood with Modesta one Christmas Eve, and she seemed as if she would wither us. Can you remember the letter?'

'Not word for word, of course. It was much like this: "Brother, (for the last time I call you so,) while you have been lending yourself to the disgrace of our name and the infamy of all patriots, I have given my life, (yes, a *living* victim, which is worth as much more than a dead one as a living lion is worth more than a dead dog,) I have given my life, I say, to revenge us, you and me, our name, our family, upon the oppressors." So far, I remember this extraordinary letter distinctly; but I cannot tell you in what words she went on to tell her brother that even when she had come to see him, to bid him farewell, and give him the box of treasure, she was for a second time a wife, and the wife of the Austrian nobleman into whose hands their estates at H—— had fallen.'

'Wonderful! Do you believe, Mother, that she did it to feather her own nest, or from a desire for revenge?'

'From pure revenge, I firmly believe.'

'I can hardly conceive the feeling.'

'No doubt it exists, and the Countess Lodoiska is precisely the woman to cherish it. Not sordid, not selfish, but wild, proud, and head-strong.'

'What did Baretowsky say?'

'He was thunder-struck, and rather sad than angry. She then went on to say, that, much as she had tortured herself for this revenge, she had not disgraced herself as her brother had. Her husband's birth was as good as an Austrian's could be. And thus she cast her brother off for ever—she disowned him: he was no Pole, no Baretowsky. Nor would she keep one penny of the dowry which he had given her on her first marriage. It was that which she enclosed.'

'Did that shew a spirit of relenting under the mask of pride?'

'I doubt it. I think it was pride alone.'

'How could she procure so large a sum?'

'Baretowsky thought she must have secretly sold some portion of the property. You know, he sent the money back to her husband, aware that *she* would never take it again.'

‘But it was returned.’

‘Yes. Count Alpenstein himself enclosed it with a scornful note, saying that his wife’s desire was his; and then Baretowsky settled the money on Lunia.’

‘That poor Count Alpenstein! I should fear for my life if I were he. Really, Mother, I could believe her capable of murder.’

‘She will not murder him. She has bent him to her will already, and probably made him adore her; and she will find more ingenious modes of revenge on the Austrian than by taking life. Doubtless, one part of her plan is secretly to use her husband’s money, Austrian money, to foment further disturbances in that wretched country.’

‘At least we quiet women, for whom thoughts of revenge and war have no charm, can see that the gift is wonderfully useful to our Lunia.’

‘What they would have done without it, I do not know. Not that they ever had cause to rest on that alone, but the knowledge of a certain sum in reserve gave them more courage and independence in all their undertakings.’

‘I think they have been very fortunate. All seems to have gone well with them; and I am so glad, for Baretowsky, with his grand stately ways, like a knight of old, would have seemed sorely misplaced in the sordid needs which come from poverty. He had barely recovered, when Sir Nathan Leonides offered him the post of foreign correspondent. By the way, how did he know of Baretowsky?’

‘The old Count Baretowsky had been of use to Sir Nathan’s father when he first began life. He gave him some of the introductions which have raised him to his world-wide fame and influence as a merchant. And when all Lunia’s fate hung upon him, your brother-in-law was not one to shrink from making the application.’

‘And I think that he shewed a great nobleness and generosity in accepting the post, for if Sir Nathan owed his rise to the Baretowsky family, this was no great proof of gratitude.’

My mother smiled. ‘Even a Polish patriot cannot afford such indignation as yours, my dear.’

‘I am glad he did accept the post, at any rate, in spite of my indignation. And how glad I am, too, that they settled near Aunt Sophie. They are the joy of her heart.’

‘Yes; that was really a good action, for many parts of London might have been more attractive.’

‘If they could ever have found so delightful a house elsewhere! I think it is quite charming. It had stood empty a long time. I remember passing it with Lunia before we knew the Count was in England. It looked very attractive in its loneliness, with the yellow leaves dropping about it, and the bit of common and the woody lane just beyond. We were both attracted by it. “I should like to give light to those blind eyes,” I said, looking up at the dull windows. Lunia

remembered it; and when I went to see her first, she said to me, "You see, I have given light to the blind eyes, for your sake, Olga."

'There is something fascinating about the place.'

'It is more than half Lunia, of course; but I could never have imagined her in a modern stiff villa, like Aunt Sophie's. The big room with the wooden floor, and mats about it, and the great pots of fern in summer, and the unfashionable square sofa full of cushions, on which one can lie down with more than enough room for one's feet, is to me the most enchanting of places. All those queer things they have about, great earthenware jars full of tall grass, and tables where somehow you can manage to find everything, seem to have risen up by the wave of Lunia's wand. I am sure she is a fairy.'

'Her strongest spell was needed to make her husband allow her to take those pupils.'

'Yes: I am sure he hates them; but it makes her so much happier to feel she is helping him, and she is so merry and bright with the girls. She could never sit with her hands before her. I think, however, that our aunt opposed it as much as he did, and she has never lost her regret at his dropping the title.'

'It would have been utterly out of place to retain it.'

'Certainly. But Mrs. Markham Boyd does not think so. She always asks after the dear Countess Baretowsky. By the way, she is the only English person who has mastered the name, with its Polish termination.'

'Here is Dolly coming!' said my mother. And there, at the turn of the road, was the little figure; no bigger than four years ago, and no less bright. But her brightness was an absolute virtue now, for there were things to sadden her. A year ago, her father was found one morning on the floor of his room, speechless, and struck with paralysis. From that day Dolly has been his nurse, his friend and helper. Her spirits enliven him, and her sense and shrewdness find development in the need for someone to explain business matters to him, and write the letters which he dictates. For the attack passed off so far as to leave his mind clear, though his body was like a log. Dear Dolly! we can see now why God has given her that fund of mirth and unfailing zest and courage. Day by day, as she walks beside the wheel-chair, with her hand always lying upon the side of it, she looks the bright butterfly Dolly of old, but we know that the butterfly is the outward token of the Psyche within. In she came, a creature in black velvet complete, with a little rose-coloured bird in her hat.

'I have left Mr. Hermann with dear Papa,' she said. 'He is always happy when he has him to talk business to. You must make up your mind that he will be partner before long, Mrs. Nordmann, and then no getting away from stupid old Cranwich for ever.'

'So you came out for a little run, and to see us?'

'Yes; and to tell you something so sad. Oh! Olga, Olga, Muff is dead!'

She threw herself on the rug at my feet, with a laugh ending in a cry. 'What a dear little sausage of fur he was, wasn't he? and how he used to beg!'

'Was it old age? a natural death?'

'I suppose so. You know he had been very puffy lately; but his fat didn't shew under his hair, so that we never really knew whether it was asthma or feeling.—I have such a favour to ask of you, dear Mrs. Nordmann!'

'Have you, my dear?'

'Yes. *Will* you let us make him a little tomb—a pretty little tomb, there in the front garden by the gate, just under the big lilac?'

'Why just there?'

'Because—do you remember the day, soon after you came, when I was rude, and you turned me away?'

'I remember it perfectly.'

'And then, while Papa was pleading for me, Muff came in with some flowers and pleaded too, and won the day.'

'Yes; I remember exactly how he waddled in.'

'It was under that lilac I tied the basket round his neck, and gave him a kiss, and told him that England and I expected every dog to do his duty. So you *will* let him be buried there, won't you?'

'Who will make his grave?'

'“I, said the Owl, with my spade and trowel;” and Mr. Hermann will be the Owl, Olga, if you coax him.'

'Why don't you coax him, Dolly?'

'Oh! I never coax gentlemen,' said the little prim Dolly of former days.

'Well, having settled poor Muff's final resting-place, I'll hang my tail on a lilac-tree,' chanted the real Dolly again, in a tone of great pathos.

'Having settled that, I have something to tell you.'

'And I have something to tell you; and you must hear mine first. I had a dear long letter from Lunia to-day, and she asks me to go and see her.'

'Can you go?'

'You know I cannot leave dear Papa, Olga; but, oh! it would be a dream to go and see Lunia! Only I should be always thinking her husband did not adore her enough.'

'You would have no room to think that. He seems to look upon her as a saint and wife at once. His Saint Cecilia, as I thought on her wedding-day. English husbands could not keep their own place of dignity so completely, and yet worship their wives, in that way.'

'No one could treat Lunia in any other. And you say they have such charming friends.'

'The most interesting people: such music as they have in that big room on their simple Thursday evenings! and the wonderful Babel of languages that they speak!'

My mother sighed. She feared there were political secrets under these musical gatherings. But for me, I had a perfect conviction that the various plots to which Baretowsky doubtless lent himself in private, would never come to a head, and might be regarded as a safety-valve. Lunia, who ought to know best, thought so.

'Has Mr. Hermann been to see her?'

'No; he will not go to that extent.'

'But he has forgotten his objections by this time?'

'He has bowed to the inevitable, but he does not change his mind easily.'

'No, he never forgets his dislikes,' replied Dolly, in a strange tone.

Here the gentleman in question came in.

'Was Papa comfortable when you came away?' asked Dolly.

'Quite. He wished me to tell you not to hurry back.'

'Then—Olga?' She looked at me, and I told Hermann the service which Muff's remains demanded of him.

'I cannot possibly make a hole in our front garden, unless it is to be covered up by a tomb-stone.'

'And we will have one,' cried Dolly. 'Shall it be an epitaph, or a monument?'

'An epitaph, certainly.'

'Muff, Muff,
You were very rough—'

Oh! I shall manage it in time, unless you will do it in German, Olga: something very sad, like Werther. I suppose a muff could be made touching and poetical in German, as even bread and butter were not too common-place.'

'I will compose a dirge for the occasion,' said Hermann, rising. 'I am going to have a practice before tea.'

'Let us go and hear the dirge, Olga,' whispered Dolly.

I was willing enough to obey, and fetched my hat and cloak. As we shut the door behind us, we saw Hermann marking out the grave.

'I shall hang a rag and a muff on the lilac tree, and that will be his monument and epitaph all in one—Ragamuffin!' said I.

Dolly was always very silent in Hermann's presence, and so was he in hers. The feud still smouldered. We walked on solemnly, perhaps composing the epitaph and the dirge; Hermann towering above us, his fine head covered with long yellow hair tossing from side to side in answer to a tune in his mind. Dolly, though now nineteen, looked not a year older than when we first knew her; but her dear bright little face was really pretty now, and had at times a soft, strange, dreamy expression, which puzzled me. We came in silence to the churchyard. 'Shall we stay, Dolly?' I asked.

'If the proper organist were only going to play,' she answered, with something like a shrug.

‘I am not an improper organist,’ rejoined Hermann, as he held the wicket open for us.

‘Ah! you cannot be expected quite to know the English language yet,’ replied Dolly. ‘I think we might stay and look at the yew tree a little while, Olga.’

Hermann disappeared under the porch.

As we stood leaning over the gate, Dolly said, ‘What were you going to tell me, Olga?’

‘A great secret. Hm!’

‘Do tell me!’

‘You interrupted me.’

‘Never mind; forgive me, and be a darling. Will you let me guess?’

‘Hush! Here comes the secret.’

Steps were close beside us, and passing us towards the little white Rectory gate, came two figures unconscious of our presence—Grace, in her best hat, looking very nice, and Mr. Noble. Dolly gave a subdued growl.

‘Is that your secret?’

‘Yes. Is it not a nice one?’

‘I will never trust to men again. He was my model of constancy. I was so sorry for him; and now— How can he?’

‘Hush! Grace is a dear girl. Do not let us ever say a word about *that*.’

‘Of course not to anyone else, but to you I may.’

She growled on a little more, and then subsided into silence.

‘It is rather dull and cold to look at the yew tree, Dolly,’ said I.

She answered nothing till the first trembling tone came, as it were with a response from spirits under-ground, filling and sanctifying the air. Then Dolly said carelessly, ‘We can go in if you think it cold, Olga.’

I knew she wished to stay, and quietly we entered the church. The light seemed dim there through the painted windows; the flowers of Lady-Day were still perfuming the air; the organ began to peal upwards with the strange deep pathos which no other instrument can express: it seems as though the spirit of many prayers, hopes, desires, spoke in that mighty voice. Dolly dropped quietly on her knees, and hid her face in her hands: we sat there a long time; I think she was sobbing silently; the organ seemed to answer her. I wonder what ails Dolly. Well, we all miss some joy, we all need some strength; none can look into another’s soul, nor into another’s future. But I trust that never, through any of us, may sorrow fall on the bright head of my dear little friend.

‘May God keep thee, my beloved; may God keep thee!’

But while I sat there in the twilight, and heard the low impassioned breathing of my friend, the scene changed for me, and my thoughts went

back to the dim chapel of Czentochowa, to the wonder-working image, to my trance of prayer, to the still small voice which had spoken in my soul, 'My child, all is well.' Never, from that day to this, had those words recurred to me so forcibly as now. I may say, they sounded in my ears. At first, there was the old bitterness in my soul, the old hardening of self against the Higher Power. But suddenly, with a soft sad melody, pure and smooth, streaming from the organ, came into my mind the answer, the truth. All was well then; all was well with my father, for he was in God's keeping; all had been well with us ever since, for the same Hand which had gently led him from us, had led us on, by a longer road, on the pilgrimage to the same Land where he now is. 'Our times are in *His* Hand.' For ever and for ever, all mysteries of human sorrow are solved in the light of faith.

Like a great radiance, this truth flowed in upon my darkened soul, and drew me silently up the aisle to the Altar, before whose steps I flung myself, rent with happy sobs, and my heart cried: 'Our ways are not as Thy ways, Lord; Thou hast spoken to me, and I have not heard Thee till this day.'

POSTSCRIPT.

HELLERBURN, 1872.

NEARLY twenty years since Olga laid aside this manuscript, which had beguiled her worst winter. Since then she has been gradually growing stronger. Twenty years! I am almost a middle-aged woman, and it is a good thing to have something to prove to the children that naughty people were always scolded. The dear mother has been taken from us; and the aunt is gone, and has made Lunia her heiress; and Lunia and her husband have settled at Hyères for his health; and only Olga is left in the same little cottage near us. These pages can hurt no one now; I shall make her print them.

Reading of the old life, of the lives of others now passed away, and of one's own old self most of all, makes one dreamy and almost dreary. All seems to pass away so fast. My dear dear old father, who fell asleep in my arms, and on whose grave we lay fresh wreaths every Sunday, seems to live again for me. And he *does* still live, and it is wrong to be sad. 'Who can tell how much good one can do by only looking happy?'

D. N.

(Concluded.)

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III. (*continued.*)—CHAPTER III.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high
 Diviner things!

A. A. Procter.

EASTER-WEEK came at last, and with it Julian Harvey, who had told Geoffrey that he was anxious to see how he was getting on, and as he should be passing through London, might he put up for one night in G—— Square? Strangely enough, he had chosen the very day on which Nell and Queenie were to make their *début* in the fashionable world; so of course he must go with them to the ball.

Mr. Middleton, in his usual tone of complaint, wished that Geoffrey were not so popular as to be constantly beset with friends, and also that young men did not take such an unnecessary load of luggage about with them. 'I assure you, that if I have stumbled once over his portmanteau in the hall I have done so twenty times, to say nothing of his bag and hat-box. Then his umbrella is so precisely similar to mine, that twice this afternoon I have mistaken it. Most annoying! But I could put up with that—I could tolerate his unnecessary amount of luggage—only his incessant smoking I cannot stand. Everything is tainted with it. Good cigars? They may be the very best; but I still protest against it as the most offensive custom when carried to such an extent. And why do young men persist in it, whether it be agreeable or disagreeable to their elders and betters? I ask you, Geoffrey, *why?*'

'Never guessed a riddle in my life, Sir,' answered his son gravely, from the sofa, where he had been lying in suppressed paroxysms of laughter; and Nell tried to give him a reproving look, but failed in the attempt.

'Because,' continued his father, not heeding his answer, 'all courtesy, all respect, due to those advanced in years, is rapidly disappearing. Talk of gentlemanly behaviour! There is none in the present day. The gentleman of the house, the host, is no more considered than if he were the master of an hotel. In fact, my house is an hotel. What with Harvey in and out continually during every vacation, inviting himself to stay here when least wanted; what with Archie living here, I may say, and the innumerable friends who merely call to see you, Geoffrey, but who time their visits so opportunely, that they might as well say what

they mean, namely, that they have come to luncheon or dinner as the case may be—my house has, I repeat, all the disadvantages of an hotel with none of the advantages. What in the name of fortune is this?’—and poor Mr. Middleton’s fretting and fuming were stopped for one moment, as he took something off the mantel-piece—‘Harvey’s cigar-case, I declare! Now really—’

Here the door opened, and the old proverb, ‘Speak of the rose,’ &c., was exemplified, for Julian Harvey himself appeared, and Mr. Middleton, with a short dry cough, betook himself to his study.

‘Poor Papa’s gout tries him sadly,’ observed Lady Matilda; ‘we have a great deal to put up with as we grow old, Mr. Harvey.’

Innocent and unsuspecting Mr. Harvey assented; and Geoffrey, with a twinkle in his eye, watched him quietly putting the obnoxious cigar-case into his pocket, little knowing—as he apologized for having unintentionally left it there—how entirely he himself had been the cause of the last attack of gout.

‘Papa need not have said what he did about Archie,’ said Adela afterwards, as they were going up-stairs to dress for the evening; ‘he might speak kindly of him, when he is going away so soon.’

That remark of her father’s had certainly made Nell wince, with the pain which such little remarks have the power of inflicting, none the less because they are not intended, and she knew this had not been said unkindly. She told her sister so, adding, ‘Papa scarcely ever means what he says in that way, and he would be one of the first to ask Julian Harvey here, if he heard of his going to an hotel.’ Then she turned back into the drawing-room, and wheeled her father’s arm-chair round by the fire, placing his newspaper and spectacles close at hand on the table, that he might find everything comfortably arranged when he should come up-stairs again. She also ascertained that the stumbling-block had been removed from the hall, thus saving him from a twenty-first collision with portmanteau or bag; after which she ran into Queenie’s room, to dress her hair for her in the way that Archie liked, and which nobody but Nell could accomplish, alternately petting and scolding her into a calmer frame of mind, for little Queenie was trembling from head to foot, half laughing and half crying every minute.

‘Anybody would think your head was going to be cut off, Queenie. A ball is not such a very terrible affair. Music, flowers, and lights, with a sprinkling of young men and maidens, champagne and ices—that is my idea of it.’

‘Nell, you are very good,’ Queenie said at length, when the last touch was given. ‘I don’t know what I should do without you!’ and then the butterfly Nell flew off to be operated upon herself.

‘I cannot think what Michael meant the other day,’ remarked Mr. Middleton to Geoffrey, when the party had driven off, ‘by comparing Nell’s face to that of the woman in Millais’s picture of “The Huguenot.” Why, just now she looked sunshine itself.’

'I sometimes think Nell has two faces, a child's and a woman's,' answered Geoffrey, to all appearance reading his observation from the *Saturday Review*, which he was ostensibly perusing.

'Almost an angel's, I thought to-night,' said Mr. Middleton, as he wiped his spectacles.

Geoffrey muttered something about 'hating angels,' and then offered to read his father the leading article.

Whether Nell were regarded by the rest of the world that night as an angel, a woman, or a child, I cannot say; certain it is, however, that Lady Matilda's heart glowed with intense satisfaction, as she heard such questions as the following, and many more in the course of the evening: 'Can you tell me the name of the elegant-looking young lady in white silk, with the pink rose-buds in her hair?' 'Who is that jolly-looking girl with the laughing grey eyes?' 'Could you introduce me to our *vis-à-vis*? she has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw!'—and all meant Nell.

The music was of the best, the flowers ranged about the rooms and stair-case were exquisite, and the whole effect was like fairy-land; so much so, that nearly every one of Nell's partners seemed to her better than he really was; and of course there was a variety. She made allowances for those who were not so attractive, by imagining that they were no doubt pleasanter at home. That melancholy man, with whom she had danced the last waltz, must have had some secret sorrow, she told Archie; 'for, do you know, he never opened his lips, except when I spoke to him.'

Archie suggested tight boots, adding quickly, 'Who is that dancing with Queenie now? he danced the last with her too.'

'I don't know his name, but I like him extremely; his voice is like Uncle Michael's, and he was in the Eton eleven with Geoff.'

'And talked a little about it, I should say; for he seems to be blest with a tolerably good opinion of himself.'

'No indeed, he is not; he talked of Geoff almost the whole time, and says that he shall never forget how Geoffrey used to treat him at the pastry-cook's! He talks as if he were nothing but a school-boy now.'

'So I should imagine,' observed her cousin, his eyes still wandering restlessly to the staircase, where Queenie, fanning herself, listened with evident amusement to the old Etonian's incessant flow of conversation.

'My partner in the last dance was an extraordinary man,' went on Nell; 'he has done everything and knows everybody, and does not care for anything or anybody. There he is standing in the window, with long yellow moustaches and sleepy eyes—he reminds me of my old sandy cat that was always sitting before the nursery fire, and you told Nurse that it died of *ennui*, (at that time you were very proud of your French,) and to this day she thinks that *ennui* is a disease peculiar to sandy cats. The 'Fairy Vision' Waltz I danced with a Captain Bray, who was very pleasant and gentlemanly, but he is six foot three, Archie!

and I should say would not stoop to accommodate himself to anybody or anything. He introduced his brother to me, but I did not much enjoy my quadrille with him, and felt rather glad when it was over, and he took me back to my seat by Mamma, who told me that he was a very clever man—she wondered I did not see it from his spectacles. That young lady, sitting by Mamma now, in black net with silver ornaments, tells me that I am ‘very fresh’ and ‘delicious.’ She does talk so wonderfully fast, and somehow she always has half a dozen friends about her, and manages to give them smiles, and nods, and words, all at once; she introduced her cousin to me—that small slight gentleman with a pretty face; and he talks as fast as she does—indeed, I could say nothing; and do you know, I heard him saying it all over again to Adela, and then she heard him repeating it word for word to his next partner! It was all about how he stalked deer in the Highlands last year, and Adela says she does not believe it; but, Archie, I do not think that a man could tell a story, and the same one—a fib I mean—three times in one evening, do you? so I say he must have enjoyed it so much that he has talked of nothing else since—just as I shall talk of nothing but this evening when it is all over to-morrow. I hope it will not be over yet, it so pleasant sitting out here on the balcony under this awning—so delightfully cool! I know you are laughing at me, but you were young too once upon a time.’

‘Don’t leave off, Nell, on my account,’ he answered, laughing, for he was really thoroughly enjoying her naïvely given impressions of this—her first ball.

‘I was going to ask you,’ she continued, ‘if you noticed a very unhappy-looking girl, to whom I was talking when you arrived? She told me in French, with tears in her eyes, that she had only danced one dance; and, poor thing! she can scarcely speak a word of English—she is French governess to the children here. You might think her plain at first; but though she is sallow, she has a very sweet smile. She is so home-sick, and I felt so sorry for her, that I resolved to ask my next partner whether he could speak French. He happened to be a nice Oxford man, with what I thought looked like a kind face, and he assured me that he should be most happy to converse with me in any language. I liked, which made me laugh, as I explained about the little French girl who was sitting near, and told him that I would rather not dance that dance, and told her, as I introduced them, how glad I was to have found her a partner at last. But oh, Archie! his face quite changed—he bowed very politely, and disappeared in the crowd. Did I do anything wrong? Was he a gentleman?’

‘I can answer your last question better than the first,’ replied Archie, with a smile, ‘and I should say most decidedly not; perhaps that answer would suit the other question as well, only—don’t you see, dear?—there are certain rules—’ then checking himself, with a slight gesture of impatience, he rose, and added, ‘I cannot say what I would as clearly as

you do, Nell; and now find me your little French friend. I want to be introduced to her.'

'Ah! I knew you would—I knew you would!' exclaimed the delighted Nell. They threaded their way through the crowded drawing-rooms again, till her object was gained, and her kind heart set at rest about her protégée.

So beaming was her countenance, that when Julian Harvey claimed his promised dance, he asked her whether she ever did anything but smile, which question had the immediate effect of making her look so grave, that he quite repented having asked her. However, she rallied almost as quickly; and soon, like everyone else, they were moving round the room as if there were nothing else worth doing, but keeping time to the 'Amoretten' Waltz. When they paused for a moment, and he said, 'What do you think of all this?' she answered, 'It is fairy-land! and the tall mirror at either end of the room makes the whole scene so lovely, because it looks as if it were endless, with its flowers and lights and numbers of faces; and this delightful music seems to keep it all together. Yes, I like coming out very much.'

'But the worst of it is, that this charming fairy-land must come to an end,' said her companion.

'Yes, and to-morrow we can look back upon it and talk about it,' said Nell merrily. 'I mean to make Geoffrey believe he has been here with us all, by the vividness of my description.'

'And will you really only talk about it to-morrow? Do you mean to say that this—your first ball—will not be a nine days wonder?' he exclaimed in astonishment, partly real, partly feigned. 'Last summer you talked of the school-treat down at Fernleigh, till your brother and I went back to Oxford. I remember it, because he chaffed you, and suggested your living at the Grange all the year round; I also remember it, because I have reason never to forget that day, though I did not say much about it, but perhaps I thought the more.'

'Ah! but that was a different sort of pleasure altogether,' argued Nell, answering the first part of his speech, but not the last; 'as different as—what shall I say?—as one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder" is to dance-music.'

'Only five minutes ago you were in ecstasies about the cornet and this waltz.'

'Yes; and I should not be in ecstasies if I were listening to Mendelssohn. One could live to the sound of his music, and die with such music in one's ears—and I could fancy that it might not cease even then; but an ecstasy would never last so long.'

And when it was all over—when the wax candles were burning low in their sockets, musicians yawning, drawing-rooms deserted, and the hall was peopled with cloaked and coated apparitions—when Archie had taken Queenie to the carriage, and having seen that she was comfortably placed therein, returned for Nell, who had stoutly refused all other

escort—when he looked down under the blue hood into that dear face of hers, and said, ‘Has not this evening been much more enjoyable than any of our mornings in the plantation?’ just to hear what she would say; her answer was, ‘I have spent a very happy evening, but I think, Archie, that I should tire of hot-house plants far sooner than of wild thyme, or wild hyacinths. Good-night—I mean, Good-morning,’—for the stars had gone long ago, sparrows were chirruping, another day was dawning, and Nell saw London at sun-rise for the first time in her life.

‘Your cousin Nell is one of the most enviable beings I know,’ observed Julian Harvey to Archie, as they drove homewards together, ‘because to her right is right, and wrong is wrong; there is no middle course for her, but she goes straight ahead;’—and then he lit his cigar, and waited for Archie to say something; but he—either sleepy or meditative—assented dreamily, and his companion resolved never again to indulge in raptures at four a.m. after a ball.

CHAPTER IV.

IN spite of the whirl of parties, flower shows, exhibitions, and concerts, in which Nell was very soon almost lost, she nevertheless did not lose sight of that dreaded day in June. Had she wished to forget it, she could not have done so; for Queenie, feeling as if one of her best friends were going from her, constantly alluded to it, and quoted poetry in all languages, bearing upon partings and farewells, reserved only for Nell’s sympathizing ear, who on one of these occasions most unsympathetically said, with some warmth, ‘It is so real, that I cannot talk poetically about it; besides, as he must go,’—and here there was a slight tremble—‘we must make the best of it;’—whereupon Queenie sighed, and wished that she could adapt herself to circumstances as Nell did.

But Nell did not; for either the above-mentioned whirl, or the day that would draw nearer, or both, began to tell upon her, and she was sent down for a few days to stay with Dr. Middleton, where she declared that Thamesleigh breezes would bring back the roses which had left her far too soon, seeing this was only May, and there remained still so much to be done before leaving town in July.

‘Here is my prescription for you, Nell, my dear! because, remember, whilst you are here you are to be my patient,’ were Uncle Michael’s first words, as he led her from his drawing-room window across the lawn sloping down to the river, and there shewed her—Archie, lazily paddling about in the boat under the willows. He looked so thoroughly in keeping with the birds and the sunshine, on that summer afternoon, that she really was not surprised at the sight, though when she heard that he could stay as long as she did, both her hands were put into his,

and her face was radiant, as she said that it would be like old times. At which he laughed, and told her that a young lady just out did not know what old times were.

Uncle Michael was certainly one of the best doctors. Nell for once simply enjoyed the present, because when she looked forward she saw 'Going for five years;' so she thought it wiser to leave it alone.

What happy days those were! Such lovely summer days—all of one colour, beginning with a glory of sun-light and blue sky, ending with heavenly sunsets, calm evenings, and moon-light.

Most of their time was spent by the two cousins in their boat under an umbrella in the morning, drifting down towards the Abbey, laughing and talking like children, catching at wild flowers on their way, which Nell insisted on having—stopping here to look at a coot's nest, there to watch a water-rat swim across the stream; telling each other that they were not at all grown up, but just as young as they ever had been.

How delicious were the moon-light nights! when there was scarcely a sound save the plash of the oars and their own voices, when all seemed a dream, and one that did not, as dreams are wont to do, shut out for the time being the great realities of life, but on the contrary brought them distinctly before them softened and hallowed.

On their last evening, when Uncle Michael was with them, and he and Archie were resting on their oars, Nell, the steersman, who had been silently star-gazing for the last few minutes, suddenly brought her eyes down to things terrestrial, and in her most beseeching way, begged her uncle to tell them 'that story' which he had promised to tell her some time ago.

'Not now, Nell,' was the answer; 'it is but a dull one, and would be out of place here. A lovely night like this should not be marred by an old man's recollections. It would only be the story of an ambitious man, who once built a castle in the air, which did not reach to heaven, and therefore crumbled away, leaving him with just a little heap of ruins.'

'And then he built another?' said Archie interrogatively, looking intently at his uncle, as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

'Yes, and another, and another, because he was very ambitious, and he thought it must be all right at last. And it was all right, but not as he wished. Castle after castle vanished; and when the fairest one had gone, he turned his face to the wall and prayed that he might die.'

Nell wished that Uncle Michael would speak plain English; she was listening breathlessly, but could not quite understand him. There was a pause, as they once more handled their oars and pulled in silence down stream.

'I do not believe that a man can ever quite give up building those castles,' at last said Archie, 'taking of course the case of a man whose ambition never dies out of him.'

'But what if ambition be killed?' suggested his uncle, 'or crushed,

perhaps I should say, and there seems nothing left to go upon? A man cannot always be young.'

Archie stuck to his point. 'I trust that I shall never lose my young feelings,' he said earnestly; 'and so I shall be ambitious, and build castles all my life long; some will be ruined, I dare say, but some must stand. Where there's a will there's a way.—Pull your right, Nell, we are in the bank.—You would not surely have me sit down and say good-bye to Hope, supposing I were to meet with repeated disappointments? When I was a boy, you always told me to try again; and I take that now to be the mainspring of a man's life, and a woman's too—it is a sort of song that will go to any tune. I cannot bear to hear you, of all people, preaching the other thing—talking of ambition being crushed—nothing left—'

'Gently, gently, don't disturb the swans,' interrupted Dr. Middleton, smiling quietly, as the young man, not thinking in the heat of his argument where they were going, brought them with an impetuous stroke almost under the drooping willow branches, where the fluttering white swans rustled their wings and hissed; 'I grant that I was carried away just now in thinking of that individual case, of a boy who intended and hoped to be first in his school, and so he was, almost, till he overworked himself and another got the prize; of a man who vowed he would be at the head of his profession one day, and night after night he sat up till cock-crow, working mind and body—and heart. Ay! his heart was in it, and that helped on the other two wonderfully. But it left him just when he thought he saw success stamped upon everything he had undertaken; there also he overworked himself, and another bore away the prize. He felt like a little child again after that; but remembering that he was a man, he went to his work once more, much younger in some things, far older in others. Therefore, Archie, perhaps we agree in the main after all, for I hold that the best thing for a man is to be made a child again, and that does not come sometimes till very late in life.'

Archie attempted no further argument, but rowed on steadily and silently, with a mistiness before his eyes, through which he saw two moons in the water instead of one; and very loudly must the corn-crakes have cried, for he did not hear another word that was said till he heard Nell ask, 'And must a woman be a child again too? Must I become a child?' at which he roused himself to answer, 'Wait till you become a woman, dear. You are nothing but a child now.'

It was Uncle Michael who saw her shake her head so gravely; and when he caught a glimpse of her face, as she leant over the side of the boat playing with the floating weeds, he thought Archie was mistaken, though he merely answered her question by telling her that they were quite satisfied with her as she was, adding, 'Time's up! we must not keep Nell here later, for the mist is out in the meadows, and good people are scarce.'

Nell's heart ached, as she watched the old boat drawn up to its

mooring-place beneath the oak. There was a full stop put to everything they did now. Rides, drives, and walks in that 'old countrie' had been going on during the last week as they always had gone on with her and Archie; and now they were all over, for to-morrow she must be in London. But the summer night, by its very loveliness, would not suffer her to be down-hearted; and the river must always be the same—that was one comfort—no change there.

'Wake up, Nell! your medical adviser says that you may take one turn with me. He has gone in, having 'given us ten minutes grace; do you mind listening to me for that little time? for there is something I wish very much to say to you, and I could not say it before.'

So speaking, Archie slipped his arm through hers; and Dr. Middleton, sitting in his cosy lamp-lighted drawing-room, looked up once or twice from his book and through the open window on to the lawn, where those two somehow recalled days long gone by; the scent wafted in from the jessamine on the verandah made his dream-picture still more vivid, with that strange power sometimes possessed by one little blossom to bring back 'a day that is dead, the touch of a vanished hand, or the sound of a voice that is still.'

'You know that was his own story he told us?' began Archie.

Yes, she had known—had guessed it, but she longed to hear what it all meant.

'It means this. When he was working hard for one of his last examinations, an old college friend at the same hospital fell ill with fever. It was a bad case, aggravated by his having overdone himself, for he had taken Uncle Mike's work occasionally in addition to his own, because Uncle Michael was at that time in love—with my mother. Don't look so astounded, Nell!' and he smiled at her involuntary start and exclamation of surprise. 'He used often to spend his evenings at her father's house, but never whilst his friend was ill. Through that illness he nursed him faithfully, reproaching himself for having been partly its cause—never going near her till all fear of infection was over, and then he called at the house one day, and learned that he must congratulate her on being engaged to be married to his brother—my father. And he never knew if she had cared for him, because he would not say a word until he saw his way in the world clearly before him. Of course he knew then that it was all over for him. I believe he was never a young man from that day. He lost interest in everything for a while; and when he did at last rouse himself like a man, and go back to his work, he discovered that he had lost all chance of passing his examination—to a certain extent his friend's illness had cost him that—and he could not make himself care about trying again. So instead of gaining a name in London, he settled down at Thamesleigh, where I don't believe he is half appreciated. He has gone through a little in his life, Nell.'

When she could speak, she said, 'I wish everybody knew what every-

body else had gone through! and was this what you had to tell me, Archie? I am very glad that—'

'No,' he broke in, 'there is something more. Uncle Mike waited—he resolved to serve his time before he spoke; and I mean to do the same—Queenie is so young, and I shall be away so long.' Nell thought at that moment, that the very bats said 'Five years' as they flitted about in the air; but she stood, looking up into his face quietly and calmly, as if she were not in the least surprised at his words—nor was she, for by instinct she seemed to know exactly what was coming. He could not be so calm, for that mistiness was there once more, and he paused to look down on the grass at a glow-worm before he went on: 'At least it would be long for her to wait, so that I will not bind her. We do not know what may happen, so I will not tell her—how I love her;—his voice sounded far away in the distance to Nell, and himself too;—'but I tell you, because you promised me that you would look after her and be kind to her. I almost told her that Sunday evening—she may have understood me, and she may not. Her own words decided me; she little knows what they have been to me. Will you tell her, dear, when I am gone, that what she said about doing our duty and about bright days, has helped me, and will help me out there? and now, tell me if you think I am right. I should like to hear my little cousin Nell say, "God bless you for this."'

She never hesitated, but—child as she was, woman as she was—made answer: 'You are always right. God bless you for this, Archie dear, and for a great deal besides.'

Here Dr. Middleton's voice summoned them in-doors, and they never said another word about it.

CHAPTER V.

'WHY, Miss Nell, dear! I should have thought you were sickening for the whooping-cough, if I didn't know you'd had it, for you haven't looked so white since you were eight years old, when I told Missis I knew it was a-comin'.'

Thus was Nell addressed by Nurse, on a warm day towards the end of June.

'It is the day's fault, not mine,' she said; 'could anyone have a colour in such heat, you dear old thing?' Right was she in attributing the cause of her looks to 'the day'—wrong as regarded the heat. Archie was coming to say good-bye that evening, and never had it seemed so difficult to see the bright side. As to looking forward, it was impossible. Four times had she wandered restlessly into the school-room, and each time found Queenie either standing dreamily in the window, or singing sad little songs at the piano, or sitting reading—but the book had been open at page 1 for half an hour.

She turned into the drawing-room, and watered the flowers on the balcony, just for the sake of having something to do; and Adela coming in tried to cheer her by representing that it was 'a capital thing for Archie—he would be a rich man by the time he returned.' Nell knew that she meant it kindly, but the only answer was a very mournful little one: 'Money will not fill an empty chair, Adela; fancy that one always staring at us, and never Archie to sit there!' and the poor scarlet geraniums were almost drowned by a sudden down-pour from the watering-pot, and Geoffrey was nearly knocked down as he came into the room, by the hastiness with which Nell ran out of it.

She laughed, and exclaimed, 'O Geoff! since you have been able to use your leg again, you do stride about so! Twice this afternoon you have run over me.'

'It is a comfort to see a smiling face,' were his words, as he brought her back to the room with him; 'there's Queenie down-stairs, looking what she intends to look—i.e. the picture of misery, with her hair tumbling down gracefully, in case Archie comes early.'

'Geoffrey, please don't!' implored Nell; 'please be kind to her.'

'And there's Harvey in the dining-room, looking like—I can't say what, no words will express it,' pursued Geoffrey, not heeding the interruption; 'and he wished to see you. He was passing through London, and thought he must look us up.'

An exclamation from Adela, to the effect that he was always passing through London, and always looking them up; she only hoped he had not brought his luggage with him this time; whilst Nell rather wished that he had not arrived just then, for she did not feel inclined to talk to him.

But there he was at the door; and Geoffrey carried Adela off to practise some accompaniments to his cornet down-stairs; and Lady Matilda, passing by, did not notice them, but went steadily up-stairs; for they all knew why he was there, except Nell.

She greeted him kindly but not gladly, inwardly trusting that he would not stay to dinner.

Poor Julian—'that susceptible Harvey,' as Geoffrey used to call him—had chosen rather an ill-timed moment, for telling Nell how he had found out that she might make him happy for life; how, when she had told him the story of Schiller's 'Kampf mit dem Drachen' last summer down at the Grange, it had made him pause before taking a step in direct opposition to his father's wishes; how his father had angrily forbidden him to shew his face at home, so long as he was of the same opinion; how he had thought of her many a day on the river, and many a night in his rooms at Oxford, before he arrived at the conclusion that it would be better to give it all up.

'And it was thanks to you that my mother and sisters thanked me for what I had done; they said that my father would be another man; and if so, they must thank you for it. You little know what I have learnt from you—from your honest words—your earnestness in doing the duty

next you, doing it as you do everything else, as if it were always easy, as if the sun were always shining for you! I know I am a weak-minded simpleton often enough, carried away like a feather anywhere sometimes, and standing stock-still like a mule when I ought to be going on; but with your face before me, your hand to guide me—'

Nell could listen no longer. Not in the least prepared for this—startled, terrified—she almost gasped out, 'Mr. Harvey, I wish you would go! I am not at all like that—I am very disagreeable, and irritable, and stupid. Whatever good you got from me that day last summer was from what Archie had told me, and I repeated it to you; but they were not my words—they were his; it was his earnestness, not mine; he does his duty in a sunshiny way, not I mine; please go!'

Calmer as she finished, she looked kindly into the young man's face, and thought she had never seen anything so sad, as he murmured, 'Then you do not—you cannot love me?'

'No,' came in a whisper from poor Nell. 'I do so wish you would leave me.'

And so he did, saying passionately, as he took her hand, 'I could die for you! I would die for you any day!'

'I think it must be better still to live for anyone you love,' she said, in all simplicity, as if talking to herself; 'I think we may lay down our lives for our friends in other ways than by dying for them. Dying to ourselves, but living all the time for them, must be the best.'

Just then Archie drove up, and nodded to her, as he caught sight of her by the window. Springing up the steps, he had scarcely time to observe Julian's face as he rushed down them, having been intercepted on reaching the hall by Mr. Middleton, who had said with wonderful cordiality, 'Stay and dine with us, Harvey?' and solemnly declared to Geoffrey afterwards that he would never ask him again. 'For he hardly said "Thank you,"' complained Mr. Middleton, 'and almost shook the house down' as he shut the door; he should remember that "manners maketh man."'

His son objected that manners leave a man sometimes; for he knew all, so did the others; though Nell never breathed a word about it to anybody, except to Miss Modus months afterwards.

What a strange evening that was! so different to any before or since, and yet it would have been difficult to define exactly what constituted the difference. Conversation and laughter went on as usual; jokes were made about the barrister's wig which Geoffrey would be wearing by the time of Archie's return; and Blanche—who, with her husband, had joined the family party—would be turning over in her mind to which public school their son should be sent; at which Nell said merrily, 'If it comes to that, I might say that I shall be treasuring my brown hairs, though I can hardly fancy myself a grey-haired elderly lady, and certainly not in five years.'

Nor could anyone else. Then somebody asked if Archie intended to

cultivate a beard out there; if so, he must be sure to send his photograph. At last Queenie, by whom he was sitting, said in a low broken voice, so that only he heard it, 'How can they talk like this?' and he made answer, whilst Blanche and Adela were singing one of his old favourites at the piano, 'It would never do for us always to shew what we feel, but we do feel all the same.'

As was proved by the quantity of snuff which Mr. Middleton thought fit to take, when towards the end of the evening a general stir took place, and they said, 'We must all go down to the hall to see the last of him.'

Then a chorus of voices was heard, saying—'Health and happiness.' 'I wish you a pleasant voyage.' 'Only wish I were going too, old fellow!' 'Five years will pass quickly enough, but don't forget friends in England.' 'Write as often as you can, and tell us all about everything.' And Uncle Michael, who was going with him down to Southampton, where his mother waited to see him off—passed amongst them all into the cab outside, which was a warning that Archie must really go now.

The time had come: and it came to three in that hall—as it comes to most of us, once, at least, in our lives—with a mighty momentary battle to be fought, and a cry—that God only hears—to keep us from giving way. Queenie fairly sobbed, as he lingered over her clasped hand just a little longer than anybody else's. Nell, standing under the lamp, waiting with pale cheeks for his last word, could only say, 'Good-bye, dear, Good-bye.' Nor could he say more.

But what more could be said than 'God be with thee'? There is something terrible in the sound of 'Good-bye for five years;' but translating it into 'God be with thee for five years,' makes one involuntarily add, 'and for ever and ever!'

So Nell could discover a bright side even to that poor much-abused word—'Good-bye.'

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER V.—HOME, SCHOOL, OR GOVERNESS.

THE ideal education for girls is that by the parents; but three things are wanting to this, namely, power, time, and will, so far as actual instruction is concerned. As to that education which is far more than actual teaching, the will is all that is needed. Let real interest be shewn in the child's studies; let there be a word of teaching, a little encouragement, a quarter of an hour's reading, as often as possible, an

eye for a fair exercise in writing or achievement in drawing, an ear for a recitation or a piece of music; let the children feel that every step in learning renders them more companionable to their father, and he will do more for them than is in the power of any other creature. If he be a man of leisure, he ought to do far more for them; but men of leisure are so very rare, that it is hardly worth while to speak of them.

There is an odd notion abroad, that children do not learn so well of their nearest relations as of strangers. The fact is, I suspect, that the gift of teaching is not universal, and that the person whose profession it is, ought—either from natural ability, endowment, or experience—to be better qualified than the others; besides which, there are no old habits of spoiling to be broken through. Still it is a real disadvantage that mothers do not attempt to teach more, or at any rate to be the presiding power in their school-rooms. Where mother or elder sister possesses the power, instruction comes from no one so well, and from no one is it so permanent or valuable. In a large family, however, it is impossible that the mother, however good as an instructress, can teach constantly, or have all the children depending on her; and a clergyman's wife is liable to be continually called off to 'speak to some one.' Other excuses as to occupation are not always equally valid. No reasonable person would take offence at a lady not being accessible to morning calls before luncheon; and visitors in the house for more than a single day do not require entertainment in the forenoon. Even a leisurely husband, if he have any real regard for his children, will surely not grudge the mother two or three quiet morning hours with them. Depend upon it, if she will make the school-room her resort; teaching whatever she is most fit to teach, whether the hearing great girls read, or taking the little boys' Latin, or the babies' first lessons—doing whatever is her strong point or the governess's weak one; sometimes making her teaching a reward, or in other cases taking in hand the cranky one who has some essential misunderstanding with the governess—she will gain a hold over her children's minds and affections, their trust and confidence, far above what comes of only meeting in holiday hours. 'The governess would not like it.' Then do not keep her, but take a young one, with fresher accomplishments, and thankful for supervision.

I take it, the best education is by the parents, supplemented by technical teaching in certain branches, such as languages, music, drawing, and if the parents be not qualified, in arithmetic; the second best, that by a good governess or elder sister, superintended by the parents; the third, a good school. A really good school is very much better than an inferior governess left to herself; but as things stand at present, it is exceedingly difficult to find a good school that is not so expensive as to be out of the reach of large families.

One difficulty is, that good tuition is so costly that it can hardly be attained without large numbers; and it is not possible to have large

numbers of young girls boarding together, without injury to qualities more essential than intellect. It is a curious thing, but of universal experience, that while most boys are improved by free intercourse with their own kind in large numbers—generally the larger the better—girls as certainly deteriorate in proportion as the sense of family life is lost.

There are reasons for it, of various kinds. One is the loss of privacy in the bed-rooms—which blunts certain delicate edges. Sisters sleep together at home; but this is only a prolongation of the nursery, and quite different from the never being out of the sight of strangers. Screens are a *sine quâ non*, but even these cannot prevent a girl's prayers, readings, and meditation, from being at the mercy of anyone possessed with the spirit of mischief or curiosity. All, however, that is to be said on this point has been excellently put in Miss Sewell's *Principles of Education*.

Next comes the disadvantage recognized not only in ladies' schools but in orphanages—that the tenderer parts of the character find no scope. Where a large mass of girls, from sixteen to ten or eight, are thrown together, the little ones are not small enough to draw out the affection of the elders. Even at home, as I said before, many an elder sister is as kind as possible to the babies, while she is harsh and impatient to the middle-sized children; and where there is no bond of relationship, the younger children are a troublesome noisy herd in the sight of the great ones. The institution of 'school mammas' may secure a protector for each, and there are occasional pets, either from exceptional smallness or other charms; but, in general, there is in the nature of things an antagonism that breeds party spirit, and takes off the softness of both parties.

And most serious of all is the fact, that when once the numbers are too large for the semblance of family life, confidence between the head and the members becomes impossible. Unless the chief can really be a mother to the pupils, and the teachers and senior girls live in free intimacy with her and the little ones, supervision becomes *espionnage*, and confidence tale-telling. Where such terms of friendship are impossible, there is no guarding against unimaginable evils, which a sense of honour forbids the more conscientious to disclose.

Girls are more helpless than boys when they detect evil among them. The rough police by which good boys indignantly crush the mischief, while guarding the delinquent from exposure to the master, is impossible to the feminine creatures. The pleasure of eluding suspicion and discovery is part of human nature, and is no small temptation to acquiesce in acted deceits; and where once the feeling has set in that the authorities are natural enemies, there will come the spirit of evasion, and of all but flat untruth. Where there are numerous subjects too, the rules must be more strict, more numerous, and less elastic, than among a few; they will therefore be more irksome, and the temptation to break them will be proportionably greater, so that the government is

more galling, and those engaged in it are naturally looked on with less liking.

The only thoroughly satisfactory sort of boarding-school for girls, seems to be one not numbering more than from ten to twenty, where the head can, without loss of dignity, be on such terms as a kind aunt or home governess would be on with the pupils; where they can be allowed to use their tongues at meals, and can spend the evening all together, sometimes with a book read aloud to them, sometimes in games; where they can have ready access to their teacher, and it can be a treat to be her companion in a walk, or to call her to join in their fun. Then there is a chance that they will really love her and one another, and that she will see enough of them unrestrainedly to understand their dispositions. Then they can be led to explain their little troubles and difficulties, her desire for the good of all will be infused into the elder ones, and such as are set in any authority can, without sense of unkindness, report their perplexities or explain hers.

Such a school as this cannot be remunerative without very heavy charges, if the tuition be of a superior order. In the country, it would be hardly possible to carry it on without resident teachers of a high class; and in a town, the rent would be so much higher as to lessen something of the advantage of having masters close at hand.

Would it not be possible to establish good day-schools, conducted by really superior teachers, to whom the girls in each town might resort from their homes, establishing in combination with them small boarding-houses, under ladies of such qualifications as would make real motherly homes of their houses, and under whose charge girls could be put, to form little families? Many a widowed mother, wanting to educate her daughter, would be thankful for such an opening; nay, the wives of professional men would be often glad to add to their incomes by thus taking in a few girls, who would often be supplied from among their country acquaintance. Different grades in social rank might probably meet at the school, but as it would be only in class, it could hardly lead to inconvenient intercourse.

However, this is a thing of speculation. As matters actually stand, I believe, that if circumstances render it necessary to send a girl from home at all, the most un-school-like place is best for her; and even at the sacrifice of first-rate teaching, that it is better to place her in some family, or in a very small party of pupils, till her character has settled itself. Afterwards, a thoroughly good school, from fifteen to seventeen, or from sixteen to eighteen, will give method and instruction at an age when she is able to value and profit by them. It is the same with girls brought up either entirely on domestic teaching, or with a governess able to lay foundations, but not to pass beyond; a year or two at a good school may often be exceedingly valuable to them, if they go prepared to make use of it, and with character and habits settled.

Thorough goodness is, however, in this, as in everything else, the

requisite; and there is at present much more power than used to exist of gauging the capacities of teachers for young ladies as well as for the poor. No professional teacher now, (in 1874,) under five-and-twenty, *ought* to be engaged for girls over fourteen, who cannot produce a certificate from a University. Of course, such a governess requires a good salary, and to raise it would often be the truest economy. Sometimes it could be done by the union of two or three families with daughters of the same age, or sometimes by taking in a scholar to share the instruction.

Of course, among ladies who grew up before these facilities for obtaining certificates existed, there are many of the highest attainments, and inquiry should be able to discover them; but among the younger generation, proof ought to be offered and given of capacity beyond the vagueness involved in 'excellent references.' No one ought to undertake what she is not qualified to perform, and if not able to obtain a certificate, a young person intending to teach should either take younger children, continue her studies, or find some other occupation. Fortunately, there is much less nonsense now than formerly about losing caste; and if she cannot be a first-rate governess, she can perhaps be a certificated school-mistress, a nurse, or enter on some of the occupations that are becoming more and more open to educated women.

It is the mediocre people, who take situations underpaid, and fill them in a half mechanical, half slovenly manner, who bring tuition into disrepute, and lower the public opinion of their class. Insolence to a governess is an old stock complaint. In real life, I never heard of it from anyone by birth and breeding a lady; the only instances I can recollect were in one case from a thoroughly vulgar employer, in the other from a servant, who was sharply rebuked, and, I think, dismissed for it. Persons with no consideration for those about them are to be found in any rank of life; but where a lady is forgetful of little pleasures or comforts for her governess, she is probably no better towards her husband, her friends, or anyone she is not afraid of. As to slights, anybody may find them anywhere, who looks for them and thinks about self.

Perhaps it would be well if the lady and the governess both better understood the situation of the latter. She is a lady with a profession, just as much as a barrister is a gentleman with a profession. That profession is to teach the children, and supply the place of the mother when she is engaged. For this purpose, she is resident in the house; but it does not argue either slight or inferiority, if she do not partake all the gaieties of the mother and elder daughters. Her purpose is to be with her pupils at such times as the mother cannot attend to them, and thus she must share their hours. Then as to her evenings; where the family is large, or there is a continual coming and going of strangers, it is no interruption that she should be one of the circle; but if the

husband and wife, and one son or daughter, or the like small numbers, are the ordinary home set, a person of really lady-like feeling would perceive it to be as much of an intrusion to come constantly among them, as she would think it if she lived in another house. Most likely, if she be a sensible person, she is glad of a little peace to read in or write her letters.

I have called a governess a lady with a profession. Let her think what that profession is, and what her place as a polished corner of the Temple. Is not the training of young maidens for their office in life a holy duty, an act of membership to the Church? Is she not allowed to chip at the shaping and beautifying of those living stones, to be built up silently? Does she feel as if the being paid neutralized it as direct work for the Church? Surely not. It rather gives it an earnestness and consistency, as making it a charge; and the hire—if devoted, as it so often is, to maintain a parent or educate a brother—is ‘holiness unto the Lord.’ The governess who teaches history and geography, and hears scales practised, with the conscientious care of one who has the fear of God before her eyes, is just as much a handmaid of the Church, as if she were a nursing or teaching Sister in a community.

Surely this estimate of her own place should help her so to place her children and their welfare first, as to have little observation to spend on the draw-backs of any family where she ought to engage herself. For, of course, I mean that a Christian woman would not knowingly allow herself to be tempted by any advantages into a household where religion was systematically set aside or ignored. It is possible that it might be right for her to go in a missionary spirit, or to remain in a family where there was a careless tone; but this she should hardly venture without trustworthy counsel, and in that case she should accept the annoyances in the same spirit as she would those of a rude cottager. Generally speaking, if she avoided on principle a worldly ungodly house, she would also avoid any intentional misbehaviour or neglect towards herself. No situation is free from the need of bearing and forbearing; and a woman in a stranger household is more exposed to it than any other, from the number of tiny peculiarities that jar and rub on either side.

Take the other side of the question. The mamma, persuaded reluctantly that the children need more teaching than she can bestow, obtains the governess in fear and dread. She is equally afraid of boring her husband with a stranger, and of hurting the governess's feelings, and all she can do is to make a sort of compromise, by bringing the governess into the drawing-room whenever there is any addition to the family party, or when her husband is out; but if she has a visit from a brother, sister, or very intimate friend, it is due to their comfort not to interrupt their brief intercourse with her, by bringing in on them a person who may indeed be on close terms of confidence with herself, but cannot be the same with them. It is no slight, for she

would do the same by anyone with whom she was not on formal terms ; and a governess of any tact, or good sense, will perceive, and accommodate herself. In the infinite varieties that exist, general rules are impossible ; but it would seem the governess's wisest way never to obtrude herself without being sure that her company is desired, and in the case of visitors, to observe whether they appear so intimate as to wish for privacy, or whether the ladies of the house are glad of assistance in entertaining them. 'Do as you would be done by' is the only rule in all cases.

So as to the household ways towards the governess. There is no need to be sentimental about her situation. If she be a good governess and wise woman, it is as much her profession as law or medicine are those of men. Treat her as a lady with a vocation, your equal in breeding, and your superior in certain acquirements ; but do not let her indulgences interfere with her vocation, save exceptionally ; and always be considerate in enabling her to see books and papers, or to take part in anything interesting. She should not feel—like Miss Thackeray's Catharine—that she is cut off from all that is bright and pleasant, and set aside from all that occupies young people of her own age.

I think that two classes of books increase the evils. There is first the 'pathetic governess' style, the effect of which on the governess herself is excellently shewn in Miss Ingelow's 'Studies for Stories.' And there is the children's book, which represents the governess as a wooden, unsympathetic person, and quizzes her attempts to enforce good English and good manners, and to impart information. Is it right thus to teach children naughtiness, and not to lead them to accept readily the training needful for them ?

The grown-up girls in the house can do much for the governess's happiness. Often she can be made a very delightful sympathizing friend, and audience for all their experiences ; and even if she be not suited to this happy *rôle*, she can be made much happier by their considerateness in bringing her flowers, books, music, &c., and telling her bits of news. The treatment she receives from the servants will often be decided by their manner towards her, and way of speaking of her. Whether the condition of governesses ever receives the change that is talked of, depends however not on employers, but on themselves ; upon their efficiency, and on their self-respect—by which I by no means intend that punctilio which can be wounded at all points, but that simplicity which knows its place, and is 'not easily provoked.'

(To be continued.)

LATER HINDU MYTHS.

THE comparative purity of the Vedic religion soon gave place to a much more complicated and artificial system, in which a germ of truth was overlaid by much that was foolish and immoral. This system, framed by the Bramins or priests, and tending in every way to exalt their own dignity and increase their power, is remarkable at once for its strange contradictions, its depth of thought, and its childish folly; as if to shew us how utterly useless are all man's unaided efforts to understand the mystery of the universe—how little he can, by mere intellectual searching, 'find out God.' The origin of all things was of course the first subject which engaged the attention of those philosophers. Among the various differing accounts, some absurdly silly, given by the Hindu writers, the following is the clearest and most interesting.

The great Brahm, or Creative Power, it says, after slumbering for ages on the bosom of chaos, awoke, and wished to reveal himself in action. He accordingly spake the words, 'Let it be !' and immediately a golden egg appeared, blazing like a thousand suns, which shed light over the dark waters of chaos, and from whence sprang the lotos-eyed Brahma, the first Person in the Hindu Trimurti or Trinity. To him the work of Creation was intrusted; and from him the Creator, proceeded Vishnu the Preserver; from Vishnu, Siva the Destroyer. Brahma does not number so many exclusive worshippers as the other two; nor does his legendary history occupy so large a portion of Indian literature. He is generally represented in the pictures with four faces, and holding the world in his hands. Originally, says the myth, he had five heads; but the fifth head having uttered scornful words to Siva, the terrible destroyer cut it off with one blow, and was doomed, as a punishment, to hold it in his hands for ever. Thus it seemed to the Hindu sages, that death was co-existent with life; destruction began even before creation.

Vishnu, the Preserver, 'he who penetrates' or pervades, is said to have passed through nine incarnations or avatars; and the Bramins teach that when he appears again in the form of a white horse, the end of the world will come.

His first avatar was in the form of a fish, and seems to be a curious tradition of the great Deluge. The story is as follows: A malignant demon having stolen the Puramas, (part of the sacred Vedas,) which had flowed from the lips of Brahma, mankind became so wicked that the gods resolved to destroy them. Accordingly, Vishnu entered the body of a minute fish, and appeared in the hand of the pious King Satyaveata, as he was pouring from it the water for a libation. Satyaveata, almost the only good man left in that corrupt age, was a servant of 'the Spirit that moved on the face of the waters;' and water was his only sustenance. Compassionating the tiny Fish, he was going to put it back

into the river, when the little creature begged him not to expose it again to the dangers it had suffered from the monsters of the stream. Satyaveata, moved by its entreaties, placed it in a jar. Suddenly, however, it increased so wonderfully in size, that it was removed to a cistern, from thence to a pool, then to a deep lake, and lastly to the sea. Then the King, recognizing the god, worshipped him under the name Bhagavat or Bagovan, as the Lord of the Universe. Vishnu richly rewarded Satyaveata for his kindness to a poor little animal, for he foretold to him the coming deluge, and promised to send him a vessel large enough to contain himself and seven saints, with all kinds of herbs and seeds for food and medicine. Thus eight persons were saved when all others perished; and Vishnu having purified the earth by this flood of waters, slew the Racha or demon, and restored to the earth and to Brahma the sacred lost books, the knowledge of which alone was capable of making and keeping mankind holy.

Vishnu's second avatar as a tortoise or turtle, took place for the benefit of the Devatas or gods, rather than for the advantage or punishment of men. In those first ages of creation, the power of the Rachas (demons) was almost equal to that of the Devatas, and all, excepting Brahm himself, the creative power, were mortal. It became, therefore, the object alike of gods and demons to obtain the Amryta, or water of immortality, which was hidden at the bottom of an abyss under the sea. Vishnu, taking the form above described, lifted the world upon his shoulders, and beneath it descended into the bottomless depth. Rachas and Devatas alike lent him their aid, each hoping to obtain a share in the spoil; and in the Indian mythological pictures, we see in the representations of this story—on one side Brahma and the other divinities, on the other the demons, steadying the world with the serpent Vassky, who serves as a rope. Vishnu obtained the Amryta, and with it various other gifts for gods and men; but he himself, in his thirst for immortality, drank so freely of the divine water, which had been injured by lying so long at the bottom of the salt sea, that it poisoned him, and his skin turned blue. Thus he is always painted that colour in pictures or frescos, and is called 'The Blue God.'

In spite of this mischance, the other Devatas were thankful to share the Amryta, while the Rachas were excluded, to their great disgust and anger. Perhaps this account points to the idea of the final victory of good over evil; the gods abide for ever, but the demons, with all that oppose the divine will, pass away to be remembered no more.

In his third avatar, Vishnu became a boar, and recovered the world itself, which had been stolen and hidden by one of the Rachas.

He next took a terrible form—half man, half lion; and under the name Narsing, destroyed the wicked Daitya, who, for insolence to the faithful, had been degraded from his post as warder at the gates of the heavenly palace, and condemned to pass through three incarnations on earth. In one of these, Daitya performed such rigorous penance in honour of

Brahma, that he obtained from the god the gift of universal monarchy, and exemption from death by means of either god or man or animal, by day or night, in-doors or without, on earth or in heaven. After this his wickedness and impiety became so great, that the whole world cried out against him. On one occasion, when he was exalting himself above the gods themselves, his pious son mildly reproved him, and begged him to consider the omnipresence of the Deity, who was even then listening to the words spoken.

'Is He then here?' vociferated the blasphemer, and smote with his sword a sacred pillar, which stood on the threshold. In a moment, Vishnu issued from the rent pillar, in the terrible form above described, and seizing the unhappy man, it being now evening, neither day nor night, lifted him between heaven and earth, upon the severed pillar, that stood neither within doors nor without, and there tore him to pieces.

Vishnu's next avatar, the fifth, is that in which he assumed the form of a dwarf, and was called Vaisuna. The reason of this incarnation was, that during the golden age of the Indians, there was such a profusion of all the necessities and luxuries of life, that no one would work, and the human race seemed getting every day more idle and careless, while other evils followed in their train; Vishnu, desirous of putting a stop to a state of things attended with such ill consequences, resolved to destroy the power of the King Ballirajah, the lord of the earth. He accordingly assumed the disguise of a Brahmin dwarf, begging for the gift of three feet of ground, as a resting-place, where he might practise his devotions. The King thought the request very moderate, and granted it at once, pouring water into the dwarf's hand in sign of ratification. Vishnu immediately resumed his divine shape, set one foot on the earth, which it covered, the other on the heavens, shewing himself the lord of both. He sent hunger and want into the world to produce industry, and afterwards restored to the King a part of his dominions.

The story of the sixth and seventh avatars is told in the Ramleela, one of the most beautiful and most celebrated of Indian poems. Vishnu became incarnate in two forms almost at the same time; first as Rama, a great hero, the bravest and best of his father's sons, persecuted by the rest, and finally driven into the wilderness. But he did not fly alone from his father's house. He was accompanied by his brother Lokman, who alone remained his friend, and by his beautiful wife Sita, whose lovely body the god had also made his dwelling, though without inspiring it with divine wisdom. He left it a woman's heart, loving, tender, and true. The object of this double incarnation was to destroy the power of the gigantic Ravana or Desagriva, a monster with ten heads, the scourge of the earth. This wretch hated the good Rama, and desired nothing so much as to possess himself of the beautiful Sita. Fearful of his artifices, the two brothers drew a magic circle round the little hut they had built in the wilderness, and told her that as long as she kept within that circle

she would be safe from all enemies. For further protection, they resolved never to leave her entirely alone, but to take it in turns to remain beside her while the other was out hunting for their joint subsistence. But one sad morning, a witch, in the service of Ravana, having metamorphosed herself into an exquisitely formed doe, rushed past the cottage, and Sita was seized with so great a longing to possess the pretty animal, that she persuaded both her guardians to leave her and go in search of it. Hardly had they left her, before a venerable jogee or devotee appeared and asked for alms. She rose to reply to his request, when a terrible cry was heard, and the unhappy woman, thinking it was her husband's voice, rushed towards the sound, reckless of passing the magic circle. Once beyond it, she was in the power of Ravana, who had assumed the disguise of a jogee to deceive her. He instantly seized and carried her off to his home beyond the mountains. Here she was visited by the sweet west wind, which roamed freely over mountain and sea, with sleepy laughing eyes, and breath heavy with the scent of a thousand flowers. The west wind told the Eagle King and Hounyman Chief of the Apes, how Sita sat in Ravana's palace and wept. These in their turn carried the news to Rama, who had not ceased to mourn his lost wife. With their aid he recovered her, after enduring many hardships and encountering many dangers. The poor Eagle King lost his life through his devotion, but was, together with the faithful Hounyman, raised to the rank of Devetas, and thus became immortal. Rama killed Ravana, and was recalled to his own country, where he lived for many years with his beloved Sita in all honour and glory.

The story of the eighth avatar is perhaps the most remarkable of all. At the time it took place, says the legend, there lived a king called Kansa, so dreadful a tyrant that the world trembled before him. A sage prophesied to him that from a certain family a child should spring who would rob him of his kingdom and his life. Kansa was accordingly on the watch, but the boy was secretly carried off into a distant country, and confided to the care of a Shepherd, whose wife brought him up with her own numerous family. Her nine daughters, the gopias or milk-maids, were his playfellows and foster-sisters; and many are the tales told of the tricks he used to play them, often mischievous and even cruel. So low had the ideas of the Divine nature sunk—so little were the worshippers and singers of Vishnu's fame able to comprehend or imagine one perfect God, and perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Krishna, as he was called in this avatar, accomplished the prophecy uttered before his birth. He killed the tyrant Kansa, and possessed himself of his kingdom.

A sect among the Indians believe that Vishnu became incarnate for the ninth time in the person of the philosopher and teacher Boudha. The Bramins, whose teaching he opposed, say that this was for the punishment of mankind, who would not listen to the truth, and thus their God himself led them astray by false doctrine.

The tenth avatar is yet to come; then the second Person of the Trimurti will appear in the form of a white horse, bearing all the symbols of victory. The earth will be destroyed, and all that now exists will be absorbed in the great Brahm, the pure undivided spirit from whom all originally proceeded.

We now turn to the third Person in the Trimurti—Siva, the destroyer—but in doing so it is as well to remark that the character and attributes of the Hindu divinities are not very clearly defined, the special offices and qualities of one being often attributed to the other; thus Vishnu often appears as the destroyer and avenger, Siva sometimes as the restorer and redeemer. This last is represented in the Indian pictures under a form awful to behold. From his girdle hang five human heads; he has four arms—one holds a string of pearls; another a trident, emblem of the Trimurti; a third, the mystic circle, emblem of the great Brahm, who, like it, has neither beginning nor end; the fourth, the head of Brahma, which he is doomed to carry till the end of time. He wears a necklace of skulls, and his countenance is fierce and terrible. Yet with the thought of destruction, thus fearfully personified, mingles the idea of renovation. Siva is the god of fire, because fire purifies; and in those pictures of the Trimurti which represent it under the figure of the tree of life, Siva is the inmost part from which the rest spring. This reminds us of Tertullian's beautiful words on the Resurrection: 'He, the Creator, to preserve destroys; to keep, loses; in order to increase, first diminishes.' If it be true that out of life cometh death, as soon as we are born we begin to die; it is, thanks be to God, to the full as true, that for some at least, out of death cometh life, unchangeable, perfect, eternal. The Trimurti also symbolizes the past, present, and future. In some accounts of the origin of all things, Siva is supposed to be the first offspring from Brahm, and thus represents that which was, and which is, and which is to come. By others this distinction is given to Vishnu, but by most it is accorded to Brama, who bears the name of his great original.

Siva, like Vishnu, is worshipped under many different names. The best known are—Mahaddea or Mahadeva, and Jaganaught, the horrors of whose worship have been too often described to make it needful for me to say anything about them.

Besides these three principal divinities, there are a multitude of lesser ones. Amongst these are Lakschmi, the wife of Vishnu—or rather I should say his chief wife, for he has many—whom he married in his eighth avatar as Krishna, when he was following the business of a shepherd. She is the goddess of beauty and riches, and is said to have sprung, like Venus, from the foam of the sea. When a man is unfortunate, the Hindus say 'Lakschmi has deserted him;' when he is prosperous, 'Lakschmi is come to reside in his house.' She is generally represented as throned upon a water-lily, with four arms, one of which holds a miniature elephant, (an animal which symbolizes grace,) a second contains a golden vessel, a third 'a mala,' a fourth a flower. This

beautiful being is more popular than Sarasvati, the wife of Brama, though the last is the goddess of learning and eloquence, poetry, painting, and music. She has three eyes, signifying the three principal Vedas, and four arms, which hold a roll of paper, a lyre, a cup, and a lotos flower.

Bhavani or Parboti is the wife of Siva, the goddess of woods and mountains, and the mother of Ganesa, the household god of the Hindus. In the Indian pictures taken from the frescos on the walls of the temples, Siva, Bhavani, and Ganesa are represented together—Ganesa seated upon his father's head, with the Ganges flowing from his mouth, and worshippers in various attitudes of devotion waiting around.

A figure of Ganesa is placed over the entrance of every Hindu dwelling, and no one ever goes in or out without saluting the god. He is represented with a human form and an elephant's head, emblematic of sagacity. He is generally accompanied by a tame rat, as that animal denotes wisdom, from its prudence in laying up corn for winter use.

Indra, the god of the visible heavens, and Surya, the sun god, whose names occur so frequently in the hymns of the Rig Veda, still keep their places as objects of Hindu adoration.

The dreadful Kali, the far-famed black goddess, is an incarnation of Siva, the destroyer; and before English law forbade the offering of human sacrifices, many victims used year by year to bleed upon her altars. This is horrible to think or read of, yet it shews how deep in the human heart lies the feeling of need for an atonement by blood. 'Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?' is the question asked in vain by every age and nation, till God Himself answers it by pointing to the Lamb He has provided to take away the sin of the world. The more we study the religious history of mankind, the more struck we are by finding everywhere the same spiritual needs which we are conscious of in ourselves; the various mythologies, theologies, and philosophical systems of every race and nation are so many attempts to satisfy those needs, and are more or less successful in proportion to their likeness to that Revelation of Truth in which alone we can find perfect 'rest to our souls.'

DIALECT.

NORFOLK.

B. C. C.'s interesting article in the Monthly Packet for February, has provoked in me a spirit of emulation, and I should like to record a few of the peculiarities of my own county of Norfolk; though it is difficult sometimes to distinguish between provincialisms that are genuinely such, and the peculiarities of one person's mode of speaking.

The time at which I write—the middle of February—reminds me of one speciality of our county, though it does not come under the head of dialect—that of giving handsome presents on Valentine's Day, or rather Valentine's Eve. The shops are filled with pretty things of more or less value, and of various kinds. I was once shewn some beautifully worked collars and sleeves, which the shop had bought ready for Valentine's Day, and the remainder of which were being sold at reduced prices. An upholsterer shewed me some chairs made for the same purpose. Thieves watch the doors in Norwich for the things that may be left there; for the correct way is to deposit the parcel, give a knock, and run away before the door is opened. Masters and mistresses give presents to their servants; and when the new Lectionary was to be used, several persons said the new Church-services would be so very convenient for valentines.

At the quarters of the year we keep to the old style of reckoning in Norfolk. Lady Day is April 6th; Michaelmas is October 11th; and not only in common parlance, but farms are let in that way, and under-servants, who are generally hired at Michaelmas, come and go on October 11th, in the country. In towns it is different, and I have more than once known a lady kept without her under-servant, because the one she was parting with was wanted on September 29th, and the one who was coming to her from a farm-house, could not come till October 11th. Twelfth Day is Old Christmas; and a woman once told me that her child was born the first week in January, just before Christmas; but that is the only instance I have heard, of the word being used for the 6th of January, without any modification. It is not often that birth-days are so accurately computed. 'She be ten years old come six weeks arter next harvest,' is a very common mode of reckoning; 'a fortnight afore Michaelmas,' is much more exact. Some of our measures are peculiar. We always reckon butter by the pint of a pound and a quarter, and corn by the coom, or sack—half a quarter.

Forms of address are the usual ones, Sir, Ma'am, Miss; but in one old-fashioned parish where I stay sometimes, I find myself spoken to in the third person. 'How is Miss F——?' 'I hope Miss F—— is well.' At first I thought I was not known, but I found it was the authorized respectful mode of address, and they speak to the clergyman in the same way. This is the only instance I know in English of that peculiar form of respect, which one finds in German in the use of the third person plural to all but intimates and dependants; in Italian, where the expression is employed as *her*—'*lei sta qui*,' 'her stays here,' for 'you stay here;' and in French, where superiors are spoken to as 'she.'

The farmers, unless very much respected, are often spoken of without any title—'He work for Johnson;' 'he is down at Bale's;' but they do not often speak so to me. I believe all men, and the commoner sort of girls, perhaps all the girls, have nick-names, but I hardly ever hear them, except by chance, or as a distinction—'Oh! you mean Stuttering

Jem!’ My brother, who mixes more familiarly with his people than I do, knows the nick-name of every man in the parish, and says that sometimes he hardly ever hears their real names. A few instances are Nobbles, Hinsey, Kneeler, Loddy, Giant, Frizzle. Ladies are, or used to be, for it is rather old-fashioned, spoken of as Madam. My mother was always Madam F——, and some old people speak of and to ladies as My Lady, but that is not usual.

It is difficult to know where to select, among the many phrases and words peculiar to Norfolk. I constantly hear those that are not familiar to me, and cannot feel quite sure whether they are inventions of the speaker, or whether they are common phrases which I have not heard before; for the uneducated people speak their best to a lady, and do not willingly speak what they know to be uneducated language. A man, a well-educated tradesman, used the expression, ‘They were very much put out to find how the subscription mounted up’—meaning puzzled, surprised.

‘To go for to do a thing,’ is to do it on purpose; ‘I’m sure I didn’t go for to spoil it.’ ‘To order and do a thing,’ is to see that it is done, if you cannot do it yourself. To be ‘no great matters’ is to be very ill. ‘She ain’t no matters; the doctor say likelies enough she’ll never get well.’

To *hitch*, with us, is to move, though I think this is rather dying out; I have heard it used for changing house, but more commonly for moving your place. The speech, preserved by tradition, of a mayoress to her principal guest, who was not in her proper place, ‘My Lady of B——, will you please to hitch?’ gives the ordinary meaning of the word. *Flitting* is more commonly used of the Michaelmas moving and change of house.

To *moyse* is to recover. ‘That begin to moyse,’ I have heard said of a sick animal. I may as well say here that *that* is constantly used instead of *it*. ‘That’s nearly done;’ ‘That look very nice, that do.’ *Kedge* is applied to a brisk elderly person. ‘She’s a very kedge old lady.’ I have never seen either that or *moyse* written. A few days ago I should have said the same of a word, which is as common as *road—loke*; but the other day I saw it printed up on one of the foot-ways of Norwich. *Loke* means properly a foot-road, or lane, with no outlet; but it is frequently applied to a narrow bridle-road: *backus* road, (i. e. pack-horse,) is another word for the same thing. To *imitate* is to attempt; I used to think this was merely the blunder of changing one long word for another, but it is regularly used. ‘He don’t imitate walking.’ ‘I can’t imitate to do that with my six children—I ha’n’t got no time.’

To *stry* is to destroy. ‘There was plenty o’ blows (blossoms) t’ year, but the fruit were all stried, it were such a cold spring.’ ‘I shall be glad when the school open, the children running about all day they do make such a stry of their clothes.’ We generally say ‘t’ year,’ and I suppose the compound word *to-day* must have had somewhat similar

origin. There is one expression which I am very fond of—'Thank you kindly.' 'Good-morning, Ma'am, and thank you kindly for coming to see me.' I wonder how often I have been bid good-bye to so as I left a cottage.

Beings is lodgings; 'I shall give up my home and go to beings.' The word *do*, pronounced *du*, is used in a very odd way. 'I think my husband 'll be home before long, du I'll let him know. I think he'll be able to spare it, don't I must get another.' 'I doubt that won't be home by nune-time; du I'll send it up, don't I'll order and get another.'

To *fye* is to clean a ditch or pond. 'I must fye out that holl'—I must clean out that ditch.

Mawther means girl, but generally in a contemptuous sense. 'The mawthers' may mean 'the girls,' but more often 'She is a mawther,' 'She's a regular mawther,' means a vulgar, rough, untidy girl, the sort of girl no one would take for a servant. *Boá*, the corruption not of boy but of neighbour, is commonly used, as also is *moa* for *mawther*. 'Here, Boa, just you shut that gate;' 'Martha, Boa, or Moa, just you come here.'

Together is a frequent form of address, not always as a noun of multitude, though I believe that is its original signification. 'Be quiet together,' a mother will say to her child or children.

The ordinary relations of life are expressed by the usual words—*husband*, *wife*, (though *Missus* is sometimes used,) *son*, *darter*, &c. *Kinsman* stands for nephew; but that is the only exception. Lot was kinsman to Abraham. A lively healthy troublesome baby is a *rip*. 'He is such a little rip, he never keep still,' a mother will say of a baby who is jumping in her arms, and pulling her cap to pieces.

Gotch is jug or pitcher. A tin for holding broth or milk is a *boiler*. To *crowd* is to wheel in a wheel-barrow; 'I have had to crowd it half a mile.'

Two adjectives are used with us in the affirmative, which are quite obsolete. *Gain* for convenient, from which *ungainly*, I suppose, is derived: 'The house is a very gain one;' 'The shops are so near, that's very gain;' or the reverse, 'I find that very ungain.' And *toward* for gentle: 'The hens are very toward,' meaning tame; 'a toward child,' easily managed.

If two persons live in what would be elegantly called a semi-detached cottage, one lives under the roof of the other. 'I went to see Mrs. A——, what live under the roof of John B——;' or I have heard, 'My mother, she live at t'ind o' me'—at the other end of my house. 'My sister is at mine,' for 'my house,' is commonly used.

To *heighten*, pronounced to *haine*, is used for to raise. 'She would have stopped if her mistress would have haine or hained her,' i. e. raised her wages. 'That's too low, I must haine it a bit.' To *cop* is to toss up—you cop a ball; to *hull* is to throw. 'Hull the stick here, Boa.' Moses, on Mount Sinai, hulled down the two tables. To *be* is to pay for. 'He said he'd be a new shod, (i. e. shed,) if I would be the fence.'

We constantly use the strong preterites and participles. 'I *het* the oven and *holp* her to bake;' *shruck* for *shrieked*, *fritz* for *froze*, *snew* for *snowed*; or again, the old-fashioned *catched*—'He caught the fever.' The plural of house is *housen*; and Newton, in the new edition of Yarrel, says he has heard *titmousen*.

I will only add a few more words, which have occurred to me as I write. *Swallow* for *throat*, and *quackled* for suffocated or throttled; *moke* for donkey, an old English word, as is also *gotch*. *Dickey* is the common name for donkey. An animal in a fever 'malts its blood,' and a man who had had a sun-stroke was spoken of as 'having his blood malted.' *Heady* means both headstrong and clever. 'What are you aiming at, *boa*?'—What are you trying to do?

To *fare* is to seem or to feel. 'She don't fare no great matters.' 'I fare very bad.' *Disappointment* is surprise. 'That were a happy disappointment.' *Cooshies* are sweets, lollipops; *gays* are pictures—a book full of wood-cuts is full of *gays*. The *payard* is the straw-yard, (I suppose from the old French *paillo*.) The *back-house*, pronounced *backus*, is the back-kitchen of a cottage. To be wholly *stammed* is to be quite aghast; 'good tidy' or 'good tidily' means *very*—'They grow right tidily,' or 'good tidily;' 'He's good tidily bad,' for, He is very bad. *Rarely* is *very* also—'rarely tired.' A person who does nothing to earn his living lives *upright*.

I will give a few names of birds and animals. *Bloodolff* is bullfinch; *King Harry* is goldfinch. *Spinx* is chaffinch; *fulfer* is fieldfare; *dow-fulfer* is missel-thrush; *dow* is a pigeon; *pick-cheese* is tom-tit; *pudding-poke* is long-tailed tit; *cadder* is jackdaw; *hayjack* is white-throat; *black-headed hayjack* is black-cap; *oven-bird* is willow-wren. *Ranny* is shrew-mouse; *dodman* is snail. *Cuckoo-flowers*, or *paigle-blows*, are cowslips. *Deals* are fir trees, and *deal-apples* (pronounced *dale*) are fir-cones.

I suppose there is nothing peculiar to our peasantry in the strong simple trust in Providence, the recognition of only one cause, and that the highest, which is natural to all religious minds not too highly educated. 'I fear I shall never be about again, but that must be as the Lord please.' 'The Lord have sent us beautiful weather;' 'I have a good son, bless the Lord for it;' 'It aint no use our wishing for rain, the Lord know best;'—such phrases I hear in every visit I pay; and I heard a woman say last winter, 'The Lord know the price of coal, and He ha' sent us this mild weather.' An expression which sent me into a bewilderment of first and second causes.

And now I will bring to an end this very slight sketch of Norfolk peculiarities. There are good published collections of the peculiar words of the Eastern Counties; but I have only put down a few that have come under my own observation. I will just add that our counties were much invaded and occupied by the Danes, traces of whose language are found in the names of places and people.

E. F.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY;
OR,
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND UNA.

1852.

Two children, a boy and a girl, sat together on the grass slope under the judas-tree, at Harting Priory. The judas-tree was lovely with its pink blossoms, and the grass as green as velvet sward could be. The Harting gurgled peacefully at their feet, sparkling with sun-beam diamonds. The sun-beams were very merry that morning, as they quivered and flashed all over the stream, and flickered and danced among the laurels and rhododendrons, and shone down in mottled patches through the thick shade on to the grass, making Una's hair look quite golden.

Willie's head was in the shadow, so no one could see the colour of its rough tangled locks. He was deep in Don Quixote, just finishing it; and at last, to Una's great glee, for she was getting tired of trying to catch minnows with her fingers, he shut up the book with a bang, and sang out, 'Poor old man! I can't think why they should have laughed at him so. Oh, how I wish I was a knight-errant!' This came out with a big sigh, as earnest a wish as ever boy made.

'You couldn't be one now, Willie,' said Una; 'they all died long ago. But oh! I should have liked it so much, too!'

'I don't see why I shouldn't, I must say,' cried the boy. 'If only—oh! if only we had a civil war or something to upset the country! and then, you know, Una, there'd be no pheasant preserving, or hedges, or wire fencing, or bothering trespassing things, and I should ride through all the woods, and all over the country, in full armour, licking all the brutes and rebels, setting all the prisoners free, and doing no end of things. Oh, I say! how awfully jolly it would be!'

'And, Willie, you know there was a damsel in that book Papa got my name out of, (the book he's so fond of,) who went about in armour too, doing just the same things that all the knights did: a kind of she-knight, you know. Well, I'd do that, and we'd go together, and do all kinds of things, as in Tennyson's *Idols*.'

'Tennyson's *what*?' .

'*Idols*, I think, but I'm not quite sure. Haven't you read them? They're all poetry.'

'No. I know the book you mean now. It looks fudge.'

'Well, it isn't; at least, I know you'd like parts of it. There are lots of stories, about Lancelot and King Arthur and Galahad—all great knights—and a great many more; and they did such a lot of good, and had such splendid adventures, and all kinds of things.'

‘Oh dear! oh dear! how I wish we lived then!’ and Willie got up, and strolled towards the house.

He was just diving through the laurels in the thickest part, by a most intricate short cut of his own invention, when his faithful shadow pulled him back, and pointed—with a whispered ‘I say, Willie, what’s that?’—to something shining through the rhododendrons.

It was something bright and glittering; half shyly the children pushed towards it, and in one minute the swaying boughs had divided, and they found themselves on a tiny plot of grass, face to face with a strange bright form. There stood a young man, completely armed, excepting his head, which was bare, and only covered by his shining yellow locks. His face shone with light, and was most beautiful to look upon. As he stood there, he smiled on the children, such a sweet grave smile that their fear was quite taken away.

‘Who are you, Sir?’ asked Willie, in an eager trembling voice.

‘One of whom you were just speaking: a knight-errant, yclept Galahad.’

‘Sir Galahad!’ exclaimed Una, gazing in amazement.

Willie was lost in dumb admiration of his glittering coat of mail.

‘Even so. It is hundreds of years since I lived here; but I am sent from time to time to look after my companions in arms, and see how our brotherhood prospers, and how they do their work.’

‘Your brotherhood, Sir?’ asked Willie. ‘You don’t mean other knight-errants? There are none now. They all died ever so long ago.’

‘Aren’t there any, Willie? that shews how little thou knowest of them, child. There will be knights-errant as long as there is work to be done. But there are very very few for the work,’ he continued sadly.

‘I must run to and fro through the earth, and enlist pure souls to the work during my short sojourn here.’

‘O Sir, take me, take me!’ gasped the boy, in trembling eagerness. ‘I was just saying how I longed to be one, and here you are seeking them! How very strange! How very strange that we should have been talking about knights and their adventures just when you were near, and we didn’t know it a bit!’

‘Not so strange as you think, maybe, children,’ said the knight, with a smile at his wondering audience; ‘perhaps my being near may have somewhat to do with it.—And you, Una, you wish to join our Order too?’

‘Please may I?’ she whispered.

‘You both shall, only not yet;’ and, as their round little faces fell in blank disappointment, Sir Galahad continued, ‘our knights must be great and good, and strong and wise; you are not all that yet.’

‘Oh but, Sir, I can fight and give it a fellow well.—Can’t I, Una?—And I know Father would give me Jenny, our pony, Sir, to go with you. I know he would. Oh! do let us come now. It will be horribly sad to wait ever so long, and—’

But Sir Galahad bade him hush, and told them they must prepare for

the work, just as the valiant knights of old did. They must work at their tasks and household duties, and grow valiant, strong, and wise, with God's help, waiting ready till he should summon them.

'The work is hard, the fighting is fierce, and you must be all these things before you are ready.' Then he blessed his young recruits, and sent them away.

Una looked round as she went towards the house, but he was gone; and thrilling with the strange secret she should tell to Mother, she followed Willie through the low mullioned school-room window, 'to prepare,' thought she, as she sat down to her spelling lesson.

1866.

Years passed away, and Willie was now a young man, just settled in London, and hard at work, reading for the bar.

It was raw November weather, and he felt somewhat forlorn, as he had at present few friends, and no relations in London at this time of the year; and his dreary little lodgings seemed worse than ever, after the brightness and sociability of home. Therefore, it was in a somewhat melancholy mood that he left Lincoln's Inn on the particular afternoon of which I am now writing, and threaded his way through New Square and Little Queen Street into Holborn. He was thinking, as he walked, of the Priory and Una and the home folks, and of another dearest of all, so that he never noticed how thick the fog grew, until he stumbled violently against someone, and thus was recalled to present things. He noticed the wretched look of the woman, as he begged her pardon, and how she slunk away into the gloom. 'Poor creature,' he thought, 'what a terrible thing this cold must be for such as her!' Again another stumble. How thick the fog was growing! That was a poor little Savoyard crying over his frost-bitten fingers.

Willie hurried on. Again he met a looming figure. He stepped aside to let it pass, when lo! it stood still before him, and put out a hand. Was it a friend? Their hands met, and Willie felt a thrill run through him, when he saw how the head of that unknown one glowed with a kind of halo.

'Willie! Do you remember our meeting at Harting Priory, how then you said you would fain be one of our band? Are you still willing to be a knight-errant, to fight for the oppressed, to wage war against evil, and to do all a true knight should?'

Did Willie remember! Forsooth he did! How could he forget, with that same wondrous presence before him, that same voice thrilling him, and that same boyish wish hidden away in his heart?

'Willing—yes! but how—?'

'Because I am sent to summon you. Come with me now to this strange land, and I will shew you what is before you there.'

He sped on, and Willie kept close by his side.

Darkness came on, and the fog grew denser and denser, but that bright presence shewed the way; and Willie saw that they were retracing their steps towards Lincolns Inn, but the streets they passed through were narrower and meaner each than the last, yet still on they went. Only once did Sir Galahad stop on his way: it was to speak to a sobbing child, whom the young man recognized as the Savoyard boy. 'I have no home, no God to take care of me. I cannot say my prayers. I have forgotten them. Ah! I am so cold and hungry!' answered the child; and then he crawled to the door of a gin-palace, and sat there gazing torpidly at a brawl between two drunken women, till a policeman made him move on.

At last Sir Galahad stopped, and Willie saw that they were at the entrance of a foul-smelling court. They passed through the low archway, and found themselves in the midst of horrible sights, for it was a place where vice, filth, and misery all rioted unchecked in rank luxuriance.

'Come up here,' said the Knight, as they made their way through the stench, tipsy fights, and swarming inhabitants, to one of the door-steps. So up the stairs they went; now and then they were met by reeling men, and half-clothed blear-eyed women staggering along with squalid babies in their arms. Whenever they stopped at a landing, oaths and foul language sounded through the doors, so that by the time they had reached the top, Willie's heart sank lower than it had ever done before at the horrors around him. His companion opened a locked door, and silently pointed to what was within. It was a perfectly bare filthy room, without a spark of fire, a breath of fresh air, or food of any kind. There, huddled together in the dark, were three almost naked children—two, three, and five years old. They wailed faintly, like wounded animals.

'Those are the children of the women you saw fighting. They have been locked up here without food or water for twenty-eight hours!'

He passed out of the room, and opened the door of the wretched attic on the highest landing. It was reached by a ladder.

'No one,' said the Knight, 'has been here for some days. Look in and behold!'

Willie saw and shuddered. 'We can do nothing here; but it is awful, frightful! Come, and let us save those wretched children, before they perish too.'

'She put an end to herself, poor girl, in the blackness of despair. She knew not what she did,' said Sir Galahad, shutting that attic door. 'There is no one to rescue such maidens here. There is no one to teach the children while they can learn. There is no one to save them from growing up men and women such as you have seen to-night, treating their babes more cruelly than brute beasts. There are

thousands of souls and bodies perishing for want of knowledge in this place. My young knight, will you work here?’

‘I am sent here,’ answered Willie, in a choked voice. ‘So help me God, I will.’ And thus the young knight vowed his vow.

Sir Galahad shewed him much more; and told him of his fellow-warrior, the clergyman, who would shew him his place in the battle ranks, and Una hers too, when she came to London. There were giants and foes enough to fight; captives to rescue; and sinking men, women, and children, to help out of the quagmire, and set on firm footing again, and put in the right way. Enough? Enough to give work to four hundred knights, not two!

‘And the armour you must wear, you will find in your lodging when you get home,’ said Sir Galahad. ‘Farewell, brother-in-arms; I shall often see you at your post, though you see me not. Farewell, my maiden knight; may you be a brave knight, and may God strengthen you that you faint not in the fight;’ and once again he sent him home, and disappeared into the darkness.

When Willie entered his room, he found his Bible open at the last chapter of Ephesians—and then he knew what armour he must wear.

1872.

For four years Una and her brother worked side by side in that blighted wicked place. Sometimes twice, sometimes thrice, a week they went to the penny savings bank, to the night-school, to the mothers meetings, to the Sunday school, there—to whichever of these they were able to undertake.

And then came the late Franco-German war; and that winter Una went alone to her work—alone, in black. After awhile another lady, one very dear to him, accompanied her; and they brought with them a portrait of him, and hung it up in his class-room, so that the men and little children, who loved him so, should always have it among them.

But he himself never came again, for his fighting was over. He had been found lying dead on a foreign battle-field, with a red cross on his arm; shot dead while bearing a wounded man to the ambulance he belonged to; killed in the act of duty.

Has no Sir Galahad called you, Reader? Valiant knights are sorely wanted to fight those giants and hydras and fiends—and you too could be a brave knight-errant, if you only went forth clad in the armour Willie wore.

THE FRAME OF OUR MORTALITY.

It was a human skeleton, at the end of a long dark museum, and living men came and stood before it.

One man regarded it complacently, for *his* hand had articulated that wondrous frame, and restored their perfect order to its sundered parts. It was a skeleton to him—whole, polished, comely after its sort, and it was nothing more.

And another looked on it and sneered, saying within himself—‘Shall this, forsooth, be raised in glory at the Last Day? this, but the next grade of organization to the brute ape? “Man now is the first, but is he the last? is he not too base?” Would bodies that were the shrines of Deity be suffered to perish like the beasts? “they lie in the hell like sheep.” Let both live their life, serve their turn, and die and depart.’

And another looked at it reverently, and said—‘Can any man deny a God, who sees this “miracle of *design*,” its absolute perfection, the adaptation of each minutest part to its especial function? Yet some will say, “that adaptation, this structure, my own mind can conceive by logical sequence.” And whence came that power of conception itself? Till thou canst answer *this* question, O vain man, be content to adore *His* supremacy ‘Who made thee without thyself.’’

And another looked on it contemptuously, and said—‘Is *this* the miserable body for which we take such heed? Shall man be proud of thoughts conceived in this empty skull, or care what food be tasted by these insensate lips, or whither walk these feet, motionless now throughout all time? or crave for a love to be embraced by these impassive arms? Nay, why reckon we at all what be done or endured in this vile body, seeing that to-morrow we die to it and all its desires?’

And another, his companion, answered him—‘Truly, most wise is it to take heed for the body in all things, “yea, even in wretched meat and drink,” seeing that in all we may with our bodies serve Him Who made them. Be sure that the thoughts of thy brain will be reckoned for actions, good or evil, in the Day of Account; that if in earthly food thy lips have been mortified, they shall be satisfied with food immortal in Heaven; that whither thy feet have walked in life, at the end of that path they shall find themselves at their next moving; that what thine arms have embraced here, they shall hold in love or hate inseparable, hereafter for ever.’

And a girl came and stood before it, looking at it only with disgust, and said—‘What a horrible object! I can’t see the use of setting it up in this public place: all very well for monks to have a skull in their cells by way of penance; but it only makes ordinary people shrink from *dying* all the more, and I suppose that isn’t the right thing to do? Well, certainly, if we are to be like this for hundreds of years, it doesn’t matter

much what our bodies are now—only that we sha'n't be conscious of our appearance then, so we may as well do the best we can with it in the present.'

And another woman looked at it wistfully, and said—'I wish anatomists would be charitable enough to have a Requiem Mass said for all souls whose bodies they dissect. Generally speaking, they have belonged, I am told, to convicts; and think what desperate sins they may have committed in life! How long will this awful thing be waiting here? for centuries and centuries—or not another moment? What if the Resurrection should come now, and these dry bones should move, and meet their scattered flesh, and blood, and cartilage, and muscle, and sinew, in one instant, and quicken, and go forth to joy or agony for ever!'

C. G.

[They came, and are gone. But the skeleton stands there yet. Such a skeleton walks within *you*; it sits with you in your chair, whirls gaily with you in the dance, embraces your children, and to-night it will lie in your bed! Shrink not; for were that skeleton drawn out from you, your body would kiss the dust, and writhe and crawl like a worm. This flesh that you cherish and adorn, is but a bag of pulleys, which move that skeleton within you. In a few years, the worm will have removed the last vestige of your human garniture, and you will lie a motionless chain of bones, morticed up like yonder specimen. Perhaps a like fate awaits you. I know not whether your mortal parts alone would stand there, or whether you would hear the girl's loathing, or the woman's tender pity, or the anatomist's complacent laugh, or the professor's praise of the great Architect, or the scoffer's reasonings that because you resemble a beast you also have no soul, and because your body will moulder away it has never been the temple of God. But why wait until then, or for other voices? Turn thy heart within thee, ask the skeleton bravely whence it came, and what it is, and maybe there will come an answer to thy words, sweeter than life itself, which shall wrest from death the victory!]

SCOTTISH CONVALESCENT HOME.

Few who know anything of the houses of the poor in a crowded district of a large town, of the small 'room and closet,' or in many cases the room *minus* the 'closet,' in which four or five people are packed, will not be ready to acknowledge that sickly persons, or persons in the weakness of convalescence, stand very small chance of speedy recovery, and no chance at all of the very essentials towards restoration to health—i. e. free air, comfortable cooking, and judicious tendance.

Do we not hear continually from the lips of district-visitors how some one has thrown off his disease, but is low and nervous, unable to bear the bustle around him, and rendered irritable or melancholy by the constant unrest. 'If we could only get him out of that close atmosphere, away from the noise!' sighs the visitor. Or a little one pines, and the mother knows nothing of nursing a *puny* infant, and the coarse food of the family is rejected by the child, and it frets and frets, and the mother sets down its crying to ill-temper; the doctor's medicines, &c., either cannot be procured or are only used alternately with every 'auld wife's cure,' or, in the worst cases, neglected wholly. Would not our hearts bless any who would prepare a shelter for those poor little ones, for the over-worked young women who have become low and melancholy, or for the tired mother who cannot take rest because of the needs of 'the bairns.'

Such a resting-place the Sisters of St. Margaret of Scotland desire anxiously to prepare for the many poor in the city of Aberdeen and its neighbourhood. They have for four years rented a house, sometimes in one part of the suburbs, sometimes in another; and during the last six months they have received twenty-five patients.

Funds towards the support of this work have been drawn from subscriptions and donations; but the house for the convalescents has been, in every instance, far from the Mission House in the Gallowgate, and the Sisters being few, the division of their number between the two houses has been most inconvenient.

At the present time an advantageous purchase of houses could be made, in such a situation as to combine the advantages of fresh air, and sufficient nearness to the scene of their labours among the poor, to allow all the Sisters to live under the same roof with their convalescents, and to pursue their usual work among the poor in their own homes.

A legacy of £400 is available for this purchase; but £1000 more will be needed. Towards this amount the sums hereafter set down have been promised.

Aberdeenshire has been called 'the stronghold of the Church in Scotland;' but our stronghold was sadly shaken in the terrible days of persecution, when to celebrate the Holy Mysteries or to perform any sacred office in the presence of more than four persons was punishable by imprisonment, and when Christian mothers carried their babes on their backs to hold them up to the prison windows for baptism. We have come from the *snow* into the *sunshine*, but frost-nipped and chilled, shorn of much of our strength, and with much to do to repair the walls of our fortress.

Among our own people, then, we cannot expect for *all* the help we need in this endeavour to aid the weak ones and the needy; and we therefore appeal to the common love of all Churchmen within this island to one common Church, and beg for sums small or great to forward our undertaking.

May we not also remind those readers who have not passed this notice by, that St. Margaret of Scotland, who gives her name to the Mission, was an English princess; and will not the many who bear her justly honoured name send some little token in her memory?

Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR OF ST. MARGARET'S OF SCOTLAND,
GALLOWGATE, ABERDEEN.

Cheques, or Post-office Orders, to be made payable to Norval Clyne, Esq., Treasurer to the Convalescent Home; or to the Rev. J. Cowper, Aberdeen.

LENT, 1874.

(Towards £1000 required.)

	£	s.	d.
Right Honourable Earl of Crawford and Balcarras ...	300	0	0
" " Earl Forbes	20	0	0
" " Earl Glasgow	15	0	0
" " Lady Forbes	5	0	0
Lady Mary Gordon	5	0	0
G. Skene, Esq., Edinburgh	5	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
"	0	2	6
S. E. M.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. H. Lindsay	9	0	0
Captain R. Buchanan, Auchentorlie, Dumbarton	5	0	0
An Associate, Forfarshire	5	0	0
Mrs. Gordon, Cheny Castle	5	0	0
Collected by an Associate	30	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£406	2	6

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

XVIII.

THE LONDON MISSION.

ONCE again London has been passing through a Mission season. 'Missions,' in the form in which we now know them, are of quite recent growth, yet they have taken such deep root, and become, on this last occasion especially, of such importance, that we should be unwilling to pass this work by unnoticed in these pages, in which it has so long been our privilege to advocate the cause of Home Mission Work. But the Mission of which we now speak is not the first planting a Mission Church and a Missionary Clergyman in some waste place, which has been previously unsupplied with the first essentials for Divine worship; it consists rather in an enlarged and extended use of means already

possessed. It is essentially a Mission to souls—to souls that ordinary means have failed to reach.

The first distinct London Mission was held in November, 1869. It was only partially adopted; and a large proportion of the clergy evidently looked upon it as an experiment, of which they would rather await the issue, than be among the first to try. That the movement was looked upon as successful, may be gathered from the number of Missions which have since been held in various places.

The Mission is an attempt, by new and hitherto almost untried means, to bring the parochial clergy of our large towns into personal communication with those *thousands* amongst their flocks whom they never see either in church or out of it. The 'Missioner' is usually a clergyman from a distance—one who either from the surroundings amidst which his own ministry has been cast, or from a lengthened experience amongst the working-classes, has acquired the ready tact which sees at once the hindrances which stand in the way of working men—who has a quick and loving sympathy for them in their many difficulties, and is deeply imbued with the spirit which is ever ready to learn of Christ

'lost souls to love,
And view His least and worst,
With hope to meet above.'

The work of the Missions has been compared to that of the preaching Friars in the Middle Ages, and to the labours of Wesley and Whitfield in more recent times. That both these movements exercised an important influence on the religious life of this country none will deny. Surely no one could wish that they had never taken place!

Even so we believe that the results of these Missions may survive long after its most active promoters have passed away. Undoubtedly such a work as this has had its origin in some of the deepest and most sacred feelings of the heart. Something has aroused and touched the better self which is within us all, but which does not always come to the surface; and then deeper, stronger, and more intense becomes the consciousness, that, both individually and collectively, we are none of us what we ought to be, nor even what by the grace of God we might become. We need no Missionary map, with its small spots of light amid surrounding darkness, to remind us that in this wide world there are many dark wastes which have not yet been conquered in the Master's Name, and where the standard of the Cross has never yet been planted. Nay, we know that there are such wastes even at our very door! Here, in London, this great city with its almost unlimited wealth, with its luxury and its civilization, there are thousands of souls still living in darkness, because somehow the light has not reached them. Have we really done all that human agency in dependence upon Divine aid can accomplish, to seek the lost, and to bring back those who are gone astray? The 'profession' which our Baptism 'represents to us' is ever sounding in

our ears, even 'to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him;' and before us lies the great gulf, which separates what we are from what we ought to be—the perfect Example, from the marred and imperfect likeness—Christianity as our Master taught it, with all its blessed lessons of gentleness and forbearance and self-denying love; and Christianity as it is in our large towns amongst those who, alas! have never learned its lessons, and know but little of its blessed influences. Then we feel how thankfully we could welcome any special effort, any Mission which by the grace of God might help to bridge over that space, and which should stir our very heart within us, and awaken us up in greater earnestness than ever to live the life and to grow the growth which should bring us ever a little nearer to that perfect Likeness. What is it we want most?—is it more of the spirit of devotion, which loves to sit at Jesus' feet and hear His Word, or the spirit of devotedness, which longs to be up and doing His work? No doubt we all want much more of both; may both be bestowed upon us in greater abundance, as one of the blessings resulting from this Mission!

The Mission on the present occasion was intended to include the entire Metropolis, and it was sanctioned by an earnest address to all the clergy, signed by the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester. It bore the name of the late beloved and lamented Bishop of Winchester, for it was dated but a short time previous to his death.

As before, every clergyman was free to act upon his own judgement in the matter—as to any or what services should be held, or whether the Mission should be introduced at all into his own particular parish. The two Archbishops have preached in connection with the Mission; many of the Bishops have taken part in it; and a large body of the clergy have thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement. United by their common commission in the Church's service, by their common devotion to their Master's cause, and by their common love for the souls He died to save, many who may differ widely in other respects, have worked together with a unity of spirit, which recalls that last prayer of our Lord's, 'that they all may be one.' Even so slight a matter as the very general use of one little Mission Service Book, with its short prayers and versicles selected from the Prayer Book, and the 'Hymns for Parochial Missions,' published by the S. P. C. K., has not been without an influence for good in this. Surely the world may be something the better for finding out how much there is in which we are all thoroughly at one!

Some indeed have kept clear of the Mission, fearing lest some of its special modes of working should militate against that 'sober standard of feeling,' which Keble speaks of as one of the happy privileges, which the beautiful Services of our Church help to secure to us. It would indeed be a lamentable result of the Mission, if any partial or temporary religious excitement should take the place of the life which is hid with Christ in God, or that a dependence upon human feeling

should displace the simple 'looking unto Jesus,' and the entire resting upon the salvation which He has wrought for us, which is the main-spring of a rightly-directed religious life, and which is maintained within us by a right use of those Divine ordinances of religion which our Church provides for her children, and which we can only neglect at the peril of our souls. Without this dependence how vague and unreal would our religion become: it is only in leaning upon the Strong for strength that we are enabled to realize that His strength is made perfect in our weakness. It is a pity that the word 'sensational' should ever have been applied to that which in itself had not of necessity anything sensational about it. That there may sometimes have been errors in judgement in the methods of carrying out the Mission is quite possible. What human work is without! But these need not detract from the great importance of the work itself; and after all, there is little fear of too much religious enthusiasm in these days. Our greater danger, perhaps, lies in the coldness and indifference from which we need to be aroused.

The Mission brings before us three distinct aims. Its first great work is the endeavour to win souls living in darkness and indifference to the knowledge and the love of God. Its next is to deepen and strengthen the spiritual life of those who are already workers for God, but who need (oh, how greatly do we all need this!) a more entire consecration to His service, a more unreserved obedience to the lesson contained in the words, 'Let him deny himself, and take up the Cross, and follow Me.' The third special object which the Mission brings before us, is that it is a time set apart for earnest united prayer, for heartfelt intercession in behalf of all who need our prayers. Let us remember that the Mission has not been observed exclusively by Churchmen only: others not of our own Communion have taken an active part, by holding special services, and joining their intercessions with our own. Some churches, too, which took no other special part in the Mission, and were unable to provide any extra services, joined their brethren in supplication for a blessing on its work.

It is here perhaps that we see the working of the Mission in one of its most solemn forms. Earnest, frequent, and incessant, as were the supplications offered up, it is to the early morning service that we look as the special service of intercession. The day in nearly every case commenced with the Celebration of the Holy Communion, at eight, seven, six, or even in some cases *five*, o'clock in the morning. We have to think now of surely the more earnest-minded among our fellow-Christians, who, taking London altogether, gather not by units or tens, or hundreds even, but by thousands, round the Holy Table, there to plead the merits of the One Oblation once offered; there to implore a blessing on the day's work; there, at the foot of the Cross, to lay the burthen of all their failures, all their mistakes in the past, and to seek for a fuller outpouring of God's Holy Spirit—all united in their one aim, their one fervent desire, that the Gospel of Love may be brought home to souls

ignorant of its blessed message, and that the wandering sheep may be safely led into the Good Shepherd's Fold. Can we imagine that all these prayers have been offered up in vain? Would not our Master say to us, 'Where is your faith?' We cannot even forget the poet's words—

'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.'

In every case the services for the day were arranged to suit the exigencies of the particular neighbourhood. Sometimes it was a short mid-day service, intended more especially for those who, as District Visitors, Teachers, or Helpers, in some way were workers for God in the parish, and in some way or other belonged to the parochial staff. Sometimes it was the Litany, and a short address intended for men of business, in the brief interval of the day's work, or a late afternoon service when the day's duty was over. Or special services for Children, or for Servants, or for Mothers, arrangements being made by which their little ones could be taken care of at the school or elsewhere, in order to leave them entirely free during the service. But in every case the evening service and the after-meeting was the great feature of the Mission, and that which especially gave it a Missionary character. Sometimes these meetings were prolonged to a very late hour in the night; and in many cases, long after ordinary people had retired to rest, the Mission Clergyman might still have been found amongst the people, pleading with and for them, teaching over again, as it were, the very alphabet of the Christian Faith to some who had long ago forgotten, if indeed they had in childhood learned, of One who said, 'I AM THE WAY;' recalling to the memories of some the too long neglected prayers of their younger and more innocent days; and teaching in all gentleness and love some simple words of prayer to others who had, it may be, never learned to pray at all. The hours at which services have been held are one of the chief peculiarities of the Mission; but we must remember that there are some people who never could be reached at all, except at most exceptional times; and the Mission would have lacked one of its chief objects if it had not at least made an endeavour to reach all classes. What is to be done in the case of men who go out to work at perhaps five o'clock in the morning, or even earlier, taking their breakfast at some coffee-stall in the streets, as they go forth in the quiet darkness which precedes day-break, and who do not return to their homes again till ten o'clock at night or even later? What is to be done for the thousands of men employed by the Omnibus and Tramway Companies, who, both on week-days and Sundays, ordinarily work from early morning till midnight, and who seldom see their own children except in their sleep—till indeed they are old enough to be the bearers of father's dinner or of father's tea, and can come to the yard, where a few minutes interval is allowed for meals?

We may see a little Mission Church in the South of London; and at

the Sunday morning service held on purpose for them may be found numbers of the men employed by the Tramway Company, who have been kindly allowed to begin their Sunday work some hours later than usual on this occasion, in order that they may have the opportunity of attending this Mission service. Or in another neighbourhood notices are put up that the shops will be closed at an earlier hour than usual, in order that business may not interfere with the Mission services. Or the proprietor of a large nursery-garden invites the Missioner to come and address the men in his employ; or the gates of a large cemetery are thrown open for the same purpose, that the men whose work lies among the graves of the dead, may learn how Christian men should live so as to be ready for death. Or in another direction some few are standing together in the corner of a churchyard, apparently fearing to enter the church in their working-clothes; and then and there the Missionary is ready to address them. Or the great gas works are thrown open, in order that the Missioner may take advantage of the leisure hour allowed for dinner to address about one hundred and fifty men at once, urging them not only to listen to the Gospel invitation then, but to come to the evening service as well. As they press round him to shake hands, many a one promises to do so, and is gladly recognized both at the service and the after-meeting. Here all who are willing to remain after the service, for the more simple and familiar teaching of the evening meeting, are invited into the vestry, a large room capable of holding two or three hundred persons; yet even this becomes so crowded, that every seat has to be removed to make standing-room for those who are eager to come in. In all cases the Mission has been indebted for a large measure of its success in reaching numbers, to the readiness with which masters and employers of labour have given every facility in their power to the men in their employ to attend the services provided for them, or to invite and encourage the Missioner to address them within their own premises.

Let us picture to ourselves one of the parishes in which the Mission has, if we may use such a phrase, been most thoroughly worked—that is, in which both the clerical and lay helpers have spared no effort to bring the invitation of the Mission home, if possible, to *every soul* in the parish. The lay helpers have gone forth with persevering and unwearied earnestness on the first Sunday and throughout the week; and now the second Sunday has arrived. When the afternoon comes, the helpers go forth by twos and threes, and there are some working men with them who join in their efforts. They enter into the streets and lanes of the parish, pausing to sing a verse or two of a hymn. One by one windows are opened, that the inmates of the different rooms may hear what is going on. There are numbers in every house, (from one alone ten men were especially invited to the Mission;) they are spending their Sunday just as so many do spend it. The Sunday pipe is in their mouths, the Sunday newspaper is in their hands; there is no thought of public

worship, for the habit has been long since lost; no preparation for the life to come, for all thought is absorbed by the things of this present life; no looking forward to that 'keeping of a Sabbath,' which remaineth for the people of God, and of which our earthly Day of Rest is a type and a foretaste. Then these street Missionaries invite them, urge them, beg them to come to church that very evening, before the Mission closes. They address the passers-by in the streets, they go from house to house, knocking at every door on this one errand, promising to call for them before church-time; and when the hour for Evening Service has arrived, the Church-wardens stand at the church doors to request the regular congregation to adjourn for this occasion to the service in the school-room, in order that the great crowd of these invited ones who have gathered together may come in. These things are encouraging, for they prove that the Mission has been made the means of reaching many who would otherwise never have been reached at all. Indeed, in cases too numerous to mention, the Mission has been the means of bringing to the House of God those who previously had been entire strangers to its sacred services. One such instance we heard of, in the case of a young woman who had long neglected public worship—in fact, who had not for years entered a church. The district visitor invited her, urged her to come—in fact, brought her to the church. She was much struck with what she heard, and deeply impressed with the Missionary's sermon. She and the visitor left the church together; long they remained in conversation: we may imagine something of what passed—how the one would urge the other, whose soul had been thus newly-aroused to a sense of its responsibility, to come at once to the Saviour. Ere they parted, the visitor, finding that she possessed no Bible, gave her one with her own name written in it. Dare we follow any further? If we could, we might perhaps hear the long-forgotten prayers poured forth from an earnest heart, and the long-neglected Scriptures directing to the 'Name,' which is above every name; the one only 'Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' One thing we know she did that evening. It was to write a long loving letter to her mother, full of the earnest feelings which now stirred her heart. Shall we follow her the next day? If we do, we shall find the visitor at one of the London Hospitals. An accident case had been brought in, a young woman run over in the streets, and in her pocket was a Bible, with the lady's name written in it. She lived some hours after her admission; so there was time enough to summon her mother to her bed-side—time enough, too, for her own fervent expression of devout thankfulness to God that *this* did not happen yesterday. How deeply thankful did the visitor feel that her companion of the previous evening had not been called thus suddenly away, ere the blessed message of the Gospel of love had been permitted to reach her, 'There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

During the Mission Week there occurred one of the largest, and in regard

to the property destroyed one of the most disastrous, fires which have happened for years in London. While nearly all the engines and fire-men in London were engaged at the Pantechnicon in endeavouring to subdue the flames, the prayers of the congregation were asked on their behalf at the Mission service in a church close by. Perhaps it would have encouraged them in their arduous work had they known it—at least it could not have failed to cheer them in that awful moment, when, by the falling of a part of the roof, an iron door suddenly closed, and shut in a body of fire-men who were engaged in that part of the building. By a great effort it was forced open, and they were set free from the imminent danger they were in of a sudden and dreadful death. The burning flakes fell within sight of many a congregation on that evening; and when at ten o'clock the Missioner and the choristers from a neighbouring church came out into the streets, though the fire was subdued, and the excitement in a great measure over, there was still a crowd lingering about—a crowd which perhaps could not be addressed at any other opportunity; so beginning with a hymn, the Missioner waited till their attention was attracted, and then invited them to return with him to the church—an invitation which some amongst them accepted.

Enough has been said to prove that the Mission has really reached hundreds, probably thousands, who would not have been reached otherwise; and the fervent heart-felt Thanksgiving Service which followed in St. Paul's Cathedral expressed truly enough the feelings of those who have taken part in it. To each and all we may say, in the words of the poet—

‘Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last
In joy to find it after many days.
The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part:
Choose to believe, not see: sight tempts the heart
From sober walking in true Gospel ways.’

Perhaps the Mission will have helped to point out how much there is yet to be done, and will have opened out new ways, by which even the most apparently hopeless and most difficult of access may be brought to listen to the message of Love delivered in the spirit of love.

‘Even so, who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shin'd.’

The Mission is over, but its work remains—that work of winning souls, which ever needs to be carried on with more unwearied love, with more unwavering earnestness. Every year one great Home Mission Work of the Church is brought before us in London in the month of May, by the usual Rogation Sunday collections in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund. Let us remember that that Mission work still needs our strongest efforts; and in this and every other cause may we be kept

from a faithless looking for results, as if the work was one which could be measured by any human computation. The results, whatever they may be, are in our Master's hands. Enough for us the promise, 'Thou shalt find it after many days.'

IVANOVNA.

THE OWL AND THE ASS.

AN INNOCENT FABLE.

ONCE on a time, no matter when,
Nor under what a king,
But so it was, in yonder wood
An Owl began to sing ;

With phiz so grave, and whoop so loud,
He made a learned din,
And all the burden of his song
Was—'O! the light within!

This inward light, this jewel hid,
Is all in all to me,
By it I know, I judge, and act,
Nor would I wish to see.

What blockheads call external guides,
I'm wiser far without ;
And had I eyes as others have,
I'd surely pluck them out.

No foreign help do I require,
To guide my flights of youth,
For *common sense* is all I need
To lead me into truth.

When in self-cogitation wrapt,
I use my light innate,
'Tis then I search th' eternal laws
Of nature and of fate.

Your outward light may be of use
To yonder herd of fools ;
The light within is what directs
Philosophers and owls.'

An Ass, who long had been his friend,
 Pricks up his leathern ears,
 And gapes and swallows every note,
 Like music of the spheres.

'So sweet a song, so wondrous sweet!
 Was ever such a strain?
 And O! my dearest Doctor Owl,
 Repeat it o'er again.'

Charm'd with the sound of booby's praise,
 The self-taught Sage agrees,
 And makes additions here and there,
 A second time to please.

Then o'er and o'er, like minstrels meet,
 They both in concert act,
 And what the one demurely sings,
 The other echoes back.

And now the Ass is qualified
 To play the teacher's part,
 Till every ass in yonder wood
 Has got the song by heart.

Thrice happy age above what has
 In former ages been!
 And blest the land, above all lands,
 Where such rare sights are seen!

Philosophy shall surely now
 Her blossoms wide expand,
 And good old heathen wisdom shed
 Her blessings o'er the land.

Long therefore may Minerva's bird
 Possess unrival'd fame,
 And long may all the long-eared tribe
 Their praises loud proclaim!

REV. JOHN SKINNER. (BORN 1721.)

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1874.

PSALM LXXVII.

Voce mea ad Dominum.

I was in trouble, and I sought the Lord ;
It was indeed a cry, and not a prayer ;
My soul her speechless supplication poured,
And seemed to ask for comfort in despair.

I know He heard me ; for amid my pain
Came thoughts of old and half-forgotten years ;
Hope, like a storm-beat bird, came back again,
And, softly warbling, shamed my gathering tears.

I could not think my Lord had suffered change—
All faith, all memory, with the notion strove ;
I thought it must indeed be passing strange—
Had He forgotten that His Name was Love ?

And so I hushed my sad and sobbing heart,
So slow its feeble self to understand ;
I said, Be still, O trembler that thou art !
Dash not thy wings against the Healer's hand.

Surely I will remember Thee, my Lord,
Cease this distrustful and unworthy strife,
Think on the mercy in Thy bosom stored,
And muse on that long miracle, Thy life.

Strength perfected in weakness for our sake,
That we in weakness might grow strong to bear ;
Thine Arm outstretched upon the Cross, to take
All grief, all suffering, into refuge there.

Shrouded in sadness to the common crowd
 Who tracked Thy gracious Feet from place to place,
 Although Thy ceaseless wonders cried aloud
 That this was the Redeemer of the race.

Asleep upon the bosom of the lake,
 The troubled waters saw Thee; and they knew,
 Before the fearful rowers cried, 'Awake!'
 That God Himself was with that timid crew.

When a Voice came from Heaven at Thy request,
 The people said it thundered. Only three
 Saw Thee in lightning vesture; and the rest
 The Light shining in darkness could not see.

And yet the world *was* lightened; east and west
 Felt the uplifting of the Son of man;
 Earth shook and trembled, as her stricken breast
 Drank the red stream that from her Saviour's ran.

O Master, we would also feel and see!
 But even to us Thy footsteps are not known;
 Thy way is still in that mysterious sea
 Which beats and breaks for ever round Thy Throne.

Thou who didst lead Thy people once like sheep,
 A feeble flock through greater waters bring;
 Moses and Aaron in the desert sleep—
 Be Thou our Shepherd, Prophet, Priest, and King!
M. C.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. LUKE, III. 1-22.

1 Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituræa and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene,

2 Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the Wilderness.

3 And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins;

4 As it is written in the book of the words of Esaias the prophet, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight :

5 Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low ; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth ;

6 And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

7 Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father : for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

9 And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees : every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

10 And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then ?

11 He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

12 Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do ?

13 And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

14 And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do ? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely ; and be content with your wages.

15 And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not ;

16 John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water ; but One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of Whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose : He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire :

17 Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and will gather the wheat into His garner ; but the chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable.

18 And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

19 But Herod the tetrarch, being reprov'd by him for Herodias his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Herod had done,

20 Added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison.

21 Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened.

22 And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him, and a Voice came from Heaven, which said, 'Thou art My beloved Son : in Thee I am well pleased.

ST. MATTHEW, III. 1-17.

1 In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa,

2 And saying, Repent ye : for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

3 For this is He that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.

4 And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins ; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan,

6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7 But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.

9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

10 And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:

12 Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbad Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered Him.

16 And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him;

17 And lo a Voice from Heaven, saying, This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.

ST. MARK, I. 1-11.

1 The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

2 As it is written in the prophets, Behold I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee.

3 The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.

4 John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

5 And there went out unto him all the land of Judæa, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.

6 And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey;

7 And preached, saying, There cometh One mightier than I after me, the latchet of Whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8 I indeed have baptized you with water: but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

9 And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

10 And straightway coming up out of the water, He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him:

11 And there came a Voice from Heaven, saying, Thou art My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.

ST. JOHN, I. 1-28.

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made.

4 In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through Him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.

11 He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.

12 But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name ;

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

15 John bare witness of Him, and cried, saying, This was He of Whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me : for He was before me.

16 And of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace.

17 For the Law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

18 No man hath seen God at any time ; the only begotten Son, Which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

19 And this is the record of John, when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou ?

20 And he confessed, and denied not ; but confessed, I am not the Christ.

21 And they asked him, What then ? Art thou Elias ? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet ? And he answered, No.

22 Then said they unto him, Who art thou ? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself ?

23 He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

24 And they which were sent were of the Pharisees.

25 And they asked him, and said unto him, Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet ?

26 John answered them, saying, I baptize with water ; but there standeth One among you, Whom ye know not ;

27 He it is, Who coming after me is preferred before me, Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.

28 These things were done in Bethabara beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing.

'I AM afraid there is no chance of Papa's coming to-day,' said Cecilia.

'No ; he told me to say that he was busy now,' said May, 'but perhaps he might come in before we had done.'

'I hope he will, for these first few verses are rather puzzling ; I want him to tell us about the different places and people ; and if we get down to the end of the chapter, we come to those dreadful genealogies, which I cannot understand.'

'Well, perhaps he will come before we get to them ; but make haste, or Mamma will come and find us not ready.'

A few minutes sufficed to get out the books ; and the girls had hardly begun to wait, when the door opened, and their mother came in.

* * * * *

'When did Tiberius begin to reign ?' asked Cecilia, when they had done reading.

‘He began to reign alone A. D. 14, but he had reigned two years before in conjunction with Augustus; it is from the earlier period that this is reckoned. The real time of our Lord’s birth is supposed to have been three or four years before the date which we call *Anno Domini*. You know, I think, that the date of the building of Rome is 753 B. C., or in other words, that the commonly received date of our Lord’s birth is 753 A. U. C.—in the year of the foundation of the city, *i. e.* the building of Rome. But the death of Herod the Great took place A. U. C. 750, and Jesus was certainly born before his death. Tiberius began to reign with Augustus, A. U. C. 765 (A. D. 12); and our Saviour must have been fifteen or sixteen then, if the fifteenth year of Tiberius’ reign corresponded with the thirtieth of His life, or His attainment of the full age of thirty.

‘I see,’ said Cecilia; ‘Christ must have been born 749 or 750 years after the building of Rome; and then He would be in His thirtieth year, or really thirty, in 779 A. U. C., the fifteenth year of Tiberius’ reign, A. D. 26.’

‘Yes, you may write it down thus:—

A. D.	A. U. C.	
	749 (or 750)	Birth of Christ.
	750	Death of Herod.
0	753	Date of Christian Era.
12	765	Tiberius began to reign with Augustus.
14	767	Tiberius reigned alone.
26 (or 27)	779 (or 780)	Fifteenth year of Tiberius, Jesus began to be thirty years of age.

‘Pontius Pilate,’ continued Mrs. Dalton, ‘was the Procurator of Judea, appointed in A. D. 25, removed A. D. 36 for cruelty. Herod Antipas and Philip held the tetrarchies to which they had succeeded on the death of Herod the Great.’

‘Where were Iturea and Trachonitis and Abilene?’

‘They all lay to the north of Palestine. Iturea was a small province, to the east of Mount Hermon; and Trachonitis joined it on the east. Abilene lay along the eastern ridge of Anti-Libanus; its capital, Abila, of which the remains are still found, stood on the river Barada, about eighteen miles above Damascus. We find that there was a tetrarch named Lysanias ruling over Abila some few years later than this, and he probably is the same person.’

‘How were there two High-priests?’ asked May. ‘I thought there could only be one.’

‘There was lawfully only one; but the High-priesthood was suffering from the confusion into which the preponderance of the Roman power had thrown the Jewish State. The High-priests were constantly displaced by the Roman Government: Annas had been removed by them;

and it is supposed that he is called High-priest as being so by right, while Caiaphas, his son-in-law, was appointed by the Roman power. Annas was a man of great consideration among the Jews; five of his sons were appointed High-priests.

‘And now,’ continued Mrs. Dalton, ‘the time was come when John was to enter, not upon the priesthood which he would have inherited, but upon that far higher mission to which he had been set apart, and for which he had been preparing without the aid of man, in solitude and silence, during thirty years. His age is not mentioned, but we may infer it from our Lord’s.’

‘His mission was to bring people to Jesus,’ said May.

‘Yes; to startle, to alarm, to awaken them. He was to act on the corrupt slumbering Jewish people as a violent shock will sometimes act either on a nation or on the mind of a man—rousing it from its deadness, and giving it a violent impulse sufficient to enable it to cast off the lethargy in which it is sunk, and if followed up, to lead it to a real change of heart and life. All men were stirred by the preaching of John the Baptist, all men were roused to think that the Messiah was come or coming; and those who would might learn that the long-expected Messiah was not John, but the Man whom he called “the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,” upon Whom he saw the Holy Ghost descending, while a Voice from Heaven pronounced Him to be the beloved Son of God.’

‘That prophecy here mentioned is from the fortieth of Isaiah, is it not?’ said May.

‘Yes; it speaks of the work done by pioneers in preparing the road for a monarch’s progress; and that was the work which John had to do. He was to prepare the way for Christ in the hearts of men. Christ drew no attention to Himself, except as His miracles excited wonder; He came eating and drinking, living as other men. John’s mode of life resembling that which was recorded of the old prophets, the prophecy that Elijah should come again, his preaching—all drew men’s attention to him; and many were living who could remember his birth; and the attention that was drawn towards him, he directed to Jesus. Great as he was, he was but, as it were, the stepping-stone to lead to Christ; he was the Herald before the Mighty Prince, who Himself did neither strive nor cry. No words can express the difference between himself and Jesus more strongly than his—“Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear.”’

‘John was about thirty years old before the Word of God came to him,’ said May. ‘Thirty years seems a long time to wait before beginning his mission.’

‘I think,’ said Mrs. Dalton thoughtfully, ‘if we had read the history of John the Baptist in any other book, we should be inclined to look upon it with regret, and consider it a life in great measure wasted, and untimely out short. We are ready enough to believe that God’s

Providence watched over those of whom we read in the Bible—indeed, we are rather apt to err the other way, and forget that they were men like ourselves; but I think if we had known about a man who had been for thirty years preparing to do some special work for God, and then, after working for a few months or years, had first been stopped from his work, and then had died, we should lament over him, not merely with sorrow, but with a feeling that his death was untimely, that he *ought* to have lived longer—forgetting that God took him because his time was come, and God alone could judge that the work given him to do was done.'

'Was Baptism ever used among the Jews?' asked Cecilia.

'Baptism was in use among the Jews, for the admission of proselytes; on that point there seems to be no doubt. Men, women, and children, converted from the heathen, were baptized, for the symbolical washing away of the defilements of heathenism, before they were received into the Jewish Covenant. Besides that, your father was told by a clergyman, a converted Jew, that Baptism is used for admission into the sect of the Pharisees. The Jews were accustomed to connect the idea of washing in water with cleansing from legal defilement, though not from actual sin. The Mosaic Law is full of such commands; and it seems very evident, that the great multitude of Jews who gathered round John the Baptist saw a fitness and propriety in his baptizing, and had no difficulty in understanding the object of it. Their only perplexity seems to be expressed in the words, "Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?" If he thus not only preached, but baptized, it must be to inaugurate a new state of things; no one ought to do that unless he were either the expected Messiah, or at least one of the old prophets returned to earth. John replies by drawing their attention to One mightier than himself—One, to Whose Baptism his was only introductory, (St. John, i. 25, 26; St. Luke, iii. 15-17.) Who should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and Who—John continues, looking forward to the end—should gather the wheat into His garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'

'What was the object and purpose of John's Baptism?' said May.

'I think the words, "The baptism of repentance for the remission of sin," sufficiently explain it to us. It did more than any Jewish baptism, for it washed away not only legal defilement, but sin; yet it did not confer the blessings conferred by Christian Baptism.'

'I think there is some mention of the Baptism of John in the Acts, is there not?' said May.

'Yes,' said Cecilia; 'surely Apollos had been baptized with John's Baptism?'

'He had; and there were certain other disciples whom Paul found at Ephesus, and baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and then bestowed on them the gift of the Holy Ghost, of Whom they had not heard before.' (Acts, xviii. 25; xix. 1-6, &c.)

'I see,' said May, 'in the 16th verse of this chapter, John contrasts his own Baptism and that of Jesus; his was the baptism of water, but that of Jesus was with the Holy Ghost and fire.'

'Did Jesus Himself baptize?' said Ellen.

'I remember,' said May, 'it says in St. John that Jesus Himself baptized not, but His disciples.' (St. John, iv. 2.)

'The mission of John,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'seems to have been to awaken those to whom he preached, to warn them of the impending danger to the unrepentant, to destroy the trust of the Jews in the favour bestowed by God upon their forefathers, and to arouse, by his threats and commands, that deep feeling of sin, of its exceeding sinfulness, and its danger, which alone could lead his hearers to fly to the Saviour: we need to feel our sinfulness, as well as the mercy of God. Forgiveness is no boon to a man who forgets that he has sinned. A man must see that his sins have alienated him from God, before he can care for a mediator who shall reconcile him; and this was the danger of the Jewish nation. "We be Abraham's seed," "We have one Father, even God," was the fixed feeling of the leaders of the Church. The offer of forgiveness, atonement, reconciliation, they treated as an insult. But if any who heard John were really roused and terrified, they must have felt the full force of his words, "Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."' (St. John, i. 29.)

'Those are fearful words,' said May—'"O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come!"'

'St. Matthew applies them only to the Pharisees, to whom our Lord afterwards speaks in the same terms. They are full of warning. We learn, that even those thus spoken to might be saved if they would repent; but we learn also, that nothing but repentance would avail when the great crisis came. They could not trust to their descent from Abraham—God was able to raise up children to Abraham from the very stones on the brink of Jordan; and because of their refusal to repent, and believe on the Messiah whom John announced, God did destroy their Temple and their worship, level their city, and scatter their nation; while He took into covenant with Himself the Gentiles, hardly less despised, and far more abhorred, than the stones under their feet, and made of us the children of Abraham. (See Gal. iii. 6-9.) We must be on our guard,' continued Mrs. Dalton; 'for, with the privileges of the chosen nation, we have inherited their responsibilities. Our privileges cannot save us; neither our nominal Christianity, nor a pious ancestry, nor belonging to a Christian nation, nor the religious ceremonies and external worship which we join in, will do more for us than they did for the Pharisees. We must, each for himself or herself, bring forth fruit, or we shall be cut down, cast into the fire, and burned; (See St. John, xv. 1-8.) or, to employ the simile used farther on, when the Messiah shall come with His winnowing fan to

separate the good wheat from the chaff, the chaff shall be burned, the good wheat alone shall be gathered into the garner.'

'John the Baptist gives very plain and direct answers to those who come to him,' said May.

'Yes: and what repentance was then it is now—not a mere vague wish to be better, not even lamenting over sins; but forsaking our sins, and if we cannot forsake them immediately, striving against them, crucifying them by slow degrees, even those that do most easily beset us, the parting with which is like parting with life; incessantly fighting until we have conquered them, and the doing good in those instances in which we have formerly sinned.'

'His first command is, to be charitable to those in need,' said Ellen.

'The two coats, which he desires those who have them to share with others, were the common tight-fitting dress or tunic worn by the Jews, of which one was ordinarily worn, sometimes with another garment over it; but travellers usually wore two, of which the outer was the longer. The disciples, you may remember, when they were sent on their first mission through Judæa, were to take neither bread, nor money, nor scrip; they were to be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats. The word, which is translated "naked," means having on only this one garment without any over it.'

'I suppose the Publicans made use of their power to extort money from the people,' said Cecilia.

'The revenues of the provinces of the empire were farmed out to persons, often Roman nobles, who paid a certain sum, and repaid themselves by what they could collect. They employed as their agents the men who are called Publicans in the New Testament; and these again men below them, who collected for them. It is probable that Zaccheus, who was a chief among the Publicans, belonged to the middle class of these three; and Matthew, who actually sat at the receipt of custom, to the lowest. Each of the three classes wanted to enrich itself before the money reached the Roman treasury; and it is easy to understand that they would have great opportunities of extortion, and the conquered people little chance of redress. The soldiers, too, made use of their power, as belonging to the governing nation, to commit acts of violence, and extort money by false accusations. Their wages were small, and were made up by grants of land when they returned from a victorious campaign. Just notice how, with the Publicans and soldiers, John enjoins upon them the very lowest duties, mere abstinence from wrong-doing.'

'No wonder that the Jews imagined that John was the Christ or the Messiah,' said Cecilia, 'when he came among them in this way.'

'John the Baptist is a great example of single-mindedness in the way in which he rejected the honours that were paid him, and turned men's attention to Christ. Read the account of his answers to the Jews in St. John, i. 19, and following verses.'

'He called himself "the voice of one crying in the wilderness,"' said May.

'Yes; thus directing their attention to the well-known prophecy of Isaiah, of the coming of the Lord. And afterwards, when some of his disciples, as it seems, rather envious of the increasing attention paid to Christ, told John that all men came to Him, John's answer is an unequivocal testimony to the great power of Christ. It is a beautiful instance of what we find in some of the holiest of God's saints—all wish for self-aggrandisement being absorbed in the single desire for the advancement of God's glory, and the doing of His Will.' (See also Numbers, xiv. 11-19.)

'It was not just at this time that Herod shut up John in prison,' said Cecilia.

'No; we find in St. John that the Baptist continued his ministry till after the first Passover, when the buyers and sellers were driven out of the Temple. (St. John, iii. 23, 24.) His death seems to have occurred just before the Feeding of the Five Thousand, and therefore a short time previous to the Passover a year before our Lord's Crucifixion.' (St. Matt. xiv.; St. John, vi.)

'There is more about our Saviour's Baptism in St. Matthew's Gospel,' said May.

'He gives the account of John's objection on the score of his own inferiority. You may read the passage.' (St. Matt. iii. 13, &c.)

'Christ's Baptism always seems such a mysterious subject,' said May. 'I often wonder what was the meaning of it.'

'Doubtless one object was to inaugurate that rite, which was to be the means of admission to His own Covenant—to "sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin." Another may have been, to connect the Old and New Testaments, by submitting both to Circumcision and to Baptism; though He, who was the sinless Son of God, could have needed neither rite. And yet another, to set His seal upon John's commission. At His Baptism, Jesus was consecrated to His own office and ministry; He received the testimony of His Father in Heaven to His Sonship; and the Third Person of the Trinity came down in a bodily shape like a dove, and rested upon Him: He was, as St. Peter says, anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power. What mysterious strength He Himself derived, for the terrible conflict with all the powers of evil that awaited Him, and for the ministry to which He dedicated Himself, we cannot tell; for, as I said before, we cannot understand Christ's two natures.'

'John seems to have known Jesus,' said Ellen.

'And yet,' said Cecilia, 'he says in St. John's Gospel, "I knew Him not." It puzzles me.'

'The two passages are a little difficult to reconcile,' said Mrs. Dalton. 'I think the best explanation is, that John knew our Lord—Who, you must remember, was His kinsman according to the flesh—as a Man of

perfect purity and blameless life, far holier than himself, more fit to confer, than to receive, the Baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; but that he did not know Him to be the Messiah, for Whom he had been preparing the way. St. Matthew dwells more upon our Saviour's Baptism in itself. St. Luke connects it with the baptism of the multitude, and mentions the fact of our Lord's praying.'

'I have been wanting to ask you, Mamma,' said Ellen, 'about the locusts John ate; they were the locust-bean, were they not?'

'The fruit of the carob tree,' put in Cecilia.

'I used to think so,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'but I find I was mistaken. The locusts here mentioned were the real locusts, the winged grasshopper locust; the Greek word means that, not the bean.'

'But one could not eat grasshoppers!' exclaimed Ellen.

'And they only come at times,' said Cecilia.

'They are much larger than grasshoppers, and they are now used as food by the Arabs, cooked in various ways; and I think they are preserved by being salted, or dried in the sun. They were allowed, by the Levitical Law, to be eaten.' (Lev. xi. 22.)

There was a slight pause for a few moments before going on to the following verses, broken by Cecilia exclaiming, 'There is Papa! I hear his step!' The step, however, did not come towards the school-room; and with her mother's leave Cecilia ran out to ask whether he were coming. 'In a few minutes,' was the answer she brought back; and they sat waiting, beguiling the time with a little desultory conversation on what they had read. May expressed a wonder, which her mother owned to having felt, that our Saviour and John the Baptist should both have reached the age of thirty years before they began their ministry, and that it then should have lasted so short a time.

'There is a beautiful sermon in Vaughan's "Words from the Gospels," on those thirty years which Jesus passed unknown, unseen, obscured. He dwells on the humiliation they involved; on the comfort the thought of them ought to be to many who, while they long to do some great work for God, spend their whole lives humbly, obscurely, as those thirty years were spent; and on the lesson they teach us, of long preparation and of waiting till the time comes for work, not hastily rushing at it. You must read the Sermon; it is the thirteenth.

'I have often felt surprised,' continued Mrs. Dalton, 'at the length of time which has elapsed in preparation, as it were, for the purposes of the Almighty. As a single instance, we see that it is now more than eighteen hundred years since the Apostles were first commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature, yet the greater part of the world still lieth in darkness; while in the four thousand years that elapsed before, only one small nation had the power of hearing the Name of the true God.'

'Our Saviour's Ministry lasted three years and a half, did it not?' said Cecilia.

'So it is generally believed; but some suppose that it was only two years and a half. The question turns on the number of Passovers mentioned by St. John, who marks the time most exactly.'

'Let me tell you which they were,' said Cecilia.

'I would rather tell you, as I do not want you to get confused. There was the first, when, in the beginning of His Ministry, Christ drove the buyers and sellers out of the Temple; one when the five thousand were fed, mentioned in the sixth chapter of St. John; and the last, when our Lord was crucified. This makes three; and as Christ's Ministry began a short time before the first Passover, it would make its whole duration rather more than two years, about two years and a half. Besides these, there is a feast of the Jews, mentioned by St. John in the fifth chapter, and it is not known whether that be another Passover; if it be, it of course lengthens His Ministry by one year. Of those who would be likely to know the meaning of the expression, "a feast," some say that it means the Passover; others, that it means one of the lesser feasts—probably the Feast of Purim, which was a month before the Passover: and I cannot tell which is most likely to be true; but I think the general opinion is that His Ministry lasted for three years and a half.

'The whole question of the arrangement of the events in our Saviour's life is involved in difficulties that cannot be overcome. It makes the task somewhat easier, if we suppose that the narratives of St. Mark and St. Luke, which run parallel up to the Feeding of the Five Thousand, relate the events of our Lord's life in the order in which they really happened up to that time; (St. Mark, vi.; St. Luke, ix.; St. Matt. xiv.) while before that, in St. Matthew's Gospel, events and discourses are grouped together according to their spiritual significance. After that, St. Matthew and St. Mark relate, in the same order, many events which are omitted by St. Luke. Then all three record the Transfiguration; (St. Matt. xvii.; St. Mark, ix.; St. Luke, ix.) and after that, St. Luke's account is quite independent, relating some things told by the other two Evangelists in a different connection, and some omitted by them; till all three relate that the young children were brought to Jesus; (St. Matt. xix.; St. Mark, x.; St. Luke, xviii.) and the three narratives continue with some degree of uniformity, much interrupted, however, till the end. But even if we suppose this, there are some few differences which, in the present state of our knowledge, we cannot reconcile, and I warn you that I shall not attempt to do so; it is far better to leave difficulties than to make out a false solution of them, which will only throw us into greater perplexities.'

'I suppose we are not meant to know,' said May.

'I suppose not: it is very remarkable to contrast the increasing insight into the spiritual meaning, and the vivid realization of the persons and events mentioned in the Gospels, which we gain by studying them, with the hopelessness, which only seems to increase as we

study, of making a complete harmony of the Gospels. I attempted it once, and am glad I did, for the necessary study of the Gospels made them, to my mind, real and vivid as life, instead of dull and dead as an outlined picture; but I never attained my object; and I have since seen several harmonies, all apparently good, and all different. The one I chiefly hold to is Bishop Ellicott's, which seems reasonable, and is justified and explained in the continuous narrative which he writes.'

Mrs. Dalton paused a moment, and then continued, 'I believe no words can express the blessing of constant study of the Gospels, with prayer, with our best intelligence, and with every kind of illustration.'

'Here comes Papa!' exclaimed Ellen, as he entered.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXI.

THE DIET OF WURMS.

1520-1523.

To convoke a Diet of the Empire was necessarily the first office of a new King of the Romans, and Charles V. appointed his first to meet at Wurms on the 15th of January, 1521. As usual, the two great matters for deliberation were a crusade against the Infidels and the new opinions.

These opinions had received a great impulse since the Diet of Augsburg. Then Luther had gone to defend his opinions as a son of the Church; now he was in open opposition.

Wittenburg had already become the haunt of all who desired to understand Scriptural truth. Greek and Hebrew were taught there, and the professor of the first of these was one Philipp Schwarzerd, or, as in the fashion of the day he preferred to translate his name, (black earth,) Melancthon. He was the son of an armourer of Bretten, and though he was but eleven years old when his father died, he was bred up as a scholar. His mother was a person of much devotion and ability, and is said to have been the author of these proverbial rhymes:—

Alms-giving beggars not;
Church-going hinders not;
To grease the wheel stops not;
Ill got wealth thrives not;
God's Book beguiles not.

Her father was a magistrate, and took the utmost care of her boy, who was deeply religious, and devoted to study. Before he was twelve years

old, his Latin Bible and his Greek Grammar were his constant companions, and he used to rise at midnight every night to repeat his Lauds.

At twelve years old he was sent to Heidelberg University, and thence to Tübingen, where Erasmus was so struck with his abilities as to declare that young Philipp would far eclipse Erasmus. He was only seventeen when Friedrich the Wise heard of him, and invited him to become Greek teacher at Wittenburg, where he arrived in 1518, just before Luther's journey to Augsburg. At once the master influence seized upon the youth; and he became a staunch companion of Luther, with more gentleness, moderation, and clearness than his master possessed, and with a power of research and study that was very valuable to the cause.

Hot discussions and disputations were carried on between Luther and Dr. Eck, as the chosen champion of the school-men, and books were published by each, which rendered the controversy more and more known.

On the other hand, letters from Rome bade the Elector silence Luther, banish him, or send him to be dealt with at Rome.

The Elector shewed Luther the letters. The frame of mind which could believe that whatever the Pope condemned must be wrong, had long passed from the Augustinian; and he began to examine into the foundation of the papal authority, tracing each step in usurpation, and at last setting them forth in a powerful letter to the German nobility. Even in that age of tardy circulation, full four thousand copies were sold in two months.

A Bull of condemnation was the natural consequence; but Luther was already publishing a still more vehement treatise, called *The Babylonish Captivity*. He was strong in the support of his Order, for though the Vicar-General Staupitz had resigned his post, it had been given to Wenzel Link, who was equally his friend. Nor would the Elector of Saxony suffer the messengers who brought it to enter Wittenburg; while at Erfurth the students, playing on the original meaning of *bull*, a bubble, cried that it should float down the stream, and threw it in.

Luther himself, losing all restraint, wrote a letter to the Pope, eloquent in its passionate vehemence. 'O my dear Leo,' he cried, 'of what use are you in that Roman court, except that the most execrable men may use your name and power to ruin fortunes, destroy souls, multiply crimes, and oppress faith, truth, and the whole Church of God? O Leo, Leo, you are the most unhappy of men, and you sit on the most dangerous of thrones! I tell you the truth, because I wish you well!'

It was a curious thing, that among the many publications that the Bull called forth, was one from Ulrich Zwingli, a Swiss priest, who proposed that Luther's works should be read and fairly judged by three princes above suspicion, namely, Henry King of England, Charles King of the Romans, and Louis King of Hungary.

The Bull itself was a mixed production. Here and there it hit Luther's weak points, but it had many of its own, such as not scrupling to declare absolution valid, whether the penitent believed or not.

The envoys in charge of it reckoned on dealing with the Elector Friedrich at the coronation of the young King of the Romans, at Aachen, on the 23rd of October. It was a very splendid coronation, befitting the station of one who was already King of Spain and Naples and the Low Countries; but the plague was at Aachen, so as soon as the essential solemnities had been performed, the Court removed to Cologne.

The Emperor was solicited by the papal envoys, Aleandro and Carraccioli, to proscribe Luther, and burn his books; and he consented that this should be done in his hereditary dominions—Austria, the Low Countries, and Spain; but he hesitated when the demand extended to the Empire, and to the punishment of Dr. Luther's own person. 'I must consult the Princes of the Empire,' he said, 'especially my father, the Elector of Saxony.'

In truth, the Elector was an independent sovereign, and no one could touch Luther within his boundaries. So on Sunday, the 3rd of November, while Friedrich was devoutly attending Mass, Aleandro and Carraccioli attacked him with commands that he would give up Luther, and burn his books in his dominions.

The Wise Elector answered, through the Bishop of Trent, that he must have time to deliberate; and when, the next day, the two nuncios came for an answer, he replied that nothing had been proved against Luther, there had been no fair examination of his writings, and that if, after duly answering for himself, he were found guilty, then he (the Elector) would act as became a Christian and a faithful son of the Church.

The next day, Erasmus, by invitation, came to pay the Elector a visit. He found Friedrich standing before the fire, and no sooner were the first greetings over, than the Elector asked, 'What think you of Luther?'

Erasmus, as usual, seeing both sides of the question, hesitated; but the Elector, opening his eyes very wide, as was his wont when he wanted a direct reply, repeated the question. Then Erasmus answered in his ironical way, 'He has been guilty of two great crimes. He has struck the Pope in his crown, and the monks in their belly.'

Friedrich smiled, but shewed that he was bent on a serious answer; and Erasmus made a truly serious reply. 'The source of the dispute is the hatred of the monks to letters, and the fear they have of seeing their tyranny put an end to. How have they answered Luther? With cabals, clamours, hatred, libels? The more virtuous a man is, and the more attached to the doctrines of the Gospel, the less he is opposed to Luther.'

Such opinions, from one of the wisest men in existence, much fortified

the Elector, and he spoke strongly to the Emperor; while Erasmus wrote to the Pope, and held conferences with the imperial counsellors, all trying to obtain a fair judgement for Luther.

But at this very time Luther's own violence and fierce impatience were entirely changing his position, and rendering it infinitely more difficult for his friends to support him. He had been led, under the impulse of the one-sided harshness with which he was treated, to apply to Rome all the prophecies of the apostasy of the latter days, and had written an absolutely savage essay, 'Against the execrable Bull of Antichrist.' It was published on the 5th of November, the very day of Erasmus's conference with Friedrich. What would they have said had they read such sentences as these? 'The infernal dragon yelled in that Bull,' he wrote. 'It was a common saying, "The ass would bray better if he did not begin so high," and that Bull would have brayed better if it had not lifted its blasphemous mouth to Heaven with more than diabolical impiety to condemn proved and acknowledged truth.' And again—'O Satan, Satan, Satan! woe unto you with your Pope and Papists!' and then, as the Pope had excommunicated him, he proceeded to excommunicate the Pope, so far as words could do it!

He had so entirely worked himself up to believe that Rome was the Babylon of the Apocalypse, that he took literally 'Render unto her as she hath done unto you;' and as his books had been burnt at Rome, he decided on burning the Bull. All the University made his cause their own, and notices were affixed to the walls of Wittenburg, that at 9 a. m. on the 10th of December, 1520, 'the Antichristian decretals, as they were here called, should be publicly burnt at a spot beyond the poors' house.

Most of the professors attended, six hundred students, and a concourse of the inhabitants. A Master of Arts arranged and fired the pile; on it were laid copies of the canon law, the decretals, Eck's writings, and others in opposition; and finally, Luther, holding the Bull over the flame, said, 'Thou hast troubled God's Holy One, so may God trouble thee.'

When all was burnt, Dr. Martin Luther was escorted back in a sort of triumphal procession to the town. Thus did passion and impatience begin the great schism which prevented true reformation, and which has convulsed and rent the Church for three hundred and fifty years.

It can scarcely be supposed that this deed would have been performed had the Wise Elector, a true Catholic, who prized unity as well as truth, been present.

He was travelling homeward, having done his best for the man whom he watched with anxiety, as Gamaliel watched the Apostles, fearing to fight against God, whichever way he acted. The students, once excited, were rendering everything worse by ribaldry. At the Carnival they dressed up one of their number as Pope, and others as Bishops and Cardinals. When they reached the river they feigned to throw the

Pope in; he ran away, and there was a general chase through all the streets.

The great Diet of the Empire was to take place in the year 1521, not at Nuremburg, which was scourged by the plague, but at Wurms; and the Emperor wrote to the Elector, desiring him to bring Dr. Luther thither for examination. But Friedrich, knowing to what Luther had made himself liable since the time when he had first striven to obtain this hearing, would not be responsible for him, thinking him likely to be taken captive and destroyed; and he refused, and set forth for Wurms without him. Almost at the same time the slow forms of the Papal Court had worked out the sentence naturally to be expected from the burning of the first Bull; and therefore, on the 10th of January, 1521, Martin Luther was excommunicated by another Bull, and placed without the pale of the Church; so that his situation had become very different; and he was replying by the same broad sarcasm that had become the characteristic of his controversies.

The Diet was resolved on his presence—the Roman party, to get him condemned and disposed of like Johann Huss or Savonarola; the German party, because they were sick of the exactions and tyrannies of Rome, and hoped to see the nuncios foiled by the wonderful Augustinian doctor, although not one of the Princes, save the Elector of Saxony, would openly take his part.

On the 6th of March, accordingly, a safe-conduct, signed by the Emperor himself and the Arch-chancellor, was despatched by special messenger to Luther, bidding him appear at the Diet. Of course, everyone remembered that Huss had had a safe-conduct to the Council of Constance, and some of the Wittenburghers would have kept Luther back; but he had made up his mind, and spoke bravely of being quite ready to die for the Word. He had lost some of his old supporters, for Staupitz saw the dangers of his doctrines, and with others stood firm to the Church; but almost all Germany was wild with enthusiasm for him, and would hardly have permitted any danger to come near him.

The town council provided a covered waggon for him to travel in, with four companions—a monk, a lawyer, a young Swedish nobleman, and another friend; and he set forth, preceded by the Imperial herald, on the Easter Tuesday of 1521.

At Naumberg, a priest made him the significant present of a portrait of Savonarola, whose martyrdom was but thirty-three years old; Luther kissed it, and the priest said, 'Be steadfast to thy God, and He will be steadfast to thee.'

At Weimar, his next stage, he found emissaries everywhere posting up and proclaiming the Imperial decrees for the burning of his works, consequent on his excommunication. 'Well, Doctor, will you go on?' said the herald.

'Yes,' Luther answered; 'though they should kindle a fire between

Wittenburg and Wurms, to reach to heaven, I will go on! I will confess Christ in Behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth.*

At Erfurth, his old University, the Rector thereof, at the head of a cavalcade of forty horsemen, met him two miles off, and brought him in a triumphal procession to his old Augustinian home, where he was warmly welcomed.

It is touching to hear that he went to a little wooden cross which marked the grave of a young monk, who had died during his residence there, and shewing it to one of his companions, said, 'How calmly he sleeps, and I—?'

The next day was Sunday, and, in spite of his excommunication, he was asked to preach. The sermon was on Faith, full of burning zeal; but in the midst there was a great crack and crash, and the crowds would in a moment have rushed to the doors, trampling each other down, had not Luther, who from the pulpit could see that there was no danger except from their terror, called out, 'Still! See ye not that this is a wile of Satan to hinder you from hearkening to the Word!'

At his own home, at Eisenach, he had an attack of illness, and was unwell all the rest of the journey, but resolute to proceed; while all his friends at the Diet thought matters looked worse and worse for him.

Franz von Sickingen, one of the wild nobility, who had as his chaplain Martin Bucer, sent a party of horse to escort the Reformer to his castle of Ebersberg; and even the chaplain of the Elector of Saxony, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, sent to advise him to turn back; but to this Luther replied, not only by word of mouth, but on paper, 'I would go, although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the house-tops.'

At Pfiffingheim, not far from Wurms, he lay down under a young elm tree and slept, to gather strength for what might await him on his entrance. When he awoke, he found a number of country people gathered round, and he preached to them, praying that his doctrine might grow even as the branches of that tree. It was always afterwards called by his name.

When Wurms came in sight, he stood up in the waggon, and began to sing one of his hymns. It is believed to have been his paraphrase of the forty-sixth Psalm, beginning '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*,' which is often called Gustavus Adolphus' battle song, and which a French writer terms the Marseillaise of the Reformation.

The herald rode in front, as usual, and as soon as the watchman on the church tower of Wurms descried his tabard, he blew his trumpet, bringing out throngs upon throngs of Germans, Italians, Spaniards, princes, prelates, nobles, peasants, from their mid-day meal, at ten in the morning, to gaze upon the man who had convulsed the Church.

* In the Fairford windows, hell is represented as Behemoth's mouth—a deep blood-red, with enormous teeth.

Foremost came a great cross, such as was carried at funerals, and a voice chanted,

Advenisti, O desiderabilis,
Quem expectabamus in tenebris.

The strange garb of the bearer revealed him, however, as the jester of one of the Dukes of Bavaria; but Luther's friends suspected that he thus meant to convey a warning. With much difficulty the waggon proceeded through the crowd to the hospitium of the Knights of Rhodes, where Luther was to be lodged; and all around were the lodgings of Electoral princes and counsellors, who would do their best to protect him.

His arrival made a great commotion; and Charles convoked his privy council in haste. 'Luther is come,' he said; 'what is to be done?'

'Get rid of the man, as Sigismund did of Johann Huss,' said the Bishop of Palermo; 'a safe-conduct to a heretic is not binding.'

'No,' said Charles; 'what we have promised we will hold to.'

All the afternoon, princes and nobles were thronging to visit the famous doctor; and at eight o'clock the next morning the Grand Marshal delivered to him his citation to appear before the Emperor at four o'clock the next day.

The crowd was enormous in the streets, and every window was a mass of heads; but the herald took Luther through the gardens at the back, till he was opposite the town-hall, and then a way was cleared for him by the lanzknechts.

At the door of the hall, a stout old lanzknecht leader, Georg von Freundsberg, met him, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, 'Monk, monk! the march before you is such as I and my best captains have never trod. But if you are sure of your cause, go on in God's Name, He will not leave you.'

The doors were thrown open, and a grand sight was before Luther. The Emperor sat on his throne, the three Archbishop Electors on his right hand, the three secular ones on his left, the two Nuncios at his feet, his brother Fernando on a throne a step lower, at his side. Bishops in violet, Cardinals in scarlet, nobles and princes of the Empire in full armour, deputies from the cities in a more sober garb, all seated and in silence—save that many could not repress their impulse to rise to their feet as the Augustinian entered, in his black-and-white convent garb.

One noble, as he advanced, whispered, 'Fear not them which kill the body.'

The first to speak was the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, who began, 'Martin Luther, his sacred unconquered Majesty has cited you before his throne to answer two questions. First, Are yonder books yours?' pointing to a pile of them. 'Secondly, Will you retract them?'

The titles were then read; and Luther, first in Latin, then in German,

acknowledged them as his own, but requested time to deliberate on the other question.

The Diet rose, to consult in different chambers whether this should be; and Charles, as he rose, murmured to a courtier, 'That man would never make a heretic of me. The Emperor, no doubt, missed the air both of refinement and spirituality in the round-faced monk, who had besides, at that moment, a certain air of bewilderment and confusion, that made his resolution doubtful.

Consent was given to his taking a day to reflect, and he was to appear again at the same hour the next day. In fact, he had not the least intention of retracting, but he wanted time to arrange his defence now that he saw the line of the attack; and he returned to write a letter expressing his resolution, while the whole town was full of excitement, the Spaniards trying to seize his books on the chapmen's stalls, and the Germans defending them; and caricatures of the broadest kind posted up everywhere.

Luther spent the day in prayer; and when he stood before the Diet in the evening, he made his reply—first shewing that some of the books had been declared inoffensive by the Papal Bull, and as to those which treated of Roman tyranny and Papal doctrine, he only begged his Majesty to appoint doctors to argue the matter, for, if convinced of his error, he would destroy them; but he could not retract while unconvinced. The speech was long, and in German; but as Charles did not easily follow that language, Luther repeated it fluently in Latin.

The Chancellor then stated that the doctrines spoken of had been laid down by Councils, and therefore could not be brought into discussion; and therefore required him to answer at once whether he would retract or no.

He said he could not. Popes and Councils had both gone wrong, and contradicted each other, and nothing but Scripture was to be depended on; and he finished, 'Here I am! I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen.'

There was a murmur of applause; and the Emperor observed, 'The monk speaks boldly;' but the Chancellor answered, 'If you will not retract, the Emperor and the States will know how to deal with an obstinate heretic.'

'God help me, I will retract nothing!' he said.

He was escorted back to the hostel, amid a crowd ready to have fallen on the guards if they had been taking him to prison. There was great rejoicing among his friends that he had spoken so well; the Elector saying that his only fear had been that he would have said too much.

Several days were spent in deliberation; but finally Charles came to the only just and right opinion for one who accepted the decrees of the Councils that Luther impugned. He wrote a French letter to the Diet, expressing his resolution that the safe-conduct should be respected, and

Luther should be taken safe home, after which he should be duly proceeded against as a heretic.

The message pleased nobody, for the Papal emissaries were angry that the heretic should be let out of their grasp; and the Diet was affronted that the Emperor had signified his intentions instead of asking their advice. A scroll was found in his bed-room, with the text, 'Woe to the land whose king is a child.'

The persons anxious to serve Luther entreated for time, and permission to argue the case; and this was granted, but ineffectually, for while the Catholics insisted on obedience to the Church, Luther held by obedience to the Scripture, by which he meant his own interpretation. He held by 'saving the authority of the Scriptures,' just as Becket had once held by 'saving the privileges of his order;' and every proposal fell to the ground in consequence, even that of an appeal to a General Council.

A formal decree was sent to him to leave Wurms within twenty-one days, under the protection of the safe-conduct, and to return to Wittenburg, neither exciting any disturbance on the way by preaching nor by writing.

He sent his thanks and submission to the Emperor, and prepared to depart; but everyone knew that his arrival at Wittenburg would be immediately followed by commands to the Elector and the University to deliver him up to be dealt with as a heretic, and his friends were resolved that he never should reach the university.

The Saxons matured their plan, not without security of the connivance of the Elector, and the consent of the Reformer, though neither of them chose to know anything about it. Luther preached at several places on the way, in spite of his promised submission, and he was as affectionately welcomed as ever. He spent a day with his father, and then, with his brother Jakob and another friend, set forth for Wittenburg through the Thuringian forests.

On the 4th of May, near the Castle of Altenstein, two masked cavaliers and three attendants sprang on the waggon. Jakob Luther sprang out and ran away; but Martin let himself be led to a horse which was tied ready equipped, and with a knight's mantle round him, a knight's cap on his head, was led off at a rapid rate. After riding till twilight, he was so exhausted that he was allowed to lie down and rest under a tree; but mounting again, the party went on, till an hour before midnight they reached the steep rocks where stood the Castle of the Wartburg, where the 'dear saint, Elisabeth of Hungary,' had lived with her chivalrous Ludwig, tended her poor, mourned her widowhood, and then had been expelled by her cruel brothers-in-law. Here the disguised Augustinian was led in as Junker Georg, so that even the seneschal was not supposed to know who he was.

The Castle belonged to his friend the Elector, and he was therefore quite safe; though Friedrich could safely deny any certain knowledge

where to find him, and the last that could be testified was that he had been carried off by robbers. Friedrich himself was in failing health, and could hardly walk from one room to another, and was about to quit the Diet.

Indeed, the Emperor himself had decided to adjourn the Diet to Nuremburg for the next year; but in the first place he signed an edict condemning the writings of Martin Luther, and forbidding all good subjects to harbour him, or give him meat or drink.

The Italians exclaimed, 'It is the end of the tragedy.'

'Not the end, but the beginning,' said Valdez, an able Spaniard.

The Emperor seemed to the Germans an uncertain vacillating person, and they much preferred his brother Fernando. They little knew as yet the force and wisdom maturing within him! He was only just beginning, at twenty-one, to act entirely for himself; for one of his Flemish tutors, the *Sieur de Chièvres*, was only just dead, and he had hitherto most submissively followed his guidance.

Luther's stay at the Wartburg was a remarkable part of his history. He had no one to converse with, no sermons to preach; and although he had abundance of books and letters to occupy him, the cessation of all activity of outward intercourse, and likewise some disorder of health, which had begun at Wurms, exposed him to the same wild species of melancholy that had assailed him in his earlier convent days, but now in another form. He had become secure in his faith, but mourned over a cold insensibility that hindered him from prayer, and further began to believe himself outwardly assaulted by Satan.

He had set to work upon that most admirable German version of the Scriptures which has been the standard ever since; and as the devil would naturally abhor such a work, and obstruct it in every way, he believed himself visited as palpably as were St. Antony and St. Dunstan.

Once, a bag of hazel nuts, from which he had been eating, began to rattle and dance and clatter together, so violently as to shake the beams and even Luther's bed; and though the stair leading to his turret was closed by a door barred and chained with iron, sounds like threescore casks rolling up and down were heard all night, until Luther, going to the head of the stairs, adjured the spirits in the Most Holy Name to be still.

Dogs bayed where no dog could have been; and a great splash of ink on the wall long attested where Luther had tried the solidity of one of these apparitions by throwing the inkstand at it. The Provost of the castle thought air and exercise might be the best cure, and took Junker Georg out in the woods, in his cavalier's dress, when he went out hunting. But the scholar and monk had a tender heart; he could not bear to see the destruction of gentle creatures, tried to hide a leveret under his mantle, and when the dogs tore it from him and throttled it, was the more distressed, because he saw in it the allegory of the hunted soul, and, in the dogs and nets, Satan's emissaries and snares. As he

said, 'He had enough of hunting,' and betook himself to gathering strawberries—even more suspicious conduct in a Junker than his picking up a book, when waiting in an inn, and beginning to read! a perilous proceeding that was at once stopped! He really was recognized, and friends and admirers came in search of him to Wartburg; but he was absent, hidden in the house of the friend who had been with him on his journey.

He had numerous controversial attacks to read and answer, the most celebrated of which came from Henry VIII. The King had caused Luther's works to be burnt at St. Paul's Cross, while Bishop Fisher of Rochester preached therefrom, in explanation of their dangerous tendencies; and in answer to 'The Captivity of Babylon,' Henry himself, in the strength of his theological training, wrote 'The Treatise on the Seven Sacraments,' in which he vindicated the doctrine of sacramental grace against that of justification by faith alone, and dedicated the work to Pope Leo X., sending him a copy, inscribed

Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decimo, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiae.

Luther, in his reply, politely termed the book *stolidissimum et turpissimum*; but at Rome Leo received it in full consistory, and with great delight, and proposed to confer on the writer and his posterity the title of Defender of the Faith.

When Henry's fool heard of it, he said, 'Let thou and I defend one another, friend Hal, and let the Faith defend itself;' a latitudinarian speech that was likely only to be relished by those who were weary of Henry's theology.

Bulls were slow of production, and that which confirmed the title to Henry was not ready till Leo was no longer there to sign it; but the actual parchment is still extant, with a beautiful seal, executed by Benvenuto Cellini; and the title of Fidei Defensor—F. D., as our coins have it—has ever since been borne by our monarchs.

The idea of driving the barbarians from Italy had much more weight with Leo X. than the question of what the barbarians at home might do with their Church. He had an ingenious arrangement for securing himself with both parties, secretly proposing to Charles V. to assist him in driving the French out of Milan, when Francisco Sforza should have the duchy, and the Popedom the two cities of Parma and Placentia; while to François I. he offered a passage for his troops through Rome to Naples, on condition that the States of the Church should retain all Campania north of the Garigliano.

Both princes were stirred to take up arms: François, out of selfish ambition, was the first; but Charles rather desired to clear the way for the crusade against the Infidels, than to reap any present advantage. Henry VIII., on the other hand, really wished for the peace of Europe; and when the war began by petty hostilities between the French and

Flemings in the Low Countries, he sent Cardinal Wolsey to Calais to endeavour to compose their differences.

It did not turn out to be possible to do this; but Charles invited Wolsey to pay him a visit at Bruges, whither he had repaired after the Diet of Wurms. Thirteen days were spent in an alternation of conferences and feastings, and all the time Charles took care that Wolsey's numerous suite of crimson velvet gentlemen should be entertained as Englishmen in Tudor days thought befitting. They were quartered in different houses in the city; but every evening the Emperor's officers went round, and sent in, for the use of each English guest, a cast of manchet bread, two silver cups of wine, a goblet to drink from, a pound of fine sugar, candles white and yellow, and a torch. In the morning they came round to fetch away the cups, and to defray the cost of the more solid viands provided by the host.

The Cardinal was decidedly of opinion that it was François who was the troubler of peace; and that his master ought to ally himself with the Emperor. Moreover, as the French were moving both on the Navarrese and Italian sides, and Charles's presence was urgently needed in Spain, whence he was cut off by France, Wolsey offered him a passage in the English fleet, when he could pay another visit to King Henry at Greenwich, by the way.

Meantime the French in Milan were faring but ill, as they deserved. François and his mother were devoted to pleasure, and chiefly favoured their flatterers. Chancellor Duprat, then chief minister, was unscrupulous and selfish; and the Generals favoured by François were more of the showy class of young courtiers, than of the old school, who had been trained in the wars of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.

Madame de Chateaubriand, a lady who had far more influence with him than gentle Queen Claude, had brought into favour her brother, Odet de Foix, Viscount de Lautrec, who was Governor of Milan. He was a harsh man, and his exactions turned the Milanese against the French. He was said to have banished full half the population; and there was no small satisfaction when that most able Italian condottiere, Prospero Colonna, advanced against him with the Roman troops and the hired Swiss. François, in spite of warnings, had kept Lautrec short of men and money; he was beaten at all points, and once again the French were driven out of Milan.

The first half of the intrigue of Leo X. had succeeded, and he was delighted. The cannon on the Castle of Sant' Angelo fired all day for joy at the tidings of the taking of Milan, and the Pope gave orders for three days of rejoicing; but almost immediately after he felt slightly unwell, and so continued for several days, but no one felt uneasy about him, and it was a great amazement to the whole of the Western Church, when, on Sunday, the 1st of December, 1521, he sank so rapidly, that there was no time to give him the last Sacraments. He was only forty-six years old, and had reigned eight years and eight months.

Poison was, of course, suspected, and his cup-bearer was seized; but his cousin, Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, arrived at Rome and ordered the release of the man—the Romans said, for fear of learning that some great prince was implicated, and thus making him an enemy for ever. It must have been some Italian, for the three great European kings were no poisoners, whatever else they were. Charles could little have expected so soon to have to fulfil his promise to assist Wolsey in obtaining the Papacy; but he honestly did write to the Conclave to recommend the splendid Englishman; and Wolsey sent his own secretary, Pace, to try to do what he could in his cause.

There was never much chance for anyone but an Italian Cardinal, and Giulio dei Medici had little doubt of being elected; but there was a strong party against him, and there was the strong canonical objection that he was illegitimate, being the son of the murdered Giuliano. The fashion of the Cardinals was to give themselves time for intrigues, by proposing some unlikely person every day and voting against him. On the fiftieth day, they thus put up Adrian Florissan of Utrecht, Cardinal Bishop of Tortosa, the young Emperor's tutor. He had never been in Italy, nobody knew him, and nobody had any positive dislike to him; so, to the general amazement, it proved that he had been almost unanimously elected, and intelligence was sent off to Spain, where he was acting as viceroy.

He kept his own Christian name of Adrian, and prepared to come to Rome, hoping to have the joy of setting the crown on the head of his faithful pupil. He was a thoroughly honest, religious, highly principled man; but narrow, and without sympathy for any learning or theology save that in which he had excelled in his own University of Louvaine.

Of course, such an election dismayed François, who did his best to detach Henry VIII. from the league against him; but Henry had made up his mind that the right policy was to crush the pride of France, and then open the way to the crusade; and when François seized the English merchant ships in his ports, Henry placed the French ambassador under arrest, and sent off Clarencieux herald to make a regular declaration of war in the early spring of 1522.

On the 23rd of May, just as this was concluded, the Emperor Charles arrived at Dover, where he was received by Cardinal Wolsey with a splendid train, while Henry waited for him at the Castle, where they kept Ascension Day together, and on the following day inspected the pride of Henry's heart, his great ship, the *Henry Grace à Dieu*. Charles did indeed own the new discoveries of Columbus, and had chosen as his device the Pillars of Hercules, the old boundary of the world, with the motto, '*Plus ultra*,' (more beyond,) but he had never seen such a ship as that, or so armed. Then the two monarchs went on to Canterbury, and entered the city with naked swords borne before them, and were received by Archbishop Wareham.

They then proceeded to Greenwich Palace, where the Emperor was

lodged; and Whitsuntide was observed at St. Paul's with a splendour never equalled. At Windsor, Charles was installed as a Knight of the Garter; and after communicating together, he and Henry both swore to the league against François, which was thence termed the Treaty of Windsor.

In proof of his sincerity, Henry sent the Earl of Surrey, Lord Admiral of England, and victor of Flodden, to make a descent upon Brittany, where he burnt Morlaix and brought away a great quantity of booty. He returned just as, with great pomp and pageantry, Henry had conducted Charles to Southampton, where, with a fleet a hundred and eighty strong, the Lord Admiral received this Imperial freight, and arrived at Coruña just as the Viceroy, Adrian, was setting sail to take possession of the Papacy.

In him the Roman Church had the chance of a reformer. He was deeply learned in theology and scholastic philosophy, truly religious, simple, stern, and self-denying, and with considerable ability for business—condemning the errors into which Luther had fallen indeed, but inflexible in his censure of the evils that had led to the revolt. But he was out of sympathy with the better part of the movement. He did not understand the new school of interpretation of the Scriptures, and far less did he enter into the classical tastes of Italy.

He came to Rome a grave resolute monk, and countenanced none of the splendid diversions that had been the charm of the city under Leo. When he was shewn the statues of the Vatican museum, especially the Laocoon, recovered with so much care and cost, he recoiled, crying out, 'They are the idols of the Pagans!' and the Romans began to fear that, like Gregory the Great of old, he would burn them into lime for the mortar of St. Peter's. To the Italians he seemed a mere northern barbarian, and jests on his ignorance of fashionable art and science veiled the far bitterer feeling inspired by his severity and uprightness.

He had scarcely been Pope a year, when he fell ill of a slight fever, from which no danger was apprehended; but in a few days he died, on the 24th of September, 1523. There was little doubt that it was by poison; and the next morning the door of his physician was found wreathed with flowers, with the inscription, 'To the deliverer of his country.'

Giulio dei Medici obtained the Papacy, and was a true Italian Pope, shifty, false, and gracious, full of policy, and holding truth and virtue far cheaper than the splendour of Rome and of the Medici family.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VI.

WEDDING VISITS.

YOUNG Mrs. Charnock Poyndsett had plenty of elasticity, and her rebuffs were less present to her mind in the morning than to that of her husband, who had been really concerned to have to inflict an expostulation; and he was doubly kind, almost deferential, giving the admiration and attention he felt incumbent on him to the tasteful arrangement of her wedding presents in her own sitting-room.

‘And this clock I am going to have in the drawing-room, and these Salviati glasses. Then, when I have moved out the piano, I shall put the sofa in its place, and my own little table, with my pretty Florentine ornaments.’

Raymond again looked annoyed. ‘Have you spoken to my mother?’ he said.

‘No; she never goes there.’

‘Not now, but if ever she can bear any move it will be her first change, and I should not like to interfere with her arrangements.’

‘She could never have been a musician, to let the piano stand against the wall. I shall never be able to play.’

‘Perhaps that might be contrived,’ said Raymond kindly. ‘*Here*, you know, is your own domain, where you can do as you please.’

‘Yes; but I am expected to play in the evening. Look at all those things. I had kept the choicest for the drawing-room, and it is such a pity to hide them all up here.’

Raymond felt for the mortification, and was unwilling to cross her again, so he said, ‘I will ask whether my mother would object to having the piano moved.’

‘This morning?’

‘After eleven o’clock—I never disturb her sooner; but you shall hear before I go to Backsworth.’

‘An hour lost,’ thought Cecil; but she was too well bred to grumble, and she had her great work to carry on of copying and illustrating her journal.

Mrs. Poyndsett readily consented. ‘Oh yes, my dear, let her do whatever she likes. Don’t let me be a bug-bear. A girl is never at home till she has had her will of the furniture. I think she will find that moving out the piano betrays the fading of the rest of the paper, but that is her affair. She is free to do just as she likes. I dare say the place does look antediluvian to young eyes.’

So Raymond was the bearer of his mother's full permission; and Cecil presided with great energy over the alterations, which she carried out by the aid of the younger servants, to the great disgust of their seniors. She expected the acclamations of her contemporaries; but it happened that the first of them to cross the room was Julius, on his way to his mother's room after luncheon, and he, having on a pair of make-shift glasses, till the right kind could be procured from London, was unprepared for obstacles in familiar regions, stumbled over an ottoman, and upset a table with the breakage of a vase.

He apologized, with much regret; but the younger brothers made an outcry. 'What has come to the place? Here's the table all over everything!'

'And where are the bronzes?'

'And the humming-birds? Miles's birds, that he brought home after his first voyage.'

'And the clock with the two jolly little Cupids. Don't you remember Miles and Will Bowater dressing them up for men-of-war's men? Mother could not bring herself to have them undressed for a year, and all that time the clock struck nohow!'

'This is an anatomical study instead of a clock,' lamented Frank. 'I say, Cecil, do you like your friends to sit in their bones, like Sydney Smith?'

'I never saw such a stupid old set of conservatives!' broke in Rosamond, feeling for Cecil's mortification. 'In an unprejudiced eye the room looks infinitely better, quite revived! You ought to be much obliged to Cecil for letting you see all her beautiful things.'

'Why don't you favour us with yours?' said Charlie.

'I know better! Mine aren't fit to wipe the shoes of Cecil's! When I get into the Rectory you'll see how hideous they are!' said Rosamond, with the merriest complacency. 'Couvrepieds to set your teeth on edge, from the non-commissioned officers' wives; and the awfulest banner-screen you ever saw, worked by the drum-major's own hands, with her Majesty's arms on one side, and the De Courcy ones on the other, and glass eyes like stuffed birds' to the lion and unicorn. We nearly expired from suppressed laughter under the presentation.'

Then she went round, extorting from the lads admiration for Cecil's really beautiful properties, and winning gratitude for her own cordial praise, though it was not the artistic appreciation they deserved. Indeed, Cecil yielded to the general vote for the restoration of the humming-birds, allowing that, though she did not like stuffed birds in a drawing-room, she would not have banished them if she had known their history.

This lasted till Charlie spied a carriage coming up the drive, which could be seen a long way off, so that there was the opportunity for a general *saute qui peut*. Cecil represented that Rosamond ought to stay and receive her bridal visits; but she was unpersuadable. 'Oh no! I

leave all that for you! My time will come when I get into the Rectory. We are going in the dog-cart to the other end of the parish.—What's its name—Squattlesea Marsh, Julius?’

‘Squattlesford!’ said Charlie. ‘If Julius means to drive you, look out for your neck!’

‘No, it is the other way, I'm going to drive Julius!—Come along, or we shall be caught!’

Cecil stood her ground, as did Anne, who was too weary and indifferent to retreat, and Frank, who had taken another view of the carriage as it came nearer.

‘I must apologize for having brought nothing but my father's card,’ said Lady Tyrrell, entering with her sister, and shaking hands; ‘there's no such thing as dragging him out for a morning call.’

‘And Mr. Charnock Poyntsett is not at home,’ replied Cecil. ‘He found so much county business waiting for him, that he had to go to Backsworth.’

‘It is the better opportunity for a little private caucus with you,’ returned Lady Tyrrell, ‘before the meeting to-morrow. I rather fancy the gentlemen have one of their own.’

‘Some are to dine here to-night,’ said Cecil.

‘We ladies had better be prepared with our proposals,’ said Lady Tyrrell.

At the same time Frank drew near Miss Vivian with a large book, saying, ‘These are the photographs you wished to see.’

He placed the book on the ottoman, and would thus have secured a sort of *tête-à-tête*; but Eleonora did not choose to leave Mrs. Miles Charnock out, and handed her each photograph in turn, but could only elicit a cold languid ‘Thank you.’ To Anne's untrained eye these triumphs of architecture were only so many dull representations of ‘Roman Catholic churches,’ and she would much rather have listened to the charitable plans of the other two ladies, for the houseless factory women of Wilsbro’.

The bazaar, Lady Tyrrell said, must be first started by the Member's wife; and there should be an innermost committee, of not more than three, to dispose of stalls, and make arrangements.

‘You must be one,’ said Cecil. ‘I know no one yet.’

‘You will, long before it comes off. In fact, I am as great a stranger as yourself. Ah! there's an opportunity!’ as the bell pealed. ‘The Bowaters, very likely; I saw their Noah's ark as I passed the Poyntsett Arms, with the horses taken out. I wonder how many are coming—worthy folks?’

Which evidently meant insufferable bores.

‘Is there not a daughter?’ asked Cecil.

‘You need not use the singular, though, by-the-by, most of them are married.’

‘Oh, pray stay!’ entreated Cecil, as there were signs of leave-taking.

'I should do you no good. You'll soon learn that I am a sort of Loki among the Asagötter.'

Cecil laughed, but had time to resume her somewhat prim dignity before the lengthened disembarkation was over, and after all, produced only four persons; but then none were small—Mrs. Bowater was a harsh matron, Mr. Bowater a big comely squire, the daughters both tall, one with an honest open face much like Herbert's, only with rather less youth and more intelligence, the other a bright dark glowing gypsy-faced young girl.

Eleonora Vivian, hitherto gravely stiff and reserved, to poor Frank's evident chagrin, at once flashed into animation, and met the elder Miss Bowater with outstretched hands, receiving a warm kiss. At the same time Mr. Bowater despatched Frank to see whether his mother could admit a visitor; and Lady Tyrrell observed, 'Ah! I was about to make the same petition; but I will cede to older friends, for so I suppose I must call you, Mr. Bowater—though my acquaintance is of long standing enough!'

And she put on a most charming smile, which Mr. Bowater received with something inarticulate that might be regarded as a polite form of 'fudge,' which made Cecil think him a horribly rude old man, and evidently discomposed his wife very much.

Frank brought back his mother's welcome to the Squire; but by this time Eleonora and Miss Bowater had drawn together into a window, in so close and earnest a conversation that he could not break into it, and with almost visible reluctance began to talk to the younger sister, who on her side was desirous of joining in the bazaar discussion, which had been started again in full force; until there was a fresh influx of visitors, when Lady Tyrrell decidedly took leave with her sister, and Frank escorted them to their carriage, and returned no more.

In the new shuffling of partners, the elder Miss Bowater found herself close to Anne, and at once inquired warmly for Miles, with knowledge and interest in naval affairs derived from a sailor brother, Miles's chief friend and mess-mate in his training and earlier voyages. There was something in Joanna Bowater's manner that always unlocked hearts, and Anne was soon speaking without her fence of repellent stiffness and reserve. Certainly Miles was loved by his mother and brothers more than he could be by an old play-fellow and sisterly friend, and yet there was something in Joanna's tone that gave Anne a sense of fellow feeling, as if she had met a countrywoman in this land of strangers; and she even told how Miles had thought it right to send her home, thinking that she might be a comfort to his mother. 'And not knowing all that was going to happen!' said poor Anne, with an irrepressible sigh, both for her own blighted hopes, and for the whirl into which her sore heart had fallen.

'I think you will be,' said Joanna brightly; 'though it must be strange coming on so many. Dear Mrs. Poyndsett is so kind!'

‘Yes,’ said Anne coldly.

‘Ah! you don’t know her yet. And Lady Rosamond! She is delightful!’

‘Have you seen her?’

‘We met them just now in the village, but my brother is enchanted. And do you know what was Julius’s first introduction to her? It was at a great school-feast, where they had the regimental children as well as the town ones. A poor little boy went off in an epileptic fit, and Julius found her holding him, with her own hand in his mouth to hinder the locking of the teeth. He said her fingers were bitten almost to the bone, but she made quite light of it!’

‘That was nice!’ said Anne; but then, with a startled glance, and in an undertone, she added, ‘Are they Christians?’

Joanna Bowater paused for a moment between dismay and desire for consideration, and in that moment her father called to her, ‘Jenny, do you remember the dimensions of those cottages in Queckett’s Lane?’ and she had to come and serve for his memory, while he was indoctrinating a younger squire with the duties of a landlord.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowater was, for the tenth time, consulting her old friend upon Mrs. Hornblower’s capabilities of taking care of Herbert, and betraying a little disappointment that his first sermon had not yet been heard; and when his voice was complimented, she hoped Julius would spare it—too much exertion could not be good for so young a man, and though dear Herbert looked so strong, no one would believe how much sleep he required. Then she observed, ‘We found Camilla Vivian—Lady Tyrrell, I mean—calling. Have you seen her?’

‘No.’

‘Well, she really seems improved!’

‘Mr. Bowater has been telling me she is handsomer than ever!’

‘Oh yes! That’s all gentlemen think of; but I meant in other ways. She seems full of the rebuilding of St. Nicholas, and to be making great friends with your new daughter. You don’t think,’ lowering her voice, ‘that Raymond would have any objection to meeting her?’

‘Certainly not!’

‘I did not suppose he would, but I thought I would just ask you. It would be rather marked not to invite him for the 3rd, you know; and Jenny was always so fond of poor Emily, kept up a correspondence with her to the last. It was the first time she had met the little one since they came back. Not that she is little now, she is very tall, and quite handsome *even* by the side of Edith. We just saw Lady Rosamond—a sweet face—and Herbert perfectly raves about her.’

‘She is a most unselfish warm-hearted creature!’ said Mrs. Poyntsett.

‘I am so glad! And Miles’s wife, I hope she will come. Poor thing, she looks very poorly.’

‘Yes, I am very anxious about her. If she is not better in a day or two, I shall insist on her having advice.’

‘Poor dear, I don’t wonder! But she had better come to Strawyers; Jenny will cheer her if anyone can, and we shall have a nice lively party, I hope! She will only mope the more if she never goes out.’

‘I am afraid she is hardly equal to it; besides, poor child,’ added Mrs. Poyndsett, ‘she seems to have been strictly brought up, and to think our ways rather shocking; and Miles wrote to me not to press her to go into society till he comes home.’

‘Ah! well, I call that a mistake!’ puffed out good-humoured Mrs. Bowater. ‘Very bad for the poor girl’s spirits. By-the-bye, I hope Julius does not object to Herbert’s dancing—not at a public ball, you know, but at home—for if he did, I would try to arrange something else, it would be so hard for the poor boy to have to look on.’

‘I don’t know. I don’t think he could,’ said the mother, considering.

‘You see, we thought of a dinner-party for as many as possible. Frank and Charlie won’t mind dining in the school-room, I know, and having the rest for a dance in the evening; but if Julius did think it unclerical—Jenny says he won’t, and Papa laughs, and says, “Poh! poh! Julius is no fool;” but people are so much more particular than they used to be, and I would not get the dear boy into a scrape for the world.’

Mrs. Poyndsett undertook to ascertain his opinions on this knotty point, and to let her know if they were adverse; and then she begged for a visit from Jenny, whose brother had no accommodation for her in his lodgings. She could not be spared till after the entertainment on the 3rd, nor till a visit from her married sister was over; but afterwards, her mother was delighted that she should come and look after Herbert, who seemed as much on the maternal mind as if he had not batted his way through Eton, and boated it through Oxford.

Mrs. Poyndsett obtained her word with Julius in good time that evening. He laughed a little. ‘Poor Herbs! when will people understand that it is the spirit of the thing, the pursuit, not the individual chance participation in any particular amusement, that is unclerical, as they are pleased to call it?’

‘What do you think of Herbert?’

‘A boy, and a very nice boy; but if he doesn’t get his healthful play somehow, he will burst out like a closed boiler some day.’

‘A muscular Christian on your hands?’

‘Not theoretically, for he has been well taught; but it’s a great animal that needs to work off its steam, and if I had known it, I would not have undertaken the problem of letting him do that, without setting up bad habits, or scandalizing the parish and Bindon—who is young the other way, and has no toleration. We had this morning’s service in a state of siege from all the dogs. Herbert thought he had shut them safely up, but they were all at his heels in the churchyard; and though he rated them home, and shut all the doors, we heard them whining and scratching at each in turn.’

‘I thought I should have died of it,’ said Rosamond, entering. ‘His

face grew red enough to set his surplice on fire, and Mr. Bindon glared at him, and he missed his verse in the Psalm; for there was the bull terrier, crouching and looking abject at the vestry-door, just restrained by his eye from coming further.'

'What shall you do about it, Julius?' asked his mother, much amused.

'Oh, that will remedy itself. All dogs learn to understand the bell.'

And then the others began to drop in, and were told of the invitation that was coming.

'I say, Rosamond,' cried Charlie, 'can brothers and sisters-in-law dance together?'

'That depends on how the brothers-in-law dance,' returned Rosamond. 'Someone, for pity's sake, play a waltz!—Come along, Charlie! the hall is a sweet place for it!—Whistle, Julius!—Frank, whistle!'

And away she whirled. Frank, holding out his hands, was to his surprise accepted by Cecil, and disappeared with her into the hall. Julius stood by the mantel-piece, with the first shadow on his brow his mother had seen since his arrival. Presently he spoke in a defensive apologetic tone: 'She has always been used to this style of thing.'

'Most naturally,' said the mother.

'Not that they ever did more than their position required, and Lady Rathforlane is a truly careful mother. Of course some things might startle you stay-at-home people; but in all essentials—'

'I see what you mean.'

'And what seems like rattle is habit.'

'Simple *gaieté de cœur*!'

'So it is better to acquiesce till it subsides of itself. You see it is hard, after such a life of change and variety, to settle down into a country parsonage.'

'What are you saying there?' said Rosamond, tripping in out of breath.

'That I don't know how you are to put up with a pink-eyed parson, and a hum-drum life,' said Julius, holding out a caressing hand.

'Now that's hard,' pleaded she; 'only because I took a frolic with Baby Charles! I say, Julius, shall we give it up altogether, and stay at home like good children? I believe that is what would suit the old Rabbit much better than his kid gloves,'—and her sweet face looked up at him with a meek candid gaze.

'No,' he said, 'that would not do. The Bowaters are our oldest friends. But, Rosie, as you *are* a clergyman's wife, could you not give up round dances?'

'Oh no, no! That's too bad. I'd rather never go to a dance at all, than sit still, or be elbowed about in the square dances. You never told me you expected that!'—and her tones were of a child petulant at injustice.

'Suppose,' he said, as a delightful solution, 'you only gratified Frank and Charlie by waltzing with them.'

She burst into a ringing laugh. 'My brothers-in-law! How very ridiculous! Suppose you included the curates?'

'You know what I mean,' he said gravely.

'Oh, bother the parson's wife! Haven't I seen them figuring away by scores? Did we ever have a regimental ball that they were not the keenest after?'

'So they get themselves talked of!' said Julius, as Anne's quiet entrance broke up the dialogue.

Mrs. Poyntsett had listened, glad there was no appeal to her, conscious that she did not understand the merits of the case, and while she doubted whether her eldest son had love enough, somewhat afraid lest his brother had not rather too much for the good of his lawful supremacy.

(To be continued.)

THE FACE OF CARLYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HARBURY MILLS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THIRD TIME.

'Come, bring me showers of roses, bring.'

WHEN the two girls, tired and breathless, reached home, they found, as Lovedy indeed had expected, that they had been missed, and that their disappearance had caused much alarm; nor was the girl's attempt at a murmur of 'Miss Maggie taking an evening walk,' received as an explanation. For confronting them as they hurried up, stood the unexpected form of Captain Carlyon himself, who, without much discrimination between maid and daughter, scolded them both within an inch of their lives.

Oh yes, he knew very well where Hannibal had been; he was acquainted with all the tricks played in his household. But there was an end of it. Lovedy must pack, bag and baggage; she should never come near his daughter again. Save their lives, indeed! what business had a young lady with anybody's life? It was enough to tempt a man to act like a heathen Turk, and shut them up for the remainder of their lives. But off to her aunt Maggie should go the next morning—yes, the *very* next morning; he was thoroughly ashamed of her.

Lovedy rushed into the kitchen, flung her apron over her head, and went into violent hysterics. Maggie crept up into her own room, and lay on her bed sobbing in an agony of shame, and of longing for her sister. The Captain sat in the parlour, and flung his boots one into

one corner and the other into the other, broke his pipe, and used some language less unsuitable to his quarter-deck than to his fire-side; while old Betsey vibrated between the three, and scolded them all, beginning in the kitchen.

‘Well, I’m sure! an ungrateful hussy, after all the pains I’ve taken to teach you to get up fine things and make pastry, and the mother I’ve been to you! And now you’ll have to go kitchen-maid to Truro. I’ll not ask Master to let you stay.’

‘Oh—I shall break my heart—to leave Miss Maggie!’

‘Miss Maggie, indeed! You to talk of Miss Maggie—when you took her all that long walk to tear her beautiful dress—and take a young lady like her into them disgraceful caverns that an honest girl should be ashamed to have spoken to—that good-for-nothing lad, I mean—that may be a murderer—’

‘He’s no such thing then, Aunt! Oh—oh—oh!’

‘It’s no use your pulling your hair down. I’m going to see after my young lady.’

‘Well, Missy,’ as she opened the bed-room door, ‘I think you might know better than to lie crying there, with your feet wet. I shall bring you something hot.’

‘Go away, Betsey!’ cried Maggie, with unwonted passion; ‘I will lock my door—I want no one near me!’

‘Betsey! *Betsey!* Isn’t there a drop of hot water in the house? Where’s the woman gone?’

‘Coming, Sir.’

‘Well, Sir,’ presenting herself in the parlour, ‘I don’t wonder you find things in confusion.’

‘Confusion, I believe you. Get me some hot water. What’s all that noise about?’

‘They’re frightened, Sir. Young girls is easy frightened.’

‘I wish all young girls had a sensible woman to look after them.’

‘Yes, Sir, you may well say so; and no doubt Miss Maggie will be safe with her aunt. And *I* shall keep a tight hand on *my* niece, you may be sure, Sir. No gadding about of an evening now; she shall feel the rein.’

‘She shall pack!’

‘Law no, Sir! we’ll let her think so, ’twill do her a world of good; but I couldn’t make it right to my conscience to send a giddy girl like that away from me,’ replied old Betsey, who would as soon have thought of Penwithen ceasing to be a home for Maggie as for Lovedy. ‘I’ll keep her out of mischief. And now, Sir, here’s the hot water, Sir, and the whiskey, and a strip of dry toast, and your slippers; and never you mind, and we’ll have ’em both safe in their beds soon, which is a thing to be thankful for.’

‘Now then, Miss!’ returning to the kitchen; ‘you go to your bed, unless you like to pack your things to be off to my brother-in-law’s cousin to Truro to-morrow morning.’

Silence at last reigned; and the next morning the Captain was silent and grumpy. Lovedy carefully avoided his presence, and was set down by her aunt to the heaviest wash that materials could be found for. Maggie did not dare to ask for a word of explanation, nor did her father volunteer any; and when she was ordered to get her things ready, and to start at twelve o'clock for Falmouth, she dared neither disobey, nor hint at any reason she might have for wishing to stay behind. Only she glanced ever and again down the road, and old Betsey patted her shoulder, and said, 'Bless you, honey, never you fear. There's things that is as certain as flowers in May.'

But no certainty came to make Maggie's enforced departure less alarming, nor to lighten the weariness of the ensuing days spent with her aunt at Falmouth. The poor child never even heard of her lover's safety, and could almost have fancied the scene in the cavern as visionary as she had once believed her first sight of his face.

Presently Mrs. Carlyon announced her intention of taking Bessie and Maggie to Helstone to stay with some friends for the Flora Day ball.

This annual festivity, which still lingers in the little far-western town, was in full force through almost the first half of the present century. Maggie had heard of it all her life, and had been wont to listen with delight to old Betsey's vivid description of how, when a girl, she had 'danced the Furry day' with all the other maidens in the town. How, the first thing in the morning, parties went out to 'bring home the May;' and how, a little later, every house in Helstone town was flung open, and down the street and through the open doors danced first all the ladies and gentlemen, carrying flowers, then the trades-people, then the servants, then anybody and everybody, in and out of all the houses, till people were tired of keeping their doors open. But it would not do to be tired of dancing; for the gentry met again in the evening in the High Street, and in their ball-dresses danced down the street into the ball-room, where they finished the day merrily. But if it rained? Oh, it never rained on the 8th of May. Flora, or whoever first was honoured by this wonderful celebration, with its quaint half-heathenish rhymes, its old tune, and its strange un-English picturesqueness and *abandon*—Flora, or someone else, took care of the weather.

Cora and Maggie used to sigh and say, 'Oh, if we could see the Flora Day!'

And now Maggie felt as if all days were alike, and nothing could make them sunny again. It was very cruel of Bessie to laugh and to fidget so about her own blue-bells and Maggie's lilies-of-the-valley. She did not care about having the prettiest garland in the town, and was not ready to be roused in the early morning by Bessie's delighted outcry—'Beautiful weather! Not a cloud! And there come the old *hale and tow* men,' (so called from the chorus of the old song,) 'bringing such heaps of May. Get up, Maggie, get up, or we'll dip

you in the Low-pool, as they say every one was dipped formerly who wouldn't dance the Flora. I wonder when it began !'

'Betsey says a fiery dragon once flew through the town; and when it went away, two old maids were so delighted, that they joined hands and danced about.'

'Oh, but I meant really. However, never mind, here it is, and we'll enjoy it.'

But Maggie dressed and danced with but languid curiosity and enjoyment. The day was hot, and the street dusty, and her partner dull. Must she dance with him again in the evening? Hadn't they had enough of each other in the morning? when, hand in hand, they had danced behind the brides and married ladies, and the eldest unmarried ones who led the procession. But the same utterly uninteresting youth was by Maggie's side again as they were all assembling for the evening's dance. Everyone was there, everyone was ready. Maggie, pale as her own lilies, with downcast eyes, stepped out into the rosy sun-set; the music clashed—she put out her hand, it met a firm strong clasp; she looked up, and her eyes met the shining eyes—the sun-set fell on the bright hair of her dream lover.

But he clasped her firmly, and said, 'No ghost this time, my darling. This is the last of all surprises, and none of my doing. Come, we must dance.'

So he led her down the street in the dazzling sun-light, with the confusion of bright dresses and gay flowers, into the ball-room, where the day-light was shut out, and the candles seemed like darkness; she felt his arm round her waist, and they danced away out of sight of the others. Then he stopped, and the glamour cleared away, and her eyes grew less dizzy, as he took her hands and said, 'Maggie, my Maggie, will you be my wife? Your father sent me here to find you, and to tell you why I have not come before.'

'Why?' whispered Maggie.

'Because, till he came back from Falmouth last week, I could not find him; and he sent me to your aunt, who declared I must follow you here—nothing else would do, and Bessie said she must see the last of the ghost.'

'He is quite gone now,' smiled Maggie.

'Ah, at last? I vowed that he should be exorcised, even when you ran away from me at Cora's wedding.'

'Poor Hannibal?' said Maggie, after a little pause.

'He escaped, and your father is going to take him on his next voyage, and give him a chance. Am I not for ever grateful to him and his lady-love?'

'She must wait till he comes back,' said Maggie, 'and I know she will.'

'But for us, Maggie, there need be no long waiting.'

And so, the third time Maggie Carlyon saw the ghost, he brought the 'greatest event' of her life with him.

But Maggie smiled when her sons and daughters inherited their

father's carrotty locks, though she never learnt to think them artistic; and though Mrs. Harewood could not encourage the pedlars who brought round the country smuggled goods, she did not always call her husband to look at the contents of their packs. But the black-eyed handsome mistress of the lodge at her park gate invariably sent them about their business, with a sharp reminder that 'We've had enough in our day of such as you.'

(*Concluded.*)

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.—CHAPTER I.

Autumn to winter—winter unto spring—
 Spring unto summer—summer unto fall—
 So rolls the changing year, and so we change,
 Motion so swift, we know not that we move,
 Till at the gate of some memorial hour
 We pause.
 * * * * *
 O God! we are but leaves upon Thy stream,
 Clouds on Thy sky. We do but move across
 The steadfast breast of Thine infinitude,
 Which bears us all.

By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

It was a grey chilly morning, the dawn of the 13th of April, 1867, the beginning of that special Saturday in all the year, when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge each send eight specimens of 'muscular Christianity' to contend for victory on the river between Putney and Mortlake.

The Middletons' carriage stood waiting at their door, the coachman shivering in the cold; the Middleton family—Mr. Middleton excepted—being engaged in taking a hasty six o'clock breakfast.

'My dear Geoffrey! I almost repent this rash step!' said a voice behind the urn. 'Novelty will certainly carry one a great way, but I do not think I shall ever do it again.'

'Nobody asked you, my dear Mother. You sha'n't if you don't like it; but it is everyone's duty to see the sight once; and why you never saw it before I cannot think.—Another cup of coffee, please—thanks, Queenie. Yes, just that little crust.—I declare, Nell, if you don't sit down this moment you shall not go; in five minutes we start—and where will you be then? Whatever possessed that stupid old man to bring round the open carriage in the middle of the night!'

All this came almost in one breath from Geoffrey, standing knife-and-fork in hand over a ham, carving, talking, scolding his sister and abusing the coachman, with marvellous rapidity. Nell was now in the hall—now in the dining-room.

‘One, two, three, four umbrellas—where is the fifth? go and look in the school-room—the smoking-room, John. Mr. Geoffrey was using one for a poker there last night. Two—no, three waterproofs, one railway-rug, two opera-glasses, and last, not least, the dark-blue rosettes for the horses. Here they are, and may they come back as trophies of victory! Geoff, don’t forget your great-coat—now don’t look so contemptuously at me, but please give Queenie something to eat. Adela’s plate, too, has been waiting there for the last five minutes,’—and then Nell subsided into her place at the table, and snatched a breakfast, for it could not be more than a snatch; whilst Geoffrey said, almost angrily—only he never was angry about anything—‘I should like to see you think of yourself before anyone else, for once in your life!’

‘Should you? then your wish shall be gratified one day, when you find the smoking-room transmogrified into its primitive state of school-room. Poor dear Miss Modus coughed for an hour, after going in there the other day. She wanted so much to see it again, just for the sake of “auld lang syne;” and you can imagine her feelings on seeing—an ottoman—the mantel-piece crowded with dirty little pipes and dirty long pipes—table covered with the latest inventions for cigars and cigar ashes—cricket-bats in the corner—sketches by Leech on the walls, &c., &c.! Queenie and I laughed till we cried at her face when she beheld the change.’

‘“*Tout change dans ce monde,*”’ observed Geoffrey carelessly.

‘Does it?’ replied his sister; ‘I don’t like to think so. I hope not; it is one of those French sayings, that are not any more true for being constantly repeated, and really have no foundation at all; like a motto Queenie shewed me once, stating that “*pleurer, souffrir, mourir*” is a definition of life, and you thought it was quite right, did you not, Queenie? till you found a better one, “*sourir, travailler, vivre*”?’

‘You found it, Nell, not I,’—and that bright animated face hardly looked like the Queenie of four years ago. She was more lovely than ever, because in those four years her face had caught a reflection of Nell’s happy expression; but the indescribable something in Nell’s eyes could never be reflected in any others. It was a longing and a looking beyond, which had contradicted the childishness of her face when she was very young; as her pondering questions, so often put to Archie, had contradicted her childishness in other respects.

‘Five minutes to the hour! we shall not do it now,’ exclaimed Geoffrey, as they drove off at last; ‘the start is to be at eight—we shall get into the throng, and I shouldn’t wonder if we all had to walk across Barnes Common.’

And he was not far wrong. Owing to a delay, caused by orders being

given for the closed carriage instead of the open one, as a small rain was beginning to fall, they did not leave home till nearer seven than six. Consequently, long before they reached Barnes Bridge—their destined goal—they were reduced to the miserable necessity of moving at a snail's pace, which Lady Matilda could not understand, and so poked the poor coachman with the end of her umbrella, requesting him to drive faster.

'Can't see my way at all, my Lady—nothing but horses' heads before and behind. I must just bide my time.'

'Dear me! that reminds me of poor dear Archie—his motto. Really, I never did see people so utterly regardless of weather! My dears, do look at those two girls with waterproof hoods over their bonnets, literally walking along with their party as if it were a sunshiny day!'—And Lady Matilda, finding that progress was out of the question, sat gazing out of the window at the apparently weather-proof pedestrians, all hurrying to the river-banks.

Queenie and Nell looked out too, both being also reminded of Archie, both seeing a face and hearing a voice seen and heard by nobody else that morning—a face with a fixed purpose written on it and a manly one—a voice low-toned and earnest, saying to one, 'God knows what I would do for you!'—to the other, 'You must be happy if you make others happy—there is such a thing as forgetting oneself.'—It always seemed to me as if what had been said to the one should have been said to the other; but it was all for the best.

'Twenty minutes were we coming from that lamp-post to this corner shop—twenty minutes have we been stationed here!' yawned Adela, as she looked at her watch and adjusted her dark blue bonnet strings; 'if it were not for the rain and the horrid-looking people we have seen pass, I should propose walking.'

Her mother's head was put out once more to address Geoffrey or the coachman, but it was speedily drawn back again on being involuntarily knocked by the elbow of a passer-by, who had been jostled by somebody else, who had been thrust out of the way by three others, in hot haste, like all the rest of the world, to reach the spot in time.

'How excessively rude it is of people not to apologize!' complained poor Lady Matilda, in an aggrieved tone, as her son appeared at the window.

'Nobody begs anybody's pardon to-day,' was the answer; 'but I want to know which you will do—stay here and not see the race, or get out and secure a position to see it? I have been to reconnoitre. We are not five minutes walk from the bridge, and it would take us all the morning to drive there. But if you mean to get out, it must be directly; for the crowd is growing thicker and thicker.'

Both Nell and Queenie strongly urged that the bold attempt should be made; so did Adela, when she saw that he was backed by three college friends who volunteered their services as an escort, which was indeed necessary. Even with a strong arm to guide them along crowded

and slippery pavement—drag them under horses' noses—squeeze them between carriage and cab wheels, there was yet the sense of a dim uncertainty in the minds of those four ladies, as to whether they would ever 'do' those remaining two yards, which must be done before reaching the river; and Lady Matilda pinched poor Geoffrey's arm to such a painful extent, as to make him say to Nell afterwards, that he was thankful neither of his friends had anyone so nervous in his charge. However, there they were at last safe and sound—as sound, at least, as they could be, standing in mud, with the rain coming down steadily, ceaselessly, mercilessly, and a perfect sea of umbrellas all around them. But they were told to think themselves very fortunate in having nothing between them and the river.

Although the boats did not start till nearly an hour after the time appointed, yet there was so much to look at and to distract the attention, that it was impossible to weary of waiting. Vehicles of every description, and even equestrians, were there; and what ought to have been space between each was so filled up with individuals, that it was a puzzle to know how anything or anybody would ever turn round again. Certainly the weather was no damper to the spirits, for the scene was almost as full of life as if it had been a bright spring day; and the strange shadows of life were there too: men—who looked as though they had not seen light for years, but were more familiar with darkness—came and stood near and passed away in the crowd. Nell was just asking Geoffrey why such poor creatures were there—what interest they could take in such a sight—when a hum arose which meant that the boats were coming, and then the very audible command of 'Down with the umbrellas!'

A pair of opera-glasses was handed over Nell's shoulder, and a voice familiar to her said, 'I think this sight suits you. Oxford won the toss. Cambridge has put on a tremendous spurt, it will be a neck and neck race;—and then it merged into that one great hoarse voice which was filling the very air around them, believed to be words of encouragement, warning, and cheering, but to unaccustomed ears sounding only like alternate shouts of 'Oxford' and 'Cambridge' over and over again.

Not till one of the most exciting races ever seen on the river was over, with almost as much praise due to poor Cambridge as to winning Oxford—not till breathless interest was settling down into sober anxiety to get home and feel dry—not till Nell, with a blank consciousness of something being all over and gone, turned round and told frightened little Queenie to cling tightly to her arm, and she would take care of her in the general move, saying at the same time in a bewildered way, 'I have somebody's glasses, but I have not the least idea whose'—not till then did she perceive that Julian Harvey had been standing behind her since the boats passed, and it was he who now said, 'The glasses are mine. Allow me to put my mackintosh over your shoulders, Miss Middleton. How is it that all your party have cloaks on but you?'

This was not the time for any hesitation. She saw that the others

were on the move ; Geoffrey, dragging Queenie through a marsh of mud, told them all to follow ; not a moment was to be lost, so she quietly took Julian's proffered arm, thanked him for the glasses, and laughingly acknowledged that his coat was very comfortable, explaining that she had insisted on lending her cloak to her cousin Queenie, who had a cold. 'But,' she added, 'it is very selfish of me to take this from you. Please do not look so gravely at my damp dress, Mr. Harvey. I have often been out in worse rain than this.'

For his expression was more than usually anxious, as he muttered, 'You never did take enough care of yourself—excuse my saying so. Have you heard from your cousin in China lately ?'

'Yes, we hear by every mail—and such nice letters ! so like himself. He will be at home very soon now, in a little more than a year ; we are all so looking forward to the time—but here is the carriage. Good-bye ; thank you very much.'

'I hope you will be none the worse for this,' were his last words.

'No ; I shall be all the better for seeing what Oxford men can go through in a pouring rain. Good-bye,'—was the laughing answer, as his coat was handed back to him, with kindly words and nods from them all.

'Don't you know that it is the most unlucky thing you can do to say Good-bye twice, Nell ?' said Geoffrey ; then, mounting to the coach-box, gave the order to drive 'home.'

The misty window pulled up as the carriage drove off, quite hid from their view that poor wistful face looking his last at them from the path. Four years had passed since Nell and he had met—to exchange words at least ; and now, only to have splashed through the rain together under an umbrella for a few minutes, talking as anybody else would have talked, made that last interview appear almost like a dream, had it not been for those words which he would never forget : 'Dying to ourselves, but living for them.' And as he turned homewards, still seeing Nell's face before him, it seemed as if her expression now harmonized with those words. He believed that she was working out the meaning of 'laying down one's life' herself, and was doing it daily.

'She is one in a thousand !' he said, almost aloud. Did he mean 'is' or 'will be' ? One—in a thousand of fellow-men and fellow-women ? or one—in the countless multitudes of that other world, where he that overcometh here, shall never hunger, or thirst, or faint any more, but shall inherit all things ?

CHAPTER II.

SPRING and summer met early in May that year, for a little time. Certainly we had winter again before June, but whilst actually enjoying those lovely days—though knowing that they could not last—we never thought of snow and cold winds. There was the freshness of spring in

the early mornings, the glowing rapturous beauty of summer at noon, and a charm peculiarly their own, in the sweet calm evenings, with ever more and more light in them, as they crept on slowly and surely towards the longest day.

On one of these mornings Dame Barney stood leaning against the churchyard gate at Fernleigh, with many a gasp and a sigh issuing from the further end of her black silk bonnet, as she spoke to Dr. Middleton, who was standing opposite, within the Grange gate.

‘I be the oldest man, woman, or child in Fernleigh,’ were her words; ‘but I don’t call to mind such weather as this in May; and this is the longest walk I’ve took for many a day, Doctor, and now here I be, like a bird at rest, but how to get back again the Lord only knows! He brought me here, and with the help of the Lord I shall get back home. Is the dear young lady better?’

‘Thank you, she had a good night, and enjoyed her breakfast this morning;’ but he spoke like a man trying to convince himself against himself.

‘Ah!’ with a long-drawn sigh from the bonnet, ‘it won’t do to rejoice too early. My twelve are all gone but four, and I can thank the Lord for it, Sir, that I can!’

The heartiness in the tone of the poor old woman of eighty-four winters, could not make itself felt or heard in that of her companion, as he murmured, ‘Yes, you can thank Him now; but you could not thank Him then;’ and he turned away down the broad gravel path.

The dew was scarcely off the meadow-grass, and every blade was shimmering in a haze of heat—exquisitely delicious was the scent wafted by the gentlest breeze imaginable from the cedar before the house, and the soothing and perpetual hum of insect life harmonized with the whole. It made Dr. Middleton feel almost happy at last; and when, after taking about half a dozen turns up and down, he heard the gate swing, and saw Mr. Finch hurrying nervously towards him, there was a quiet smile on his face, which encouraged the Rector to say, ‘Surely it was an exaggerated account I have just heard from Mrs. Barney, who tells me that Miss Nell is seriously ill? I only came home last night, and was quite astonished to hear that the family had arrived at the Grange so unusually early. Of course I should not have intruded now, but my anxiety was so great; and hearing that I should find you, could not wait to call upon you at Thamesleigh. Is there real cause for anxiety?’

That sad smile was sadder than tears, as Dr. Middleton answered, ‘None whatever, for we know it for a certainty now. They brought her down here because she wished it. My poor brother and his wife cling to the hope that this air might work a change. There can be only one change now.’

‘But how—when?’ Poor Mr. Finch was far the least calm of the two.

‘She caught cold at the boat-race, about a month ago—did not take enough care of herself, and took every care of everybody else, as she

always does. What they were all thinking of to let her stand there in that pouring rain I do not know, but people lose their heads sometimes. Why, when she was a child of ten years old, Finch, she was laid up with inflammation of the lungs, and for a whole winter scarcely left the house, and I then said that she would have much to guard against in catching cold! Since that time her lungs have naturally been susceptible. No sooner did she take this chill than they were attacked directly, and it is ending as I knew it would—I saw it would—in a rapid decline.'

'And cannot her family be made to see it?'

'They will not; they think she only wants her strength back again. Geoffrey runs down from Lincolns Inn, and wheels her about in her bath-chair, then comes to me, poor fellow, to tell me that she has quite a colour, and he really thinks she is better already for having left town—that she has been laughing and talking like her old self. But after he is gone, she lies on the sofa, and says she must rest just a little while. He would not say *that* was like her old self.—Adela makes a wonderfully gentle nurse.'

'And Miss Dawson—is she here?'

'Queenie? yes. Where Nell is, she must be—shadow and substance. There is more of the substance though now, and less of the shadow, about little Queenie,' added Mr. Middleton; 'some of Nell's sunshine has had its effect on her, as it has on everyone near her.'

'Such a child! Such a light-hearted bright young creature!' almost sobbed tender-hearted Mr. Finch; and the good man's choking voice, as he wrung the Doctor's hand and left him, compensated in a measure for what had seemed somewhat slighting terms to express his darling's worth.

Sauntering round to the drawing-room window, Dr. Middleton found her where he had expected, lying on her favourite sofa, looking out over the woods and hills, over 'Thamesleigh church spire in the valley below, over the wide stretch of country further off, with the Surrey hills for a boundary line; looking at something further away still, that never had a boundary line, and never will have one.

'My carriage will be here directly, Uncle Mike,' she said, welcoming him, as she always did, with that light in her face not to be expressed by the word 'smile.' 'Charlie has gone off to see about it; may I order my coachman to the Plantation this morning? Mamma says you would not think it too far.'

Her mother came forward, saying, 'It cannot hurt her, I think, Michael, on such a morning, for I could not even take a turn on the apple-tree walk without a parasol; and in the Plantation one is so sheltered from the wind! She has set her heart on going, and with plenty of wraps—'

'She shall go exactly where she likes,' was the answer; and he could have smiled at the grateful squeeze given to his hand, as he leaned in at the window, had not the little hand in his felt so very very thin.

And as he carried her through the hall to the bath-chair, he well-nigh staggered—not beneath the weight, but from the very lightness of his burden. How delighted she was when Charlie, who acted the part of running footman, met them as they came out of the wood into that quiet hill-sheltered spot, with his hands full of hyacinths for her.

‘I don’t believe this dear old Plantation will ever change,’ she said, contentedly looking around her from her pillows; ‘when Archie comes back next year, he will find it just the same.’

She stopped suddenly, for something in the thought that everything perhaps would be just the same to everybody in another year, brought the tears rushing to her eyes; but she buried her face in her hyacinths, and after a pause, said, in her natural manner, ‘It may be the scent of these flowers, or the scent of the morning air, or something in the day itself; but do you know, Uncle Mike, that it seems almost like a morning such a long time ago, when Archie and I came here. We often used to come, but that one particular day I shall never forget; because I had been looking forward to gooseberry-tart for dinner, and was—oh! so disappointed only to have rice-pudding—plain rice-pudding.’ Charlie left off kicking the ants’ nests, and drew nearer to listen to his aunt’s story. ‘Don’t laugh at me, Uncle Michael; but really that was one of the worst trials I ever had to bear. I don’t think I was a greedy little girl either. It was the unfairness of Blanche having it instead of me, that was so unbearable; and then nobody saw it—nobody pitied me. I think children have harder disappointments than when they grow older, because they always expect things to be bright and sunshiny directly; they cannot trust to the brightness when they do not see it. Remember, Charlie, if you lose your gooseberry-tart one day, you will have something quite as good, if not better, another day.’

Charlie did not see the force of the argument at all, and gave another kick to the ants’ nest, so that Nell begged him most earnestly to desist; at which he opened his eyes wide, and said, ‘Why?’

Then very far away, though very clearly, she could see that day twelve years ago; and she smiled to find herself almost quoting Archie’s words—‘Because they are such dear little busy things. Some of them work all day, and others fight their enemies, and then again others fly about in the air, and never soil themselves in the dust again after they have got their wings. You will not hurt them again—will you?’

Uncle Michael was lying in the shade of the beech trees behind them, with his eyes closed, and she thought he was asleep.

‘I know such a good man, Charlie,’ she continued, ‘who taught me once about these ants, and he would not hurt one of them, though they are so small.’

‘Who is he?’ almost contemptuously asked her nephew.

‘Cousin Archie; and when he comes home you must love him next best to Papa and Mamma, and always do what he tells you.’

The boy fixed his eyes on her gravely for a minute, then said, 'Aunt Nell, Nurse says you are going away and will never come back, and I threw my soft donkey at her for telling such a story; the wheels are off, so it couldn't hurt.'

'Dear—I am going away soon.'

'But you'll come back? You won't go far?'

Here Dr. Middleton came forward, and sent Charlie off, bounding down the hill amongst the young firs after a rabbit, and, putting his hand on Nell's arm, told her that he could not have her talk so much.

'It makes no difference now,' she urged gently. 'You told me honestly before we left town what I wished to know. Please let me talk to you, for I never have you to myself. I want to tell you how cleverly I managed about Miss Modus coming to stay here. I told Mamma that I was sure she would be better for change of air, and I do so long to see her; but I was obliged to be careful, as I was afraid of frightening Mamma about me. To see her cry as she did that day in London is dreadful! You cannot think how thankful I am, that she believes that clever old man from Brook Street rather than you. If they could only know how happy I am, they would not mind my going! Blanche and Edward are coming to fetch Charlie on Saturday, but I think they will stay some time. I want them to see how good and kind Adela is; if we had not always thought her disagreeable, she never would have been so; if we had found out her best side sooner instead of the worst, it would have been so much better! She and Queenie get on very well together now; don't they, Uncle Mike?'

'My dear child! Queenie has a great deal to thank you for,' he began, in a voice that trembled and sounded strange.

'No, don't say that. I have tried to help her, I know, but I have done very little in my life. When the school-children had their treat here the other day, and I could not play with them and pour out their tea as usual, I watched them from the window, till I cried to feel myself so helpless; and I began thinking how much I might have done when I was in the world that I have not done; things that I never thought of before came into my head then, and I cannot do them now. But I know you would not turn away from me on that account, nor Archie, nor any of them; and God is more merciful even than my dear ones here. And when I sometimes feel a little—just a little afraid at the thought of going away all alone, and I try to imagine what it will be like, and trouble myself with foolish questions, and reasonings, and speculations, something always tells me at last that I shall be perfectly safe with Him. It is not looking forward exactly—it is resting.'

Not a word could her uncle speak, for he lay in the grass behind her, shedding silent tears. Charlie's rabbit had led him a wild-goose chase through the wood, and he had not thought it worth while to go back again, as it was nearly one o'clock; and after a little while Nell asked her uncle to take her home. 'Because,' she added, 'I must write to

Archie to-day—don't look so grave, it shall not be a long letter. Dear Uncle Michael! I have tired you, and have talked too much. Geoff always says I can talk for the whole family. Even now I cannot forget myself! I wish you would not spoil me by being so patient and unselfish.'

He bent down and kissed her; then gently pushed her chair along the thyme-scented path, out of the Plantation into the dark cool shade of the wood, carpeted with hyacinths, roofed with blue sky and a fretwork of leaves; and Nell said quietly, that she was very glad the spring had come.

CHAPTER III.

ON an August afternoon of that same year, Archie was sitting in a verandah at Shanghai, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy'—and a great deal more of the last than of the first, judging from his expression. Those 'little puckers' on his brow, noticed by Nell some years ago, had become something more decided still; and there was an anxiety in his eyes, and a sternness about his mouth, perhaps more befitting a man of thirty, but surely not such an essential part of himself as the smile we all knew so well. Two or three friends were with him, talking, laughing, and smoking, till his silence and abstraction provoked one of them to say, 'You are not half the man you were, Middleton! What has possessed you lately?'

He was spared the necessity of answering, by a cry of 'Letters!' from the room within; and no school-boy could have been more on the alert for the news from home than Archie was, as he sprang up and received his packet. When he broke open Dr. Middleton's black-edged letter, and Nell's fell out of it, with a piece of brown hair and a dry flower, those men, who had laughed at him but a few minutes since, turned away and left him alone—for they had homes in England too. I saw both letters only the other day. Hers was dated—

The Grange, Fernleigh,
May, 1867.

My dear Archie,

This letter is not to be about myself—at least not more so than I can help. It will not be posted till the very last, when Uncle Mike will send it with his. I write to you now, because I must not wait to tell you that I was wrong to say what I did at Thamesleigh that night, just before you left England. Were you and I to be standing by the river now as we did then, and were you to ask me to say 'God bless you for this,' as you did then, I should say, 'You are doing your part like a man, as you always do; but she is only a very dear little woman, and her part is the hardest,'—it is indeed, Archie. Whilst you are working out there for her, she hardly dares believe it, because you never actually told her so; yet she is waiting and waiting, as patiently and cheerfully as she can, for what seems an uncertainty. I can see how it wears her. I wish you had spoken to her before you went away—I wish you could speak to her now. It would save so many heart-aches if a

word were sometimes brought out, instead of being put away for years. I do not mean to preach, only I think a great deal as I lie here; for I cannot act now—it is all thinking. There is something else I wish to say very much, before I go away. It is—to thank you for all that you have been to me, all that you have done for me. I can see so much clearer now—I can see what a silly little butterfly I might have been, if I had not known you. It is not a small thing to have taught me how to see the bright side always, and how to try and make the best of everything. I can understand now why you so often told me to enjoy the present, and yet that I must at the same time look forward. I have learned that trust is better than hope—thank you for that lesson; you knew it long ago, but I did not. If people could only know how much good they get from others, I think they would thank God for their friends more often than they do. From my heart I thank Him for the blessing you have been; and from my heart I thank you, Archie dear, for having shewn me the way to get ‘nearer to Him.’

The ants are as busy as ever in the Plantation this year; do you remember their nests there? Please try and not forget it, for I love it: and I know you will not forget

Your little Cousin

NELL.

Just in time was Nell to save Archie’s trust, and his better self; for he was beginning to grow old—to be ‘careful and troubled about many things,’ when that little letter, with the lock of sunny brown hair, and the wild hyacinth, brought back his child-heart again.

* * * * *

Twelve months afterwards the old Grange was shut up, and so was the house in G—— Square; for the Middletons had all gone abroad at the beginning of the year, excepting Uncle Michael. There was a cheerful fire burning on his hearth one chilly autumn evening, and he with Archie and Queenie sat talking together gravely and gently; for Archie held in his hand a letter—written more than a year ago—which had been read and re-read since then, and this was the first day he had seen his uncle and cousin since his return home. They had at first talked upon every-day matters. Questions were exchanged as to what sort of voyage his had been—how long the Middletons would remain abroad—when had Geoffrey and Julian Harvey joined them—had Archie known that he would be taken into partnership, and was it not a relief to feel that he might now settle in England for good? But such small-talk died out at last, and gradually they spoke of her, who was so near each heart at the moment. Archie, shading his eyes from the light, murmured, ‘Tell me what her last words were—I never heard.’

‘The last words we heard,’ answered Dr. Middleton, ‘were—“the day-spring from on high—the Everlasting Arms.” I told you in my letter how very quiet and calm it was. Even now it seems that she has only gone a little way from us, and I believe that it always will be so. I believe that her spirit—her influence will never leave us; I never knew a more simple-minded trusting child—a more perfectly self-forgetting woman. I came upon two lines in a favourite little quaint book of hers the other day, and they put me in mind of her: ‘He doeth much that

loveth much. He doeth much that doeth a thing well.' She had not time to do very much, perhaps, but she did what she could; and I think that we shall do what we can better now, Archie.'

So saying, he left the room hastily; and Queenie said tenderly, 'He can hardly bear to speak of her yet. We did not like to leave him all alone; the others were obliged to go abroad on Adela's account, but Miss Modus has gone with them instead of me. Uncle Michael has been so good to me, that I cannot do enough for him.'

Archie stood there in silence, with a crowd of memories and hopes rushing before his eyes, almost blinding him. Then he said, 'I have not yet thanked you for your answer to my letter; this is what made me write,'—and he drew nearer to her, and put Nell's letter into her hand.

When she had read it, and with eyes full of tears looked up into the grave face above hers, and saw there an earnestness and a tenderness she had seen there once before, she could only say, 'I wish she were here now, that I might thank her! I wish I were more worthy—more like her!'

He did not call her a 'little goose,' because his thoughts were grave as his face, whilst he answered, drawing her close to him, 'I knew what I was waiting for, Queenie; and I am more than satisfied—I am very thankful. Don't fancy that I am what she thought me, for I am not; but, with God's help, I will try to reach that other Archie, so unlike myself.'

And—true to his word, as he always was—Archie strives to be what to Nell he seemed—not an angel, nor a saint, but still 'most God-like, being most a man.'

So my fire-side musings are over—my chronicle of a life is finished. And those other life-stories that are begun, must wait until the time for their last chapter will also come; for everybody has a story, and between some pages in every life are treasured a few flowers, recalling a by-gone spring-time.

1869.

(Concluded.)

ALICE WEBER.

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER X.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS COCHRANE had undertaken, it will be remembered, that to strengthen the cause of order and good government a vessel should occasionally look in on Bruné, though he did not see his way to station one permanently in the neighbourhood. In pursuance of this

engagement, the Hazard, a small ship of war, anchored off the place towards the end of March, (1846,) and was about to send a boat on shore, when a native reaching the vessel with great difficulty told a tale that decided her commander to proceed immediately without landing to Saráwak. And heavy tidings indeed she bore to the Raja there—nothing less than the massacre, by the Sultan, of Muda Hassim, Budrudeen, and every member of the royal family known to favour the English alliance. It came on Brooke like a lightning-stroke.

I say nothing about myself, (he wrote to Mr. Templer,) except that I am unwell; violent passions and sleepless nights are hard to bear, but I do my best. I wish not to complain. I lay no blame on anyone. I look forward as much as I can, and backwards as little, but I cannot and ought not yet to forget my poor friends who lie in their bloody graves. The signet, my own crest and gift to him, that Budrudeen sent to me in his dying moments, is a pledge not to be false to him in death. It is a poor, a melancholy consolation that he died so nobly; his last thought was upon me—his last request, that I would tell the Queen of England how he perished. Surrounded by traitors, who still held back from his desperation, wounded to death, he applied the match which blew himself, his sister, and another wounded and faithful woman, into eternity. A nobler, a braver, a more upright prince could not exist. I have lost a friend—he is gone, and I remain, I trust not in vain, to be an instrument to bring down punishment on the perpetrators of the atrocious deed.

The Governor of Singapore, on hearing the news, despatched the Phlegethon to be at Brooke's disposal. She was useless for attack, but it enabled him to visit the different rivers, where he found public opinion universally and strongly against the Sultan. And at last his harassing doubt as to whether the Admiral would act, or whether the vengeance that must fall would be left to him, was set at rest.

Captain (now Admiral) Sir G. Rodney Mundy relates how, reaching Calcutta in command of H. M. S. Iris, a chance newspaper informed him of the outrage, and in addition that Brooke was besieged and hard pressed in Saráwak; how, having long felt an interest in the strange career of his countryman, he made up his mind then and there to go if possible to his help; how that, in spite of the grumblings of the young officers recalled by his sudden express from the festivities of a ball at Barrackpore, he applied to Sir Herbert Maddock, the acting Governor, for a steamer to assist the Iris off; how Sir Herbert remarked that if Mr. Brooke were the same man as when he knew him, he would die at his post rather than give way an inch; how he met the Admiral at Singapore better informed, but of the same mind as himself, and approving of his action; and finally how, the British squadron anchoring off Saráwak, he accompanied Sir Thomas Cochrane by boat up the river to Kuching, where they landed June 25, close to the Raja's house.

Mr. Brooke, accompanied by Mr. Crookshank, Dr. Treacher, and Mr. Ruppel, received us on the pier, and we passed up the gravelled walk, redolent with the perfume of innumerable jessamine trees in full blossom, forming a thick hedge-row on either side, and entered the great verandah of

the picturesque mansion. Here we delayed only a few minutes to admire the novel and interesting scene before us, and then passed out into the garden below; and now, whilst I leave the Commander-in-chief and the Raja beneath the welcome shade of the flowing palms in earnest conversation, and together settling the future destiny of the kingdom of Borneo Proper, I will describe my first impressions, and relate some particulars of the province of Saráwak. The town itself by the lowest computation now contained twelve thousand inhabitants, whilst before the supreme authority had been vested in Mr. Brooke it was limited to a few mud huts with about fifteen hundred persons, most of these being either the relatives or armed retainers of the native princes. After strolling about the grounds till evening set in, the whole party met again at dinner; and long before the cloth was removed, the chairs which were arranged round the walls of the room were tenanted by the principal men of the town, who presented themselves out of compliment to the *Raja Laut*, or king of the sea. Later, two of the native rulers also made their appearance, and were provided with seats at the table close to Mr. Brooke, and seemed most anxious in their inquiries about the intentions of the Admiral.

Since the massacre at Bruné, fugitives from the unhappy town had reached Saráwak in boat loads, bringing tidings of anarchy and bloodshed, and the story of Jaffer, the native who had reached the Hazard, was abundantly confirmed. This Jaffer was well known to Brooke, having long been a faithful slave to Budrudeen. His deposition, taken before Sir Thomas Cochrane, who had brought interpreters from Singapore, was to the effect that until the night of the massacre all had seemed peaceful, the Sultan had openly and formally acknowledged Muda Hassim as his heir, and no sign of danger was apparent; when, worked on secretly by Usop's party, powerful still though their chief was dead, the Sultan yielded, and without the slightest warning the houses of Muda Hassim, Budrudeen, and eleven others of the royal family, were in the dead of night surrounded and attacked. Budrudeen, who had learned to fight like an Englishman, died like a hero. Calling Jaffer to him, he took off the signet-ring, and bade him take it to the White Raja, with his dying love, to beg him to remember him, and to lay the cause of his country before the Queen of England. Muda Hassim, also fighting to the last, died with equal courage.

Letting himself down through the flooring of the house, Jaffer effected his escape, but was discovered later by the Sultan, who seized the ring, but let the slave go; and he then found refuge with Muda Mahommed, who, though attacked with his brothers and desperately wounded, had saved his life by flight. When the Hazard came in sight, the Sultan conceived the idea of despatching a boat with Muda Hassim's flag to invite the Captain to land, for the purpose of murdering him. Muda Mahommed was, however, just in time to prevent this plot, by sending Jaffer immediately to the vessel, charging him to explain everything to the English captain, and to beg to be taken to Raja Brooke. The Sultan had openly declared that he made war on all who wished to keep faith with England in the suppression of piracy, while he had signed an order, commanding Makota, nothing loth, to poison Brooke, or failing that, to raise an insurrection in Saráwak. Such was the story, told amid

breakings down of tears as the faithful servant recalled to his mind the fate of his lord.

The day after his arrival at Kuching, the Admiral left again for Bruné. Brooke accompanied him in the Agincourt, and Captain Mundy was another witness to the grief of Saráwak at the departure of their Raja.

The head men of every class, and large numbers of Chinese, Malays, and Dyaks, assembled to bid him farewell; and as he stepped into the boat, and waved his last adieux to his affectionate subjects, and to the few tried friends, his own countrymen, who had so long shared his exile and his privations, it was indeed a stirring spectacle, and evidenced in the strongest manner the popularity of his government.

On the way to Bruné the squadron touched at various places on the coast, and the Rejang river was ascended in boats one hundred and twenty miles. Even at this distance Brooke's name was known; and the people, shy and distrustful at first, became friendly when they found him there. Everywhere the same information was received. The Sultan had strongly fortified his capital, and was prepared to resist attack; and the Illanun pirates, encouraged by the successful revolution in Bruné, were at full work again. Arrived at Bruné, a message was sent to the Sultan that the British Admiral requested an interview, and desired to know if His Highness adhered to the engagement he had undertaken, to which Muda Hassim had been a party. To this no answer was at first returned; and the next three days were employed in taking soundings. At the end of that time a prahu came down the river, gaily decked, and bearing two grandly dressed natives seated under a yellow umbrella. Reaching the Agincourt, these worthies came on board, stating that they were Pangerans sent by the Sultan to welcome the British Admiral, for whom they had brought a letter. This, translated, ran as follows:—

This letter is from Sultan Omar Ali Seffedin, who is sitting upon the throne of the kingdom of Borneo and its dependencies, &c. We are happy to learn that our friend, James Brooke, Esq., has arrived, and in consequence we send a small boat to meet him. Pangeran Muda Mahommed sends many compliments, and wishes to send some particulars about a ship which lately came to Borneo. When the news arrived in the city, within four or five hours afterwards the Sultan ordered a boat with two Pangerans. On arriving at the ship they met the Captain, and on finishing their conversation with him they requested leave to return, and the Captain remarked, 'At eight to-morrow I shall come up and meet the Sultan.' The Sultan was pleased to learn this, and waited two days without the Captain coming, therefore he sent a boat with two Pangerans, with a present of a bullock and fowls, and the provisions of the place. On arriving at the ship the Captain ordered them to retire, not allowing them to approach. On their returning to the city the Sultan received the news—and was very sorry, as was likewise the Pangeran Muda Mahommed—that the boats and presents of the Sultan had not been received. A follower of the Pangeran Budrudeen, by name Si Jaffer, whom the Pangeran Muda Mahommed wished to detain, fled to the ship; and it was in consequence of this the Captain did not receive the boat, because he was very angry. The Pangeran Muda Mahommed, with many compliments, requests our friend not to believe anything Si Jaffer may have stated. Even the Sultan himself, our friend, cannot

believe without being certain of the facts from the Rajas, the ministers and nakodaha, and the people in general.

With our compliments, we state our friend can consider the facts.

Seal of SULTAN OMAR ALI, P. MUMIM, P. MUDA MAHOMMED.

To this a verbal message was added, that the Sultan would be delighted to see the British Admiral, but could not allow him to be attended by more than two small boats.

The letter read, Brooke questioned the bearers, and came to the conclusion that they were not Pangerans as they professed to be, nor men of any rank at all, and that the whole thing was a trap laid by the Sultan, and at his recommendation the would-be noblemen were detained on board. He was proved to be right; the men were mere hangers-on about the court, taken from that strange tag-rag that habitually accompanies Eastern royalty.

No further communication coming, the boats of the squadron, commanded by Captain Mundy, rowed quietly up the river towards the town. Battery after battery appeared at each winding of the stream, which was further defended in one place by stakes. Here the boats paused for more soundings, the navigation becoming extremely difficult; and here the Sultan's people opened fire. Had they possessed courage and endurance, they might have made a stout defence; as it was, Sultan, army, and people fled almost immediately into the jungle, though not before the *Phlegethon* had been so shot below water-mark that she was near sinking. Thirty-nine pieces of cannon, mostly of large calibre, fell into our hands, some being beautiful specimens of Spanish workmanship, cast in the time of Charles the Third. With some difficulty Pangerans Mumim and Muda Mahommed were persuaded to return to the deserted town. The latter shewed the wounds received the night his brothers were murdered; they were such as an European could hardly have survived. A partial reconciliation with the Sultan had taken place, but it was only under compulsion that his signature had been added to the letter sent to the ship.

To follow up the Sultan was the next thing decided on. He was reported to be thirty miles inland, with a body-guard of five hundred men; and Captain Mundy, with a party of seamen, and accompanied by Brooke, started in pursuit. Travelling in Borneo is not particularly easy work at any time, and as it had now been raining in torrents for a fortnight, the country was a mass of swamp, morass, and whatever other word implies more water than land. In this the little troop waded all day and slept all night—slept, that is to say, as well as the mosquitoes would allow. The Raja seems to have been proof against them now, but Captain Mundy in his narrative groans audibly. On they went, however, scrupulously civil to the natives, from whom Brooke, who was the eye and the ear of the force, got all the information possible—as a rule not much—till at last the Sultan's place of refuge was reached, but only to find it forsaken. A miserable shed it was, and there was

small satisfaction in burning it as a mark of progress. It was useless to advance further; and after more painful nights, with myriads of mosquitoes and rain falling in one unbroken sheet, the returned expedition presented itself before the Admiral, as figures 'unshorn for four days, covered with mud, with a rig unchanged during that period, and the skin peeled off our faces from exposure alternately to rain and sun.'

It was not a very grand report they could bring to Sir Thomas Cochrane, certainly, but Brooke declared it a great thing to have shewn the natives that Europeans could penetrate the country, let its condition and the weather be what they might; whereupon Captain Mundy remarks *sotto voce*, that if the Raja himself had not been with them the chances were the country would have had to go without this moral effect; and that he hoped they might be joined in many another task, though perhaps in less unpleasant circumstances.

Within a few days the town was inhabited as usual, and the band of the British ships was a great attraction to the natives. A provisional government was by Brooke's exertions patched up, under Pangerans Mumim and Mohammed; but the former was weak though well meaning, while the latter was almost imbecile from the wounds and terror of the awful night of the massacre; and Sir Thomas Cochrane heartily wished that he could have turned Bruné into another Saráwak, by making Brooke governor. As it was, acting in concert with the latter, he wrote a proclamation, which the Raja translated and read to the assembled people. In this they were told that if the Sultan chose to return and behave himself properly he would be allowed to do so, but if he dared to break faith with England again, the British fleet would come back and burn his town to the ground.

As a mark of what they could do, the river batteries were destroyed; after which the Admiral sailed northwards, to look up the Illanun pirates. Amongst these another hornet's nest was discovered and destroyed; after which Brooke moved from the Agincourt to the Iris, for the purpose of working slowly along the coast back to Bruné.

This was a very pleasant cruise, for the peaceable inhabitants everywhere welcomed the English vessel, and numerous chiefs came on board to visit the White Raja, all desiring a lawful trade, and undertaking to help with a contingent of war-prahus any expedition against the common enemy that he chose to undertake. And they were as good as their word; for forty war-boats manned by about five hundred men gathered from the different rivers, and clustered round the Iris, all the chiefs in their best attire in honour of the Raja. Many came from places he had never heard of, and in answer to Captain Mundy's very natural question as to whether they were to be trusted, Brooke could only make answer that any way *he* intended to trust them. Whereat Captain Mundy shewed his confidence in a judgement regarding natives that never seemed to err, and was content. So Brooke landed, and sitting down on

the shore, got the chiefs round him and instructed them in their duties. An attack was to be made on one Hajji Saman, who had been the Sultan's vile instigator in the massacre, and who, on the British attack, had fled to these parts; and while the Iris' boats went up the river, the new allies were to form the rear squadron. Such was the programme successfully carried out. As usual, the enemy decamped, the principle of living to fight another day being perfectly understood in Borneo. There was some skirmishing with the fleet, and shootings with poisoned arrows, and Brooke and Captain Mundy had an escape of a bullet that came between them as they sat together in a boat which the Raja was steering. The new allies, in return for their services, were feasted on board the Iris, when the Raja remained with them half through the night, listening with an imperturbable countenance to the oft-repeated tales of their achievements in this grand campaign. Before separating, he drew up a bond, which the chiefs readily signed, and thereby pledged themselves in solemn league and covenant to protect each other against their piratical neighbours, swearing also to protect the persons and property of shipwrecked or distressed Europeans. This done, Brooke was taken by the Phlegethon to Bruné. What he did there we shall learn by the following letter to Mr. Templer.

The hour is ten o'clock of the 24th August, (1846,) the place the cabin of the steamer Phlegethon, off the river Bruné; the deck is a perfect menagerie of old women and children, who scream and roar unceasingly. Never was a place less fitted for writing, yet I have a great desire to tell you all my proceedings since I last wrote. All these women and children, amounting to forty persons, slaves included, are the unhappy survivors of Muda Hassim's family, whom I have at length rescued from the power of their barbarous but now frightened relative. Muda Hassim's young son is sitting laughing by my side, and I feel that I have done all that remains to be done to rescue his life, and to place him in an independent position for his poor father's sake. You must know that the Admiral, when he learned the murder of the family and the manifestations of hostility by the Sultan, thought it a fit ground for inquiry, and in consequence we went with a squadron off the place, and with two steamers ascended the river. The Sultan fired directly we shewed ourselves, and of course lost his forts and his town, and fled into the interior. . . . For a fortnight we hunted him, and tried to patch up a provisional government; but not being able to catch our fugitive, the Admiral gave them a long written lecture, in the shape of a manifesto, told them to be good boys, and so we sailed for the northward. . . . The Hazard during my absence had been left to guard the city, and on my (second) arrival I found affairs just as I left them, *viz.* the Sultan in the jungle, and the government in the hands of Pangeran Mumim, not a bad man, but wanting in decision, and fearful of acting for fear of compromising himself. The Admiral's manifesto had had a good effect on the people; but whilst the greater portion desired protection, and certainly were not implicated in the massacre, they feared the consequences which might result on our departure and the Sultan's return.

I had only three days to stop in Bruné, and I therefore resolved to meet to a certain degree any advances his Majesty might think proper to make. I did this, first, because he was the Sultan, and I hardly could take on myself to depose him; secondly, because he is a fool, and acted upon; thirdly, because the substantial ends of policy and justice would be more likely to be attained. For these good reasons, I sent a message to the Sultan, to intimate that he might return to his own city, and that I would be answerable for his safety

there; and in answer I received a humble letter, laying his throne and kingdom at my feet. The next day he arrived at Bruné, and took up his quarters at Pangeran Mumim's house. He requested pardon and an interview. Pardon, I replied, was only to be received from our Queen, upon whose flag he had fired, and that I must decline any personal interview, until he had brought the murderers of the family of Muda Hassim to justice, and until I was convinced that he proposed to rule with justice, and call good advisers to his assistance; at the same time I added that he ought to ratify all the agreements he had previously made. The consequence of this was that he addressed a humble letter to the Queen, ratifying the two former engagements, and taking the most humble tone and position, re-gave me Saráwak, with the seals of Pangerans Muda Mahommed and Mumim besides his own as a guarantee; and lastly, at my request, as a matter of policy, he granted me the right of working coal. I had no authority to ask this for Government, and the Sultan objected to giving it to anyone else, so I was obliged to draw it out in my own name; but of course, should the Government wish it, it is at their disposal, for I have no use for it myself, nor is it of any value to me, and getting it I was acting on the chance that they might desire it or transfer it. If not, it is so much waste paper.

The next step was that I forced the Sultan (though he did not object) to pay royal honours at the graves of his murdered relatives; and after all, I declined an interview on the former grounds, and left it to Mumim to see justice done upon the defenders and disturbers of the best government Bruné has known for a long time. Lastly, I got almost all the family aboard this morning at three o'clock, and am now on the way to Saráwak, where I hope to be three days hence. As a man who has more money than he can spend says, 'it will cost me a pretty penny' assisting this miserable family, but it is a duty in my position.

What the Raja might have done Captain Mundy tells us.

Had he chosen as Raja of Saráwak to pursue his righteous quarrel to the uttermost against his delinquent feudal chief, he might easily have found specious arguments to justify such a course, and precedents in abundance as well in European as in Asiatic history. But he was not the man to sacrifice a great opportunity of doing good, to the satisfaction of a merely personal vengeance. It was his duty as British agent, above all things to uphold the fair fame of his country for equity and moderation; and from that duty he never swerved, either in this or in any other instance.

Arrived at Kuching, a house was built by the Raja for the survivors from the Bruné massacre; and right well did the poor things appreciate their freedom from fear and anxiety. In August Captain Mundy again visited that distracted place, when the Sultan immediately retired to his country house, thereby escaping much good advice. Mumim, however, received his visitor, though his hand trembled, as, taking the Captain's, he apologized for the peculiarities of his relative. Captain Mundy replied encouragingly, and said he would call again in a month's time. On his way south more chiefs came on board, to say that they had heard of the confederation Raja Brooke was forming, and they wished to join it. In September, true to his word, Captain Mundy was back at Bruné, and this time the Sultan found his nervous system more equal to the occasion. At the interview which took place, a large wax taper was lighted and placed between the two men, as a witness, said his Majesty, to the pureness of his heart, and of the oath which he was ready to make of his good,

will to his sister the Queen of England. Whereupon Captain Mundy spoke gravely of the firing on the British flag, &c.; and the Sultan made answer that he had told Hajji Saman not to fire, &c., and made accusation further against eight more of his great men, of whom the Captain knew nothing, but took comfort in supposing Brooke would, and assured the Sultan that it would give him pleasure to take to Saráwak any letter he liked to send the Raja. Mumim was quite in good spirits during this visit; the people made a gala day of it, and Captain Mundy came away with the conviction that Brooke was at that moment virtually the ruler of seven hundred miles of Bornean coast.

A large prahu reached the Iris next day, with letters for the Raja and the Admiral, and for Captain Mundy a gold-handled kris as a remembrance, thereby putting that gallant officer in a difficulty, from which he extricated himself right well. The bearer, who was our old friend Illudeen, was taken as a witness of how carefully the dagger was put away and locked up till Captain Mundy should come again, when, if he found the Sultan surrounded by good men and governing well, he would take it out and prize it most highly, otherwise return it to the donor, as he should consider he had been treated with intentional disrespect. And Illudeen went away greatly impressed.

Then to Saráwak sailed the 'Pretty Iris,' where Captain Mundy tells us he found the Raja relating the story of recent events to some of his inland chiefs, who listened with delight and astonishment, never damped by the reflection that he might be weary of telling the same tale to each fresh party, who would not be satisfied till they had seen him and heard the story from his own mouth.

The Europeans now in Saráwak were—Mr. Arthur C. Crookshank, who was one of the first to throw in his lot with the Raja, and to learn the spirit of his rule; on him at this time, in Brooke's absence, fell the chief government of the country; Mr. Ruppel, Dr. Treacher, Mr. Hentig, a merchant, Mr. Low, the naturalist, Mr. Hupé, a German missionary, and a faithful and trusted servant of the Raja's named Channon, who did good service wherever placed.

The Iris could not make a long stay, but as Captain Mundy took his departure he earnestly hoped to be able to come again. It seemed to him that Raja Brooke was a man Old England ought to be proud of—a man who was doing and had done a great and noble work; and that, putting aside all else, if he had effected nothing 'beyond placing the vast coal district of Borneo at the feet of his country, he would have performed a practical service worthy of no small reward.' Glad enough therefore was he to return in December with a despatch from Lord Palmerston, and orders to take possession of Labuan after consulting with Brooke. No mention was made of any payment, and no discretionary power given, and the Raja did not feel sure the island would be given up without, and could only hope that if Captain Mundy was firm it might be accomplished. To refer home was impossible; so, leaving Brooke to

meet the Admiral by appointment at Singapore, the Iris went on to Bruné, her captain not free from anxiety, nor quite seeing what the end of the matter might be. Arrived there, the Sultan was informed that, as the price of forgiveness for having fired on the British flag, and in return for our undertaking to suppress piracy, Labuan would be accepted; and after much demur and talk of money, the opposing Pangerans were overruled by the Sultan, who farther offered to be himself present on the occasion of taking possession, although, being a very bad sailor, he hoped he might be excused. And excused he was. Pangeran Mumim came, however; and on Christmas Eve, 1846, Labuan and the adjacent islets became part of the British empire. Of course everybody cheered as the Union Jack was run up; and of course there was a dinner, at which Mumim was the principal guest, while humbly in the background stood the would-be Pangerans who had vainly tried to deceive the Raja, no longer in borrowed clothing, and content to pick up the rejected morsels that Mumim from time to time tossed over to them.

As regards size Labuan is not a magnificent possession, being only eleven miles long by five and a half broad; but its position gives it importance, though Brooke if left to himself would have chosen a place on the mainland, where we might have had room to expand. It is a pretty undulating little island, broken up by deep gullies, through which ran mimic torrents, and through which howl the winds. Camphor trees, eighteen and twenty feet in circumference ten feet from their base, and running up one hundred feet without a branch, abounded, with other timber equally fine.

In 1847, everything in Saráwak being prosperous, the Raja began to let himself think of certain English homes with a longing heart; and in September, after an absence of nine eventful years, he landed at Southampton. The publication of his journal had made him partially known, together with the efforts of his friends, and of Mr. Wise, who had not yet thrown off the mask of friendship; and the country roused itself into a nine days enthusiasm. The Queen invited him to dine at Windsor, and made him a K. C. B.; Oxford followed suit with an LL.D. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen presented him with the freedom of the City of London; the Goldsmiths' and Fishmongers' Companies admitted him a member; and various clubs, including the Athenæum, made him honorary member. Finally, Government appointed him Consul-General of Borneo, Special Commissioner to the independent chiefs, and Governor of Labuan.

Four months only Brooke allowed himself in England. He was not ungrateful, but this was hardly the happiest time of his life. Looking back on it, it seemed to him 'fever, hurry, delirium of excitement,' and novelty and a speedy prospect of release alone 'suppressed that untameable love of personal freedom' which never left him. The Government appointments pleased because they shewed confidence, and the only reward men who work in his spirit consider worthy the name, is an increased

responsibility, a more complete trust. Each mark of honour, so far as it may be a pledge of this, is welcome; apart from this, it is perhaps little more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Brief as was his stay at home, he succeeded in so far taking advantage of public feeling as to raise a fund for the purpose of founding in Saráwak a Mission of the Church of England. This was afterwards taken in hand by the S. P. G.; and beneath the shelter of the Raja's government, that Mission grew. Active help it had no right to expect, nor had the Raja power to give. His whole strength lay in ruling through the people. He was, in fact, the key-stone of an arch built up of divers warring elements, that must have been shattered by any act of offence against the religious feelings—prejudices, if you will—of the majority. He planted Christianity in their midst, trusting fearlessly to the power of truth to win its way. And never was a fairer field, for the people were ready to judge all our countrymen by his standard. With the gentleness as well as with the vigour of strength, with the playful forbearance of a wise love that feels it can afford to wait, the absence of all harshness of word or manner, the thoughtfulness that took pains to please them in little things, the open courageous truthfulness of deed and word; with the daily sacrifice of personal comfort for their sakes; with the absolute certainty that the weaker, the poorer, the more wretched, was their condition, the more courteous and the more immediate would be the help afforded; with justice, righteousness, and mercy—Malay and Dyak had learned to associate the face and speech of an Englishman: and the foundations of the religion whose fruit is of these things, were laid broad and deep by Brooke the Raja before ever the upward springing spire of the first Christian church gave outward sign.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VI.—LESSONS.

DURING the school-room years there is a necessity of being taught. The old verb, *to learn*, was transitive, and I will take leave so to use it. In childhood we are learnt—afterwards we learn.

‘When will Miss Rosamond have finished her education?’ says one of Miss Edgeworth’s foolish ladies. ‘Never,’ is the answer.

The difference is, or ought to be, that during the time of tutelage, much must be acquired irrespective of natural taste and ability, while afterwards there is freedom to pursue whatever line is most obvious and agreeable.

In comes the question, Why do girls learn a little of everything? a smattering, as it is contemptuously called. Let it not be a smattering, but a foundation. The philosophy of the matter seems to be this: woman is the help-meet, and it is impossible to predict in what line her aid and sympathy may be needed; therefore it is well to give her the germs of many varieties of acquirement in readiness to be developed on occasion.

Of course there are certain demands of the present level of culture to which every girl has to be worked up alike, if she would be spared disgrace and mortification, and be on equal terms with those about her.

I suppose the *lowest* standard for a lady must include, besides reading aloud, tolerable composition of a letter, and arithmetic enough for accounts, respectably grammatical language, and correct pronunciation; command of the limbs and figure, facility in understanding French, history enough not to confound Romans with Greeks, and some fuller knowledge of that of England, with so much geography as to avoid preposterous blunders, dexterity in needle-work, and general information and literature sufficient to know what people are talking about.

This is indeed a minimum. Some knowledge of music is almost always added, and less invariably the power of using a pencil; but without one or either of these, a person may pass in the crowd without being remarked for falling beneath ordinary mediocrity. The most frivolous mother knows that the most frivolous girl must learn thus much, and be up to a kind of Magnall's Questions perception of things in general.

Of course this shallow surface ought to mean such grammatical instruction in English as to make slip-slop impossible and disgusting, and render the language and its construction real matter of interest. This is perhaps best learnt, not by the old-fashioned theme, but by accounts of something that has been read, or by translations, very carefully revised and made into good English. N. B.—Nobody would imagine how very few people there are capable of making a good prose translation, even when the original language is perfectly understood; and early pains to make a translation good readable current English, and yet give the spirit of the original, tend to teach a great deal of the idiom and anatomy of both languages. Correct English, neither careless, stilted, nor slangy, is becoming more and more rare; but it is a mark of real refinement of mind and cultivation. If simple in the choice of words and turn of phrases, it need never give the idea of formal precision: *e.g.* 'I shall begin to write to my mother,' is infinitely better than 'I shall commence to write home,' which is not grammatical, since *commence* ought to be followed by a noun instead of an infinitive, and *home* is not an adverb. 'I shall commence my letter to my mother,' is grammatical, but has a sound of affectation. To learn grammar thoroughly, and then use it, should be the training of every lady in the land; and it is rather hard to find that story-books unanimously represent insistence on it as a

governess's way of making herself tiresome. Is it owing to this that the poor verbs *to lie* and *to lay* are so cruelly misused, and that there is a general misapprehension about the verb *to dare*?

People generally say that grammar is better learnt through another language than our own; and this is true to a certain extent, provided they do not mean colloquial French through a *bonne*, and German by the Ollendorf method. I say only to a certain extent, even when the second language has been really and grammatically learnt, because, though a general knowledge of grammar in the abstract is thus acquired, the idioms and peculiarities of the acquired tongue are the study, while our own are left to the light of nature, practice, and observation. It seems to me that after the first baby foundations of the parts of speech are laid, and ordinary speech and writing made correct, that one foreign grammar, no matter what, should be thoroughly taught, and then that the construction of any additional language will be easily acquired, while in the latter year or two of education, some very thorough book on English grammar should be well got up. Those provided for training-schools are generally excellent of their kind; and the practice of thorough analyzing a sentence is a very useful one. It is a good thing when grammar passes into logic; and though even the rudiments of logic are a little beyond the school-room grasp of mind, a girl who has the capacity would do well to cultivate them, not so much for their own sake, as because the power of reasoning is a most important element in having a right judgement in all things.

As to other languages, French is a necessity. To speak it with perfect ease and a Parisian accent is a useful and graceful accomplishment, only to be acquired by intercourse with natives early enough in life for the organs to be flexible; but this is not an entire matter of necessity. French after 'the school of Stratford-le-Bowe' has been prevalent among educated Englishwomen ever since Chaucer's time; and a thorough grammatical knowledge, with such pronunciation as can be obtained through good lessons, is to stay-at-home people more valuable than mere ease of speech, which they only rarely have to exercise.

To me it seems that the fashion of teaching German as a matter of course is rather a pity. I had rather make Latin the school-room lesson, and leave German to be volunteered afterwards. German is so difficult, as to require a great deal of time; and it is so irregular, as not to be the key to nearly so much as Latin—in learning which it is quite possible to learn the great outlines of both French and Italian—at any rate, the study of both, alike in construction and words, is much simplified, since both are Latin broken in different ways. German leads to nothing (except in the case of philology) but reading its own literature; whereas Latin is needful for clear knowledge of our own tongue, and moreover gives much greater facility of comprehension and power of exactness in the terminology of every other science, from Theology downwards.

Latin, and at least enough Greek to read the words and find them in the lexicon, are real powers. With the knowledge of grammar thus acquired, German might be one of the studies taken up in the later young-lady days, though it is a pity it should now always have the preference to Italian, the language of Dante, Tasso, and Manzoni.

A woman's practical arithmetic is said to consist in keeping her accounts. But if she undertakes the care of any charity, she often needs to know book-keeping; and for useful training of the mind, apart from utilitarianism, I have great faith in arithmetic. Heads are very different; and in some few cases there would seem to be almost an incapacity for it, certainly a great aversion. Often this dislike arises from bad teaching at first, never entirely surmounted, or from being dragged on beyond the power of following. In mental arithmetic, the child of slow calculation should not be put in contact with the quick one, or it never understands at all.

It seems to me that intelligent arithmetic is sometimes attempted too soon. Some works are really better done mechanically and by the memory than by intellectual force; and most people are capable of working a sum long before they can comprehend it. Few of us but could *do* a long-multiplication or long-division sum on occasion, but I suspect that only persons employed in teaching could instantly explain why the one becomes a flight of steps, and the other 'a long ladder of figures.' I doubt if the brain can take in the full idea before eleven or twelve years old, though the mechanical operation may be performed with perfect ease, 'a sort of conjuring,' as some inspector contemptuously says of girls' arithmetic.

Let it be conjuring then at first, only do not give very long difficult sums to be done without assistance. The strain of attention is too great and too long, and the toil caused by a blunder disheartening. Shorter 'problems,' *always proved*, teach a great deal more, with much less disgust. Proof should be required, for establishing that the correctness of the answer does not depend upon the caprice of the key, but is really a fact and cannot be otherwise. It shews how and why a blunder in the working affects the result, and assists in understanding the principle; moreover, it assists in preventing one rule from being forgotten while another is being mastered. I believe we do not really know anything till it becomes the means of learning something else. Our last acquisition may always fly away till it has been rammed down with something above it; and thus to bring in the past rule as the means of learning the new one secures it.

Mechanical arithmetic extends, we should say, as far as Practice, and ought to be worked well through by eleven or twelve years old. It is best to go through all the varieties of weights and measures, not for the sake of learning how to work them, but of fixing them in the memory, and using them does this far better than learning them by heart. There are exceptional beings, who like Mrs. Mozley's 'Bessie Gray,' learn

arithmetic with their understanding, and cannot get on without appreciating the reason why; but these are not common. Nature makes the childish brain willing to take an immense deal of rote work rather than use one effort to think; and we believe she is right. It is thinking, not learning nor working, that damages; and the memory may be stored, and facility of working can be obtained, without that dangerous feat of comprehension and deduction which is what 'pressing a child too much' really means.

Between ten and thirteen, according to her powers, girls should *begin at the beginning* of some easy book of scientific arithmetic. De Morgan's, if not out of date, is a very good one. They should read it aloud with a thorough-going person, who will not let them leap over the self-evident foundations that they will view as insults to their understanding. The real meaning of the working of the four first rules there mastered leads on to vulgar fractions, proportion, and decimals; and only the minds which are more than commonly blind to calculation can help comprehending and being interested.

Somewhere about this time a beginning of mathematics should be made. Long previously the primary terms should have been accurately understood. Reading, or geography, in fact, must lead to the learning the difference between an angle and a triangle, about parallels, rectangles, and the like. N. B.—If the teacher happens to find her own head in confusion on the subject, she had better look the definitions up at the beginning of the books of Euclid. Nobody can teach properly or understand accurately, who alternately talks of a hexagon and a sexagon, or who does not perceive that an angle of ninety degrees must be a right angle. There are things which a person of moderate capacity can gather while reading, but that cannot be *taught* without being learnt instead of picked up. It is absolute amusement to children to be taught to use a case of instruments, and the names and something of the natures of the simpler mathematical figures; and the manner of drawing them can be taught them as part of that rational occupation which is the next thing to play. Even girls' patch-work can be the foundation of a good deal of real experimental information, if it be drawn on a symmetrical design, requiring as it does perfect exactness.

But it is well towards the end of the school-room course to study the earlier books of Euclid, more perhaps for the sake of the reasoning than of the knowledge. Observe, this is not to be enforced upon beings devoid of all mathematical capacity, of whom both sexes possess some specimens of average intellect in other respects. These, if hard driven, will learn the propositions by a feat of memory, but never comprehend a word of them. They must be given up, just as the earless are given up as to music.

The discipline of mathematics is, however, very valuable to the feminine creature in itself, and it is the key to a great deal more, above all when the point is reached where the properties of plane figures begin

to meet and explain the operations of arithmetic. I remember to this hour the delight of finding the meaning of the working of a square-root sum. It is an immense stage in life to rise, even for a moment, above the rule of thumb.

Algebra and the further study of geometry are very good to be carried on beyond the school-room. Indeed, those who have capacity and opportunity, and who have gone through arithmetic, say as far as the cube root, by the last year of their school-room life, had better be then initiated into algebra, for the sake of simplifying the operations they are learning to understand, and for the benefit that the comprehension of the symbols will be in every other study.

But we can hardly repeat too often, the school-room is the place for learning beginnings. Afterwards the pursuit of the study depends upon taste and circumstance. Nobody is obliged to know more arithmetic than enough to keep the accounts, but those who have the capacity will do well by themselves if they carry on the study; and not only by themselves, for who can tell what opportunities of assisting brother, father, husband, or son, this cultivated power may not give them; nay, in the lowest and most utilitarian view, the same instruction that enables them to appreciate the vast theories of astronomy serves to reckon the quantity of carpetting needed by a room.

So again, a moderate knowledge of history is *de rigueur*; but there are persons so constituted that they can take no interest in the past. Neither the great changes which deal with the welfare of nations, the striking characters, nor the romantic incidents, have power to touch them; they cannot project their imagination into bygone days, nor care about that which is not in immediate action. These must go through historical study enough not to be liable to absurd blunders; and intelligent teaching would probably make it much more interesting to them, by shewing the bearing upon the present.

History should be taught from the first moment that reading has become not so much an art as a stepping-stone. The names and dates of English kings are to the rest of history much what the multiplication-table is to arithmetic, and so the succession and some idea connected with each name should be got into the head as soon as possible; and many of the old traditions are just as necessary to be known as if they were arithmetic. King Alfred and the cakes, Knut and the tide, the Conqueror and the curfew, Rufus and the arrow—all are connections that *can* be established in the first lustre, and serve as foundations for life. Some wise man recommended teaching history backwards, beginning with the Reform Bill. I wonder whether he ever tried it upon children, or reasoned only from men, to whom elections are realities, and who may need to be shewn the why and wherefore.

The childish mind can take in small personal details, but nothing of large interests; and the best way to give the frame-work upon which the structure of real knowledge is to be built, is to connect the name with an

idea that can be grasped, and that gives a sense of amusement. If 'Little Arthur's History' were not so flagrantly incorrect, it would answer the purpose; but I have felt the need of another so much as to write 'Aunt Charlotte's Stories of the History of England.' (Marcus Ward.) On this the names and dates can be grafted, and should be rehearsed often enough to make them always within call by the memory in after life. There is generally connection enough with France to make the name of the king of one country recall that of his contemporary, and almost all the other continental powers were in like manner connected with France, so that a certain knowledge of English dates enables those of the rest of modern history to be perceived with sufficient accuracy for common purposes, though not for an examination.

This course of easy English history should begin as soon as the act of reading has been attained with facility enough to allow of story-books being laid aside as lessons—a time varying from five to eight, according to the mechanical reading powers of the child or the abilities of the teacher in imparting what is really the most difficult though the earliest acquisition of our lives, the linking sounds to signs. If the child cannot read well enough, the names and stories should be told or read to it in association with pictures. Anyway this alphabet should be acquired by seven or eight years old, and kept up by rehearsals of dates or writing out when another book is taken in hand.

This book had better be some outline of ancient history. There is sufficient analogy between the childhood of individuals and the childhood of nations, to make early history, when motives are simple, and passions on the surface, much more easy to enter into than the later complications of politics. Moreover, at seven, eight, or nine, the mind is developed enough to acquire that which is perhaps one of the great distinctions between the cultivated and uncultivated—some sense of the perspective of history. And there is, or ought to be, sufficient knowledge of Scripture events to serve as some amount of scaffolding. If the child comes to this point *young*, Maria Hack's 'True Stories from Ancient History' serve very well to give a warm interest in individuals; or for a somewhat more advanced child, my own 'Landmarks of Ancient History' connect the 'five empires' with the Bible narrative.

This will last about a year, by which time the mind will be grown enough for a somewhat more detailed English history, either the 'Kings of England' or the 'New School History of England' (Parker)—the ancient history being meantime kept up, as the English before, by repetition of dates. That admirable chart, Stork's 'Stream of Time,' ought to be in every school-room, if only it were adapted to modern discoveries and brought down to the present time. It teaches by the eye

'How changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay,'

more plainly than almost any amount of study or of oral instruction, and it

is preferable to Le Sage's tables, (which also need renewing and modernizing,) inasmuch as they are shut up in a book, and this hangs or should hang on the wall. Who that has loitered near it can forget the streams of ancient realms falling into the Macedonian Empire, and in one generation, breaking forth from it again only to fatten the Roman Empire, which soon after its plethora begins to wax lean and emit the more modern nations? Who can forget this, who has seen it with their eyes, and referred to it with their reading? N. B.—Historical reading should always be accompanied by maps.

Looking out the places is one of the works most wearying to human indolence, but which best rewards itself in the clearness and interest it gives; and as children like anything that breaks the continuity of a lesson, they are sure to be pleased by it. Maps are so cheap now, that they can be had in sufficient numbers to provide each child with one, and if intelligently used, *i. e.* pointing to the shape of the harbour, the proximity of a mountain, or the river whose passage caused the battle, they obtain life and animation.

After the more detailed English history course, it may be well to go back to ancient history with Miss Sewell's admirable 'Greece and Rome.' Mythology is so entertaining, that it can be pretty well imparted by a discreet use of Kingsley's and Cox's tales, which are just what might be read aloud to little girls at needle-work; and then might follow a translation of Homer, which hardly ever fails to interest and delight much younger than some would suppose. Translations of the Greek tragedians can carry on the course. The *Æneid*, if girls learn Latin, should be reserved to be read in the original.

After this ancient course, I believe my own 'Landmarks of the Middle Ages and Modern History' will answer best for sketching European history. And good historical novels and poetry had better be used to illustrate them, being either read aloud while the girls work or draw, or put into their hands as a favour. Many of G. P. R. James's novels may be very well applied to this purpose. They by no means deserve the contempt that has been bestowed on them; their romance is always pure and high-minded, and the characters and manners are carefully studied. The faults—namely, want of variety, and lack of power to rise to the highest class of portraiture—do not *tell* in this kind of reading; and where there is a hiatus in the course of Scott, the 'two travellers' will be found very valuable.

Shakespeare's historical plays should of course be read in their places, ancient and modern; and Scott's poems in the same manner.

The course of history described above will probably last till the girl is thirteen or fourteen years old; and then, if she be intelligent and capable, I would entreat that her further historical reading should be of some *real* book, not an abridgement or compilation. 'Tales of a Grandfather' I should reckon as real reading; and if the child be not advanced or studious enough to read them for herself, it would be better to make them

the reading as a lesson. There are historical errors here and there, but these can be corrected; and the contact with a really powerful thinking mind is so important a part of education, that it ought not to be sacrificed to the mere fact-cramming. The skeleton of chronology once learnt, and the power of easy writing attained, the facts can be kept up and put in by other means; but after twelve years old, history should be read aloud from authors of real force and style.

If French be by this time familiar, French history had better be read through that medium, and stories be dropped into reading for amusement, or only used occasionally as a treat on semi-holidays after the language is once mastered. Historical reading ought to be the habit of many years, so that there is much more advantage in giving the impulse to read a long book without alarm, than in galloping through any form of history made easy. The custom of hunting down a subject by its date in as full or as original a history as lies within reach, should also be taught about this time; and this can often be done by proposing a subject—say the account of some battle, or siege, or some biography, and awarding the meed of honour to the fullest and most accurate composition.

(To be continued.)

BOUDDHA.

Of all the Indian systems of philosophy, none has spread so widely as that of which Bouddha was the founder. No teaching has been so often compared with that of Christianity; none has so nearly grasped the truth to fall so wonderfully short of it.

It may be as well, therefore, to give a special notice of the life and doctrines of this remarkable man.

The exact date of his birth is unknown, but writers of the best authority place it between five and six hundred years before the Christian era. His father was an Indian prince, of considerable wealth and power, named Gótama, which name descended to the son, though the latter was called by his parents Siddharth, and later, by his disciples, Sakya, or Sankya Singha, Sakya Muni, and Bouddha.

During Bouddha's infancy, a soothsayer predicted that he would end his days as an anchorite after a life of extraordinary asceticism; and this prophecy so alarmed his father, that he guarded him with the greatest care, and surrounded him with all the pleasures and luxury his rank and wealth enabled him to command, in the hope of attaching him indissolubly to the enjoyments of this world. At sixteen the young prince was married to the beautiful princess Yassdhasei, whose noble birth and rich dowry well entitled her to become the bride of one who

sprang of the race of the Sun, and traced his descent from Sammata, the first monarch of the world.

But vain were his father's precautions, his wife's charms, to win his mind from the mournful reflections which continually occupied it. In the midst of feasting and rejoicing, the sight of a decrepid old man would fill him with sad thoughts of the transitory nature of all human glory and strength. He would steal forth among the homes of the poor; and there, in the presence of disease and death, he vowed to live not in the enjoyment of life, but in the search after that Truth which alone could enable him to meet his last hour in peace.

A son was born to him, 'beautiful as the lotus flower,' say the Bouddhist historians. Yet the birth of this child, though it rejoiced every other heart, brought only sorrow to the young father. The idea that existence is suffering had so impressed itself upon his mind, that he had no room for anything but grief that another being should have entered the dark path of misery, whose end is the grave. In the midst of the fêtes and feasting which welcomed the little heir, Gótama's vigilance relaxed, and Bouddha silently left the palace and wandered into the wilderness. Here he lived for some time alone, meditating upon the mysteries of life and death; disguised as a beggar, and subsisting upon alms. Here he examined the earlier philosophical systems, but found none that altogether approved itself to his understanding. Here he subsisted entirely upon fruit and vegetables, rigidly adhering to the earliest doctrine, which forbade to take the life of any, even the meanest, creature. Attracted by the sanctity of his life, disciples gathered round; at first only five, but their number rapidly increased. To them he confided the result of his solitary meditations, the way of peace that he believed he had discovered.

The so-called 'Four Truths' form, says Chevalier Bunsen, the foundation of this metaphysical system.

1. Existence is suffering.
2. This suffering must be recognized as a necessary result of certain causes.
3. It should be the aim of man to put an end to this suffering.
4. There is a means of doing so, and this means Bouddha came to teach.

He did it more by inculcating abstinence from evil than by urging to the practice of good. To strive after absolute detachment from all earthly objects and enjoyments, after purity of word and deed, uninfluenced by fear of punishment or hope of reward, he considered the supreme duty of man upon earth.

'There is,' he says, 'in the soul an immortal germ, the only divine principle which exists in us. But in its finite condition, attached to the body, the soul is apt to seek satisfaction in the world of sense and in the fulfilment of earthly desires, whereas its aim ought to be to die to outward things, even to all thought of reward or punishment. When a

man is thus dead to himself, then alone does the divine principle shine forth in its splendour. Then he is ready to attain unto Nirvana.'

Nirvana—which means Extinction, originally—signifies, according to Chevalier Bunsen, in the Bouddhist philosophy, peace of soul.

Bouddha, in the writings ascribed to him, makes frequent mention of Brahma, the Divine Spirit, but his ideas of its nature and work are not very clearly defined, and thus many modern authors have accused him of atheism, a charge from which he is warmly defended by others.

He does not appear to have thought that mankind owed their origin to Brahma, but to have imagined that each human being came into existence through the agency of physical causes, existing independently of him, and that its spiritual principle is independent and individual likewise, though in the end it will, when Nirvana is attained, be united to his. Such at least is Hardy's view of the subject.

The celebrated Bouddhist commandments are all negative.

1. Not to kill the meanest creature.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to lie.
4. Not to calumniate.
5. Not to commit impurity.
6. Not to hate.
7. Not to cause strife or division.

In the 'Thousand Words,' however, Bouddha enjoins the practice of good as well as abstinence from evil; he recommends almsgiving, prayer, and attention to the sick. He also advised such of his disciples as wished to devote themselves exclusively to a religious life, to live in community under a sort of monastic rule, earnestly to preach his doctrine, to meditate, and to work.

His followers saw in him the living incarnation of wisdom and truth, and believed that he had existed under the forms of different prophets for many ages before he was born the son of Gótama. His spirit, they thought, would be transmitted in the same way to succeeding generations; thus every generation has its Bouddha, he never dies.

There are two kinds of Bouddhas, celestial and terrestrial. Each has three natures, each of which is manifested in a different world. Bouddha in the highest world is the supreme Nirvana; on earth he manifests himself in a human form. The first nature is the absolute, the infinite; the second is a mediator, a creator, the world in God; the third is the past and the future, the realization of God by men.

Thus the Indian philosopher became a God to his followers after he himself had passed beyond all mysteries and perplexities. He lived to the age of eighty, and then died quietly sitting at the foot of a tree, where he was resting after a journey. Shortly before his death, he spoke of his own feelings and hopes to his friends.

'I have now,' he said, 'attained to the highest wisdom. I have neither wish nor desire; selfishness, interest, pride, hatred, all have

passed away. Up to this moment I have hated, coveted, desired; but all is over now. Oh that millions of other men would likewise devote themselves to the religious life, then dying to themselves they would rise again, when Brahma renews the universe, to people new worlds in innumerable companies.'

'Such,' remarks Chevalier Bunsen, 'was the Nirvana of Bouddha.'

It now remains to be seen in what the Bouddhist philosophy differed from that of other systems which had preceded and succeeded it.

First, in attributing the origin of soul or spirit to material causes, and to each separate soul an independent existence.

Secondly, in recognizing in each soul a double nature, partly good, partly evil.

Thirdly, in its very high code of morality, which taught that without purity of heart no outward observances are of any avail.

Fourthly, in the absence of all influence from fear of punishment or hope of reward.

Fifthly, in the belief that souls, even when united to Brahma, will retain their own individuality. Bouddha appears, in a modified degree, to have held the doctrine of transmigration common among most Indian nations. Eugène Burnouf insists strongly on the atheistic nature of his doctrines. In this writer's opinion, Brahma was to Bouddha only a name, probably, for the material universe; abstinence from evil, and independence of fortune, the only good man could know upon earth; Nirvana Extinction the only blessing he could hope for hereafter. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,'—a sad blessing indeed! uncheered by gleams from a brighter world. But Chevalier Bunsen, one of Bouddha's warmest defenders, points out how inconsistent this charge is with many passages in his writings, some already quoted here, and with the spirit of the 'Thousand Words' taken as a whole.

At the same time, he shews very clearly the causes which led to the rapid corruption of the Bouddhist system, and the reasons why so grand a moral code should not have produced greater corresponding results.

The highest influence that can be brought to bear upon human nature is love to a personal God, who first loved His weak erring creatures; of this mutual love there is no trace in the Bouddhist philosophy, neither is there any of that faint reflection of the Divine Love to one another for His sake.

That greatest of all truths, 'God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him,' was unknown to the sage who thought he had attained to the end of knowledge.

Thus Bouddha, with all his wisdom, reminds us of Pascal's words, when he compares himself deprived of the light of revelation to a man cast upon a desert island, knowing neither whence he came nor whither he is going.

'Je me vois,' he says, 'tout entouré d'êtres semblables à moi, impuissants comme moi, misérables comme moi. Je vois qu'ils ne

m'aideraient pas à mourir, je mourrai seul, il faut donc faire comme si j'étais seul ; or si j'étais seul, je ne bâtirais point de maisons, je ne chercherais l'estime de personne, mais je tâcherais seulement de découvrir la vérité.'

This Truth, so long sought in vain, the great philosopher has found at last.

A PLEA FOR THE WASP.

I am mightily abused ;
... the shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy.

King Lear.

THE wasp might well appropriate the above quotations, for it has been described as 'well known for its combativeness, voracity, and the virulence of its sting ;' and though the habitation it constructed was allowed to be beautiful, no one spoke in favour of the architect, whose nest, if prized by some as a curious object, was yet obtained at the sacrifice of the lives of its inmates. More frequently still both the insects and their habitation were destroyed ; the blowing up of a wasp's nest offering peculiar attraction to school-boys, in whose eyes the chance of getting stung added a pleasurable excitement to the undertaking. The idea of studying the wasp with her nest was first carried out, I believe, by the late Mr. Stone, of Brighthampton, who instituted many curious experiments to test their architectural powers. He prepared some ordinary wooden boxes for the reception of the wasps, and the comb containing the grubs. The box was placed on end, and instead of a lid, a piece of glass was substituted, a groove being made at the top and bottom of the box, so that the glass could be drawn out from either side. Small holes were drilled at the top and bottom of the box, through which thin brass wires were passed. In one box Mr. Stone arranged the wires in a double row, four wires in front, and four behind, each row about two inches apart, a piece of comb containing grubs being attached to the top and base of each wire. A small hole was cut at the back of the box, to allow of the exit and entrance of the inmates. After the comb was thus placed, the wasps were introduced ; they almost immediately set to work, and in fifteen days the wasps had covered all the wires and most of the comb, and nearly filled the box with paper. He in each experiment varied the position of the wires, and found the wasps quite willing to follow his guidance ; and they constructed several beautiful nests much resembling stalactite caves. Several specimens of these nests may be seen in the first room of the Northern Zoological Gallery of the British Museum. A much more detailed account of Mr. Stone's experiments, with illustrations, is given by Mr. Wood in his interesting volume, called 'Homes

without Hands.' These experiments led to others being made; and Dr. Omerod tells us the results of his, in a delightfully practical volume, which not only gives an account of the nests, but also is full of information about wasps, tracing their course literally from the 'egg.' Speaking of the pleasure and instruction derived from the study, he says: 'As a scientific pursuit the study of wasps is not surpassed by that of bees; there is no danger in observing wasps and their nests, if we only use a little caution and discretion; they seem to have no personal antipathies, like bees.' Now many are prevented from studying wasps from fear; and the object of this paper is to shew how very much interference the wasp will put up with; and indeed, there are few insects who offer such facilities to the observer. It is therefore to the behaviour of the wasp when domesticated that I wish to call attention, neither of the authorities whom I have named having made much mention of it. I would venture, after three years close intimacy, to give some details, the truth of which I can vouch for from personal experience. The first thing was, of course, to prepare a box, (this I got from a grocer's,) and arrange it according to the plan adopted by Mr. Stone. The box being ready, the next step was procuring the nest, with the wasps in a living state. The late Professor Henslow invented a way for taking wasps' nests; it is thus described by him in the Gardener's Chronicle for 1842: 'Pour about half a cupful of spirits of turpentine into and about the entrance holes after dark, when the wasps, with the exception perhaps of a few stragglers, are all in for the night; then place a flower-pan over, and bank it round with earth: the turpentine, when applied thus, has the effect of stupefying the wasps, and if desired, the nest may be dug up thirty-six hours afterwards with perfect security.' This plan, so simple and easy to put into practice, I determined to adopt; but I fancy in going thirty-six hours before the nest was to be dug up, Professor Henslow could only have thought of preserving the nest, and not of saving the insects alive.

My first experiment was carried on under my own directions; but after fifteen hours, on digging for the nest, we found all the wasps in a state past recovery. I then thought of trying with the same quantity of turpentine, but allowing only two hours to elapse. I fortunately heard of a very strong nest, which was easy of access, and accordingly the experiment was repeated. The same quantity of turpentine was poured into and round the entrance holes, and the other directions followed. In two hours time our gardener and coachman ventured to dig for the nest, and brought it to me under a bell-glass, just two hours and a half after the turpentine had been poured in. The wasps were then fast recovering from their stupor, but the servants had dug up the nest without the slightest inconvenience to themselves. Two or three drops of chloroform dropped on wadding and placed under the bell-glass, soon intoxicated the wasps sufficiently to render them stupid. Most of the wasps had come out of the nest, and these were left (under the effects of chloroform)

beneath the glass. The nest was now removed from the bell-glass, and the whole of the outer covering removed. The combs containing the larvæ being the only part required, each comb was removed separately, and placed either at the top or bottom of the wire pillars. This can only be done by passing the wire through the comb, and I found it necessary to support the top in position, by a piece of wire passed through the box from side to side. It must always be remembered that wasps hang with their heads down, and the comb must be placed so that the opening of the cells face downwards. Care must be taken in pulling the nest to pieces, as sometimes a few wasps take refuge between the passages of the comb, and not being so much under the influence of the turpentine, speedily recover, though I have never found them spitefully inclined, and a pair of gardening gloves would be all the protection necessary. The comb having been arranged, the wasps were removed to their box, which was done by taking up with a pair of forceps a few of the most lively, while those who had not recovered were just brushed off the tray into the front part of the nest, sliding back the glass cover sufficiently to admit them. As all this had to be done at night, and it was getting late, I stuffed up the hole at the back of the box with paper, and with a gimlet bored a few small holes at the top to admit air. The box was then removed to an out-house. The next morning the men found the house full of wasps. They had eaten away a good deal of the paper, and had already begun to cover the wire bars with a thin layer of paper. The wasps were most amicable, allowing the box to be carried down and nailed on to a wooden stand, which I had placed under a tree in a meadow some little distance from the house. They followed the box in its transit, but never attempted to sting the person who carried it. I fed them with beer and sugar, keeping them well supplied with this nourishment. In subsequent experiments, I found common treacle answer as well, with just the drainings of the beer-jug.

The conduct of the wasps so far had been most encouraging; and the next day I opened the glass front, and putting both hands inside, inserted an extra brass wire across the box. No attempt was made to sting me, though they were working all the time, and one or two crawled on my hands, which were gloveless. The wasps built steadily, and completely covered the comb. The queen-wasp (easily distinguishable from her superior size) kept in sight for the first two days, and seemed busily employed looking after the larvæ; but as soon as the comb was covered I saw her no more.

The wasps in the space of ten days built a small nest. It is curious to watch how one of the first things to be done in their new abode, seems the removal of all *débris*; and the wasps may be seen carrying about those larvæ, who, while the combs were being arranged, had inadvertently fallen out of their cells. No attempt, as far as I could see, was made to reinstate them; and Dr. Omerod confirms this—he says, ‘If the embryo loses its hold, it falls out of the cell; and the workers, acting on

the maxim that everything out of its place is dirt, immediately remove the helpless grub from the nest. They do not kill or eat the grubs—at least, not in the first instance; they merely carry them away, as they would any other useless material. Hunter has seen the wasps replace the grubs which had fallen out of the nest: but this is not their usual practice.'

I will give another instance of the rapidity with which the wasps put everything in order. On one occasion the nest arrived later than usual; and as I was anxious that the servant should place it on its stand that night, I arranged the comb rather hurriedly, not perceiving, until the box was just being carried to its stand, that I had forgotten to place one piece of comb which was full of grubs. Not wishing to detain the nest, I placed the comb face downwards on the bottom of the box, intending to re-adjust it the following day. Early the next morning I went to the nest for this purpose, but found that in the time which had elapsed the wasps had built little paper pillars on to the base of the box, raising the comb upon them, and were busily engaged feeding the grubs. I have noticed in Dr. Omerod's book the wasp is traced from the egg, nor does the insect offer any obstruction to those who wish to verify what he has stated. I have, while the wasps have been in full work, removed a portion of the covering, with which they speedily invest the combs, and cut off a portion of the comb containing the tiny egg, which, as Dr. Omerod says, 'stands out obliquely from the side of the cell, as a little white speck about half a line long, and in this position it hatches. The larva, however, is not immediately set free from confinement on hatching, for the tail remains fast within the egg-shell. The vertical direction of the cells makes this provision necessary; for a moment's consideration will shew that without it, as soon as the larvæ were hatched, they would fall out of their cells and die. The larva moves freely on this centre, it feeds and grows, but cannot get away from the spot on which the egg was laid. When the perfect insect leaves its shell, it leaves its prison history written on the walls in very plain characters. Here is the egg-shell, wanting only a little patience to spread it out in its full proportions. Here, close by, is the first skin, at once distinguished by the great length of the central tooth of the mandibles, (the larva casts its mandibles each time it moults, and the mandibles of the larva in its first skin, in its second skin, and of the perfect insect, are all different in form.) Pressed down upon these relics of an earlier age, earlier by a fortnight perhaps, is the spiral coil of undigested food wrapped in its own membranes, a daily record of all the little grub has eaten, or rather has failed to digest. On this lies the second skin and its mandibles, needing a great deal of patience to disentangle it perfectly; and on this again, we may find as much of the cast skin of the pupa as has not been either swallowed by the insect just emerging into active life, or picked out of the deserted cell piecemeal by her elder sister. And this story is repeated in the same way, as many times as the cell has been occupied; egg-shell, first skin, excreted mass,

second skin, and shreds of pupal investment, lie in sets, in the same order as they have been cast off by each successive tenant.'

I have given this rather long extract to shew how much there is to interest one in tracing the history of the wasp, as Dr. Omerod has done; he has published the result of his investigations in a book called *British Social Wasps*, (Longman's,) so simply and clearly as to make his treatise a most valuable guide to the amateur. When manipulating wasps, the grand thing is quietness; anything of hurry irritates them, and they would be then very likely to sting. When I obtained pieces of the comb for examination, I was careful to do everything very slowly. I first deprived the comb of its outer covering; the wasps found that something was going on, and soon came out; but as I then paused, in two or three minutes they all went in again. After this, I cut with my knife through the small portion of comb required for examination; this again provoked a sortie, and though I had cut through the comb, I refrained from removing it until a few minutes elapsed, and they were quiet; I then took it away, and once more they came out to reconnoitre, but, though I had the little piece in my hand, they did not follow me. One day I took three pieces of comb away, one after the other, without the least personal inconvenience from the wasps. I was never stung but once, and then it was not while I was manipulating the insects. A stray wasp must have got upon my clothes, and crawled under my hair, and then have stung because it was unable to extricate itself. A little table salt and sweet oil applied to the sting prevents all inflammation, and gives speedy relief.

It is important to obtain the nest as early as possible in the season; the wasps will only build in warm weather, and their paper-making powers seem to wax very faint by the end of August. Mr. Stone, who was a most practical observer, says, 'that he induced queen-wasps in early spring to take up their quarters in holes in banks; he first thrust into the bank a pointed stick to the depth of three or four inches; he next inserted another stick blunt at the end, and by working it round gradually, enlarged the end of the hole or tunnel, and thus adapted it for the purposes of the wasp. He always took care to make holes in places wasps were likely to frequent; and though in some seasons he did not succeed, in others he obtained as many swarms as he desired, and thereby saved the trouble of procuring nests from a distance. For the above information I am indebted to his friend, Mr. F. Smith, of the Zoological Department, British Museum, who at the same time writes: 'I have only once tried the scheme, and three swarms were found in the bank a few weeks after, but they were so near together, the strong swarm robbed the others of their brood, and at length the swarms united.' He adds, 'My friend Mr. Stone had the intention of uniting two or three swarms, and compelling them to build a nest resembling the elevation of St. Paul's Cathedral. The box was prepared, but before the season came for procuring the wasps my poor friend died.'

Enough has been said to prove that wasps are worth keeping, if only

in order to watch them build; but those who do so can scarce fail to extend their study of the insect in other ways. A wasp of the social kind has lately had the honour of putting in an appearance at the British Association. In the Brighton Daily News, of August 20th, 1872, we read: 'Sir John Lubbock brought before the notice of the Association a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three months, which he had brought from the Pyrenees: he took it in its nest, formed of twenty-seven cells, in which there were fifteen eggs; and had it been allowed to remain, there would have been quite a colony of wasps: none of the eggs, however, came to maturity, and the wasp had never laid any more since it had been in his possession. 'The wasp is now quite tame, though at first rather too ready with its sting. It now eats sugar from his hand, and allows him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness, and though enjoying occasional outings, it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as its home. This was the first tame wasp kept by itself he had ever heard of.' *

In conclusion, I should just notice one objection often raised, namely, the fear of bringing wasps into the house by establishing a nest within easy distance. Such fear I believe to be groundless, for this reason. Wasps seem disposed to avail themselves of things nearest at hand, and if kept well supplied with food do not give themselves even the trouble of catching flies, their usual prey. I have seen the saucer in which the food was kept swarming with wasps, till you could catch no glimpse of the food, and several flies at the edge of the saucer stretching their proboscides in between the wasps, no doubt sucking up the food, while the wasps apparently were perfectly indifferent to their presence. So that if the wasps are too well fed to catch flies, I believe they do not trouble themselves to go far from the nest; for at whatever hour I went they were always close round it. The feeding, I imagine, keeps them from the fruit as well as from the flies. I will give another instance of the way they avail themselves of material close at hand. The sides of the deal box in which they were kept in a few days shewed signs of having been pressed into service, for several small marks were discernible where the wood had been scraped off, and wasps were perpetually seen running up and down the sides of the box. One of my swarms availed themselves of some bluish-grey paper which the gardener had suspended over some seeds; after a few days there was quite a bluish stratum in the nest, and at first I wondered where it had come from, until I caught sight, within a few yards of the nest, of the paper suspended by a string. But though they make use of what is brought to them, they cannot be called indolent; suffice it to say, that the adult wasp when it first emerges from the cocoon looks a miserably weak object, its wings hanging down and apparently glued to its sides, yet it only waits for these to dry, and in

* Since writing the above, I have heard of the death of Sir John Lubbock's tame wasp; it died February 20th, 1873. It slept, as it were, away—first the head dying, then the thorax, then the abdomen. It has been deposited in the British Museum.

twelve hours is busily engaged in working. A hornet used to come and feed daily with the wasps, a truce seemed to exist between them; for though I watched closely, he never attacked the wasps, but would not let off the flies, pouncing on them instantly, and flying off with them. Wasps, like bees, when an enemy comes whom they cannot extirpate, embalm him. In my last nest, when removing the outside covering in order to shew the structure of the combs, I came across a very hard substance, which proved to be a snail-shell that had been entirely covered with paper.

I have now brought my paper to a close; my object will have been gained, if by simply relating facts, I shall induce any to study the habits of wasps who may hitherto have been restrained by fear from doing so.

A HOLIDAY SHOOTING TRIP IN CEYLON.

‘HURRAH for the jungle! hurrah for the jungle!’

I was quietly sitting at work, when the verandah door burst open, and my brother dashed into the room wild with excitement, declaring his determination to be ‘off for a trip’ before the week ended.

‘Why, Jack, what a sudden idea!’ I exclaimed, rather astonished. ‘How can you go without your leave?’

‘I’ve got it!’—and he held up a telegram just received, containing permission to absent himself for a week.

‘Now then, this is Tuesday, we will start on Friday, while the moon is good—so be ready.’

‘Ready! I should think so! Oh what glorious fun!’

A very short trip to the jungle once before had been my only experience of it, and now we were to spend a whole week in it or more.

But first I should like to give home readers some little idea of what life in the Civil Service of India is like, that they may understand how necessary to life and health an occasional holiday is to its hard-worked officials.

Fancy then, one of yourselves—Irish, English, or Scotch, it matters not; but a man with all his native strength and spirits as yet unsubdued, reared to the active life and vigorous exercises a cold climate necessitates—a gentleman in the highest sense of the term, trained to venerate all that is true, noble, and refined, and hate the opposite. Such a one, after an early morning’s busy occupation at home, starts for office at ten, from which hour until three, includes the hottest period of the day.

Windows and doors lie open indeed, and a punkah swings lazily over head; but the tiger rays of a tropical sun turn the very air to an impalpable sea of fire, surrounding them with waves of heat that rise and fall with every vibration of the atmosphere. They draw forth the vital strength in streams over his burning skin, and scorch his eyes with their glare. Everywhere—within, without, above, below, around—the white blaze withers and blinds. But the physical endurances are far

less wearing than the mental ones. A number of men stand round him of various shades of colour; and it might be difficult to decide which is the darker, their natures or their skins. *His* object is to discover truth, *theirs* to hide it. Cunning smoothes their tongues, as the margosa oil—the evil savour of which fills the room—does their bodies; and as the prevailing rule amongst themselves is, ‘Do, or you will be done,’ they conscientiously carry out the principle when dealing with their superiors. There is, nevertheless, good faith and firm attachment to be found amongst them, especially from those to whom rigorous justice as well as considerate kindness has been administered; but by far the greater number indulge in bribery, perjury, and deceit without scruple. Is it any wonder, then, that he returns at half-past four—and that is a moderate case—worn and spiritless, heart-sick with vexation and anxiety, without appetite for food, and only too ready to lay down life and all that it is worth for a cheroot! Can you not, dear home friends and relatives, imagine the reaction that, after six, nine, or twelve months of such a life, lies in the prospect of a ‘Trip to the Jungle’?

Friday arrived, and we started. Travelling here and travelling at home are very different things. The best mode of transit by water for private expeditions is the native *dhong*, a clumsily built boat, chiefly worked by poling, and warranted to stick on every mud-heap or sand-bank in the shallow lakes; the best conveyance by land, the bullock bandy, a large cart covered with a lattice-work of palm leaves, and drawn by a pair of patient gentle bullocks; and the best hotels, those models of hardy discipline, the rest-houses. These usually consist of two or three large apartments, with stone floors, white-wash walls, and unceiled roofs devoted to the use of bats. A few grumbling chairs and grunting stretchers relieve the desolation, in which stray members of a well-known and ubiquitous family accommodate themselves more comfortably than you or I could, fastidious reader. We, however, were favoured with the use of the Government boat, a gay little craft, that tripped it right merrily over the dancing ripples, considerably shortening the worst part of the journey.

Our party consisted of Jack and myself, Appoo, Ayah, Coolie, two horse-keepers, two ponies, tents, beds, chairs, and provisions for a week. To add to the pleasure of the thing, Jack’s friend, colleague, and authority in all wild sports, had also obtained leave, and promised to follow us next day if kutcherri business allowed. Appoo and Ayah alone accompanied us, the rest having gone on to await our arrival. Four hours took us across the lake to Punakari; the natives beguiling the way with sundry bursts of song, the burden of which seemed ever to be a wild cry of ‘Aum, Ma-ma-a,’ tossed from one to another in every tone of remonstrance, entreaty, defiance, and despair. There the carts awaited us; and after all the usual mistakes and delays which will occur, and the long jolting drive, it was dark when we reached the rest-house.

If hunger makes the best sauce, surely fatigue must make the softest couch, for everything seemed charming; and considering the rarity of visitors to Punakari, rest-house things were wonderful. The table (rheumatic in the joints,) was laid, and baths ready, and having thoroughly enjoyed a good splash, we felt well inclined for the comfortable little dinner Appoo had contrived for us.

Next rose the question, what we should do? To think of giving the

whole night to sleep was ridiculous. 'What a glorious moon!' There she was, rising over the palm trees and peeping into the verandah where we now stood, while Ayah bustled about inside and 'catta-podu'-ed—a term, by-the-bye, which seems to me to express every possible arrangement of any nature whatever, that has to be got through.

'I'll tell you what,' suddenly exclaimed Jack between the puffs of his cheroot, 'I shall sit out at the tank to-night for deer.'

'What tank, Jack? Where?'

'One about a mile and a half away; and we might ride down there now. That's the thing!—Armogam,' to the horse-keeper, 'kuthera catta-podu!'

Pegtop, our beautiful little black Pegu, and Coralline, a pretty grey filly, were accordingly saddled; and accompanied by the horse-keeper and a tracker to sit up with Jack, we rode away.

The tank, a natural lake, that dries up in the hot season and fills in the rains, was a well-known resort of deer, wild boars, and leopards; and Jack made sure of getting something. There was a large hole dug on one side, out of which he turned a poacher, and into which he turned himself, with much the same instincts that a hermit-crab dislodges the occupant of a coveted shell; and leaving him to his hopes, 'with the silent bush-boy alone by my side,' I gladly retraced the path back to the rest-house, to find my bed ready in the one habitable portion of that establishment, the 'coffee-room.' Nothing more to see, and nothing more to hear, but the snoring of Ayah, and the whirring of the bats overhead, till sleep obliterated all.

Day-break next morning. What a fuss! What can be the matter? Ayah is gone, and I hear her voice, where she is always sure to be, in the thick of the *melée*. Such a running about, gesticulating, and jabbering! The explanation is, that 'Master shoot deer,' and has sent for men to carry it home; and they must get up a sensation before going to work. But I am so glad he has got one.

Now then, to shake off dull sleep, and dress, and have breakfast ready whenever he comes back, for won't he be hungry?

Not till eight o'clock did the quick patter of Pegtop's hoofs ring along the road; and the next minute he cantered up to the verandah, where Jack leaped off with a fine jungle-cock in his hand, which he had just shot from the pony's back. Such a beauty, with large yellow wattles, brilliant brown and golden plumage, and a long sweeping tail of the richest green.

'O Jack, where did you get it?'

'Close by, on the edge of the jungle. Well, never mind the bird now, but call for breakfast, for I am famished.'

'Yes; and you can have your bath meantime.' And having carried off the cock to Appoo, I returned to the verandah, where we always sat.

'Here it comes, Jack!' I called out a few minutes after, as four men appeared, carrying a large animal slung on a pole.

'Which? The breakfast or the deer?' shouted he, laughing, from the bath-room.

'The deer, of course. Oh, what a splendid creature!'

Panting and puffing the men came up, and lowered it off their shoulders; a noble buck, with skin as soft and shining as satin, and a fine pair of horns. The latter were 'in velvet' though, being the fresh

growth of the third year, and covered with a silky down, which rendered them more difficult to preserve.

Breakfast was postponed that Jack might superintend the skinning process. The flesh, too, was speedily divided and packed, and the beautiful creature, which that morning had been scouring through glade and thicket in fearless delight, was now sent back by boat to decorate the larders of some half-dozen friends at Colombogam, while his horns stood in the verandah, and his skin lay stretched in the sun to dry.

The long hot day passed, but no sign of Mr. Wannay's arrival; and we could not go on without him. The night closed in hot and still, so we ordered our own stretchers into the verandah, where we slept, avoiding thereby the too close companionship of the bats, and enjoying what coolness there was to be had.

Next morning, just before breakfast, a distant cloud of white dust declared the fact that 'old Kitty,' a large white Arab, was slowly but surely bringing her master on, followed by the usual retinue of cart, Appoo, and horse-keeper. He had been on the water since early the day before, doing about one mile in two hours against the wind. Words are needless, to those who dislike 'roughing it' at sea, to describe his state of mind and body on arriving at the rest-house. A good bath, however, breakfast, and above all a cheroot, at length restored the partially disturbed balance of a well-regulated mind, 'and (Wannay) was himself again.'

On talking over our plans, it was decided that as one day had already been lost out of so very few, we should proceed that afternoon, so that the sport might begin on Monday. The one shadowed spot in those pleasant trips is the unavoidable neglect of Sunday, and nothing could excuse it but the rareness of the occasions and the needfulness of them. Three o'clock was the earliest hour at which we could venture into the sun. By that time everything was packed, and we started—Jack and I in our cart, and Mr. Wannay in his.

How patiently the good old 'Mardu' plodded along; the driver squatting tailor-wise on a perch behind them, encouraging them by an incessant 'Bah! Tzick! Aum! Thatt!'—each word sounding as if it were suddenly choked; but no cruelty. It was too hot to do anything but lie still for the first few miles. The road lay through a most lovely jungle, so that it was pleasure enough just to do so, and watch the various beauties we passed; our own party by no means detracting from them.

After our carts, came old Kitty, Pegtop, and Coralline, each with their keeper, in red turban and courboy, the rich smooth skins of the latter shining like polished bronze in the sun. Appoo, in his sporting costume of chequered flannel jacket and mauve courboy, carrying a large white umbrella, cunningly soaked in water for greater coolness. Ayah trotting along, her neat ankles and pretty feet contrasting picturesquely with the short white robe which she wore, simply wrapped round her, leaving arms and shoulders free; her hair caught up in a knot behind, and her choicest jewelry decorating ears and neck.

Now she would bring a bunch of scarlet wax-flower to us; or Appoo would present a branch laden with palai berries—yellow, sweet, and clammy, but rather nice. Then a spray from a beautiful shrub very like our own laburnum, or a cluster of white starry flowers closely resembling jessamine, but covered with thorns and scentless. So many

offerings did they bring, that the inside of our cart was like a tent at a flower-show; and of course we had to endure the presence of all the ants that came with them. The trees nearly met overhead, so narrow was the road; and the branches of some hung downwards, laden with red ants' nests, made of the leaves closed together with a sort of white gum.

Woe to the luckless sufferer that knocks his head against one of them! A million of angry little insects fall out in a bunch, spreading over his ears, face, and neck, and stinging him into madness. Occasionally, we passed curious looking mounds, built of sand, rising to the height of five or six feet, just like miniature forts, with bastions and ports, and little tunnels to go in and out by. I could not think what they were, until Jack told me they were hills built by ants of another species. Then, standing out against the soft bright foliage of acacia and lettuce tree, would rise some grand old centenarian, his grey knotted arms stretched around him as if to proclaim to the young ones what his youth had been, and what their age might be. By his side might be seen the beautiful mignonette tree, its delicate drooping leaves closed in couples like little children's hands in prayer.

So we looked and chatted and rumbled along until seven o'clock, when, arriving at a convenient locality, a halt was called for dinner. We had stopped on the edge of a tank filled with alligators, and it was now quite dark.

How glad we were to get out and stretch our limbs after their long inaction! We had hardly groped out Mr. Wannay, and he us, before a blazing fire was lit by the men, and the bullocks and horses securely haltered beside it.

It was a scene to make the fortune of a painter. The glorious flames mounting, hissing, roaring up among the branches, flinging the sparks about in showers, and kindling up the whole plain with their magnificent light. The great white bullocks lying side by side, their pretty little brass horn-tips jingling and glinting with every motion, and their half-closed eyes winking at us with a lazy humour most laughable to notice. No doubt they enjoyed a rest and a bonfire as much as we did. The horses, engrossed with their own prospects, except when a fresh ebullition of sparks flew crackling about their ears and startled meditation into a caper.

The weird-looking carts, with their shadowy roofs, and the black figures lying about in every position, cooking, eating, chattering, smoking, altogether formed as attractive a picture to a stranger's eye, as well could be. So busy were we admiring it all, watching the curling columns of smoke, patting the ponies, and coaxing old Kitty, that Appoo twice announced that dinner was 'on table' before we heard. Our first dinner in the jungle actually *on table*; but the two Appoos seemed gifted with magicians' wands, so quick and deft were they in their arrangements. I do not mention here though, the discoveries of hopeless damage to glass and china which we made on our return!

'Now, Ranger,' said Mr. Wannay, 'in consideration of past fatigues and coming dangers, I propose that we indulge in a bottle of "fizz." What say you, friend?'

'Hullo, Wannay, is that the way! Done up and going into blue fits already, are you?'

'Oh yes, Ranger, I like you. Pretending sublime indifference to all

such self-indulgence on your own part. You deserve to be well pitched into for such hypocrisy !'

The 'fizz' was produced, and a merrier party never graced a festive board, on the most 'auspicious occasion,' than did we three that night under the open sky, miles from the nearest civilized habitation. What would they think of it all at home ! But we had still far to go. The moon, too, had risen by this time, and the men were impatient to get on. So the poor bullocks were roused up, and the carts got in readiness ; and Jack having lifted me in side-saddle fashion into ours, and followed himself, the scene was again changed, and in another quarter of an hour our dining-hall was as lonely as we found it.

Passing through a river, and crossing the open ground, we parted from the main road marked by the telegraph posts, and struck into a yet deeper and lonelier jungle path. Now, indeed, we were leaving the world and its vanities behind us. It was literally—

' Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
To the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen.'

After some distance the road became very rough ; jolting, plunging, rolling, lurching, doing everything but upsetting, and going as near to that as possible, the cart became so unbearable, that Jack said he would get out and walk if I liked to ride. ' Wannay is thoroughly tired, I suspect, for there is not a sound from his bandy. Eighteen months of office work, without one holiday during that time, has knocked the strength out of him pretty well. Come along !' and calling for Pegtop, in another few minutes we were fast outstripping the carts.

What a night it was ! Just such a one, perhaps, as that on which the shepherds kept watch over their flocks, when the glory of the Lord shone round about them. The broad bright heavens lit up above ; the broad white landscape lit up below. All round stretched a sandy plain as far as eye could reach, broken only by clumps of stunted trees, and buffalo thorns, from which jackals, leopards, or any other queer things, might start at a moment's notice. The terrible thorns, quite a finger long, shone keen and bright all over the bushes like stilettos, making one shudder at the thought of an upset among them. It was just the time to see a herd of mighty elephants slowly wandering across the open. Their tracks were there in abundance, but I am thankful to say no such stately apparition blessed our sight.

The silence was intense. The very air seemed asleep. The deep sand muffled the roll of the wheels far behind, and for miles and miles there was nothing else to hear. Involuntarily we both stood still, the better to enjoy it, and rest, as it were, in the majesty of that perfect peace. Jack lowered his rifle, and leaned against the pony's neck. Our very voices dropped with that mysterious awe which stillness and solitude always communicate. Alone, at midnight, under that glorious moon, out of sight and hearing of all but God ; it was a strange sensation. But Pegtop gave a champ to his bit, and awoke us.

So, for some miles further, we pushed on, until at last, by one o'clock, we reached Yarmen Kulam. There Mr. Wannay had a funny little 'shooting-box,' built of palm leaves plaited together, as the natives do, most ingeniously. It stood about a hundred yards from where our tent was pitched, both under a group of fine old tamarind trees.

‘Now then, boy!’ shouted Jack to our Appoo, ‘out with the chairs, and get coffee as quickly as possible.’ What delicious coffee it was when it came; but then one does not always get it under such circumstances, or such trees. Lazily we loitered under their great shadows, almost too tired to stir; until Mr. Wannay, whose health and strength had latterly suffered severely from excessive work, summoned sufficient energy to bid us good-night, when we all retired to our respective couches to sleep the sleep of the weary.

Five o’clock in the morning. And I become conscious of a misty figure quietly stealing out of the tent. Oh, I remember! Jack is off for his first morning’s sport, and I am to follow him to the kulam (or tank) as soon as it is light enough. How nice to waken up in this new wild beautiful place, and look forward to a whole week’s enjoyment! Half-past five. The light breaks rapidly, and I hear the coolies’ sleepy voices rousing each other, and Appoo’s imperious tones ordering them about. It does not take long to make a jungle toilet, so I am quite ready for the early chocolate and toast by the time he brings them. ‘Misse like pony come?’ he asks. ‘Yes; let him be brought.’ And in a few moments more I am on his back; and with Coralline led *en suite* for Jack to ride home on, we start for the kulam.

The sun was already tipping the highest branches as we left the open ground and entered the narrow path leading to the tank, and the jungle-cocks crowing their quick sharp notes of challenge to each other from the still shady thickets. One splendid fellow crossed our track; and a minute after, five jackals, with red skins and silver tails, leisurely stopped and looked at us before vanishing into the nearest bush. It was scarcely more than a bridle-path, almost closed in by the creepers and parasites hanging in drapery from the branches. Trees, much resembling our hawthorn, were numerous, bearing a fruit called the wood-apple. Deer, elephants, and bears, will come any distance for it. The latter dash it on the ground to break its wooden shell before extracting the acid pulp inside; and had it been the rainy season, we dared not have ambled so contentedly down that lonely path.

At length we reached the kulam, and climbing Pegtop up a steep ridge and down the other side, I stood in front of a wide stretch some three miles in circuit. It was covered with coarse grass, and dotted here and there by groups of magnificent forest trees. All round it was skirted by deep jungle, and just in front of the entrance a narrow strip of water remained still undried. The mud on each side was ploughed up by the hoofs of animals coming to drink. Jack had bade me sit down when I arrived, lest I should startle any deer he might be stalking, and by means of the opera-glass I soon discerned his figure, a long way off, among the branches.

Presently, a crowd of black things came running down through the trees to the water, evidently never suspecting the presence of stranger game. Through the glass I counted twelve pigs, of all sizes, fat and sleek, trotting about, rolling in the water, pushing and tumbling in their own uncouth manner in a very luxury of delight, until having fully enjoyed their bath, they trotted back again and disappeared. Scarcely had they gone, when, to my astonishment, another ‘sunder,’ as it is called, of six pigs, and a great old black fellow, came down and went through the same performances.

Jack was half a mile off at the time, wearily pushing his way through

the heavy grass without meeting anything; and great was his chagrin when he heard what he had missed.

'Never mind,' said he, in self-consolation, 'I shall have a shot at them yet;' and so he had. Not that morning, though; for, after he had rested awhile, it was time to return, and the morning sun here permits of no delay. Home then, as fast as the narrow path allowed us, and straight-way to our baths. Mr. Wannay, too, had been out, and on joining us at breakfast a general relation of the morning's experiences kept our tongues busy. He had not got within reach of game either, for the weather being unusually hot and dry, the animals kept away in the deep jungle, rarely appearing outside.

'Well, but, Wannay, what's to be done first? this morning's work counts *nil*,' said Jack. 'Have you any plans laid for to-night?'

'My dear fellow, we shall only want time to do all there is to be done,' returned Mr. Wannay. 'I have been questioning the trackers, and they say there is a part of the jungle beyond the kulam, swarming with bears. Now, I propose that we choose two or three plucky chaps to go with us, and sit out to-night in wait for these same "bounding ones."'

'Plucky chaps! Yes, if you can get them. I rather suspect, the first sniff they hear they will be up the nearest tree like monkeys, and leave you—'

'To stand my ground alone—I dare say; and worse still, fling away my rifles in their flight. But what's to be done? There are no very experienced hands here.'

'Do you mean to shoot from a shrambo?'

'I think not. An olai is quite safe.'

'What are olais and shrambos?' I asked.

'An olai is simply a slight barricade of twisted branches built on the ground, behind which we sit; and a shrambro is a platform made in the same way in a tree,' replied Jack.

'Then why not shoot from a shrambo—surely it would be safer?'

'It is more difficult to aim from,' said Mr. Wannay; 'besides, there is really no danger, and we are much surer of our shot on level ground.'

'Well, I confess I prefer being "up a tree" on some rare occasions,' laughed Jack, 'but all the same I shall try the olai to-night. About our starting, what time?'

'We should leave by three at the latest. The men must go on at once, and put up the olais. It is a good way into the jungle, I believe, and we must be settled and the place quiet before dusk.'

'All right, that's arranged so far; but we are not both going to the same place?'

'No, that would never do. Our chances are doubled by separating, and independence of movement is absolutely necessary for sport. You take one spot, I'll take another; and between us we ought to bring back a couple of skins.'

'Hard lines if we don't.'

'Well, now for a cheroot, and then to work up those bright satellites of ours to the proper pitch of sporting ardour. I shall start immediately, and to-morrow we shall know the results. Good-bye for the present.'

So at three o'clock, Jack, who had been diligently studying 'The

Field,' jumped up. 'Time to be off,' said he, buckling on his cartridge belt; 'we shall be home to breakfast in the morning;' and with a very doubtful feeling about the whole affair, I returned his adieu.

Sketching and reading occupied the rest of the day for me; but as evening closed in, it felt very eerie, and I was glad to shorten the time by going early to bed. It turned a pitch black night, for the moon had not risen and the clouds had; and as I lay awake, thinking of those two sitting on the ground in the depths of a lonely jungle infested by bears, leopards, and elephants, a mile apart from each other, it was little wonder if I felt 'queer.' Perhaps it is well for men sometimes that they have got women at home to pray for them.

Suddenly the whole tent was lighted up, and looking out I perceived a heavy cloud blazing with lightning, in such a position as to be easily visible through the open door of the tent. It was not dangerous, and there was no thunder, but just that exquisite play of the electric fluid, which produces some of the most wondrously beautiful sights that the tropics can boast of. Bursting from great fissures in a cloud, such as Ruskin would call 'a nodding precipice of storms,' one might imagine the lightning to be the explosion of some giant magazine, hurling up columns of sparkling gases into the air. Sometimes it looks like a hundred fiery javelins launched from behind a castle wall, or the flames of a conflagration darting through embrasure and battlement. At other times it flies across the heavens in waving ribbons, jagged and torn, or like streams of fire white hot, that look as if they must crackle and hiss somewhere, if one could but hear them.

Next morning, a sudden 'Good morning, Miss Ranger!' close behind, conveyed to me the comforting intelligence that one at least of the adventurers had returned—not on a stretcher. Mr. Wannay had arrived, intensely disgusted at 'not having got a single shot. But I suspect,' he added, 'that your brother has had all the sport, for the bears must have been about, and not one came to me.' Alas for the facts, though; when Jack returned, half an hour after, with the very same story, their rueful looks were too much for each other, and both burst into a shout of laughter. The wind all night had been uncertain and shifting; and the bears, having in all probability caught scent of the danger, kept a polite distance. Half an hour sufficed for tub and toilet; and at the end of that time they came in to breakfast. It was always the meal of the day, as we rarely dined together; and the emulation of the two Appoos as to which should produce the best dishes was most amusing.

'None of us are quite so jubilant this morning as we were yesterday,' I remarked, after a short silence.

'No,' said Mr. Wannay, laughing; 'we were very jocose about our prospects at one time.'

'Yes; and very morose about them now,' added Jack. 'But if I didn't see a bear, I heard an elephant.'

'Did you?' returned Mr. Wannay. 'I thought it most probable you would. It was just the place they would be likely to loaf about in.'

'There was one smashing the branches within five yards of me for ever so long, with her calf. I paced the distance this morning for curiosity. I can't say it was a pleasant sensation to hear them trampling almost on top of me in the dark.'

'I should say not,' replied Mr. Wannay, in his deliberate way. 'A cow with her calf would have smashed you without much apology, had she discovered your proximity.'

'Yes; it was fortunate she had not the wind of us; and I was thankful when I heard her pass in peace. By the way, I forgot, though! Here, boy! *Pandi mullu condēva*. (Bring the boar tusks.) I've got a pair of tusks. Jolly good ones too. We found a dead boar last night near our olai. Evidently he had been fired at, and died where he came to drink. A fine beast, two foot eight at the shoulder, and must have weighed something enormous. I marked the place, meaning to take the tusks, but when we went for him this morning, we found *Pandi non est*.'

'Well? Go on,' said Mr. Wannay, in a quizzical tone. 'Your dead Pandi walked off in the night. I've no doubt the coolies will support the statement.'

'Keep your chaff till I've done, will you?' returned Jack. 'We traced the drag of a large body through the sand along the river bed, together with the prints of a leopard's paws, for about thirty yards, and there we found the body, half eaten. We must have disturbed the leopard from his meal, for the sand where he crouched was still damp. I took the tusks, and here they are.'

'A fine pair,' said Mr. Wannay, measuring them. 'Nearly seven inches from the root to the tip. Just fancy a drive from one of those into your understandings. What a pity you didn't come on the leopard!'

'I hadn't an idea he was so near, or I should certainly have tried for him. His skin would not have been a bad prize.'

'I heard deer and elk close by, too,' said Mr. Wannay; 'but, as in your case, could not see an inch before me. I could not have discerned an elephant within three yards, the jungle was so dense. Oh, we must have another night at them, and a skin to shew.'

'Are you game for to-night again?' asked Jack.

'Oh yes; but I couldn't stand much more of it without getting knocked up.'

'Well, we could take it easy to-night, and lie at the kulam for anything we can get. What do you say?'

'Yes; I think we might do that. We must make use of our time, Ranger; and in support of that principle, I am going to have a glorious sleep. So good-bye till dinner.'

'I shall do the same. Dinner at five, remember.'

And they were as good as their words; both retreating to their respective lairs for the rest of the day. Ayah had brought me some beautiful pink-and-white oleanders; and being now thrown on my own resources, I sat down to paint them.

It was no easy task. The wind blew into the tent with the force of a tempest, upsetting everything that was not weighted. It seemed as if the door of some far-off mighty furnace was being rapidly opened and shut—a puff of cool air being followed by a blast so hot, that one could hardly believe it was not the premonitor of something dangerous. At evening it calmed down, as it often does, and the usual excitement prevailed during dinner at the prospect of another night's chance of sport. The sun was setting as we rose from table. Old Kitty, Coralline, and Pegtop were led up saddled under the tamarind trees, and there

mounted by their respective riders, each in true jungle costume. Thorns and briars pay no compliments, and we did not mean to ask them. We started in great humour. The horses were fresh, and so were the sportsmen after their rest, and the evening was perfection. We followed the same path as before, and as it gradually narrowed, from riding three abreast we were obliged to go in Indian file. It soon began to grow dusk, and the stillness seemed to deepen with every yard we advanced. Step by step we wound along, now stooping to the horses' shoulders to escape a drooping bramble, now bending before a cluster of ants' nests; and not a sound to be heard but the crunching of the hoofs in the deep sand, and our own subdued voices. Occasionally, we did hear a stealthy rustle, as of some frightened creature cowering away among the thickets. Half wild buffaloes wandered vaguely about. Three great creatures once faced us in the path, their heavy horns thrown flat backwards, and their awkward threatening looking heads stretched straight at us, snorting and grunting, until the determined approach of so many foes frightened them off, crashing and plunging into the darkness. They were a sore trial to poor Coralline's nerves, unused as she was to the sight of anything so ugly; and she almost sat down with fright the first time she saw them. We were actually passing through

‘The wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen.’

The distance was about a mile and a half, and by the time that was accomplished, we had reached the edge of the kulam.

‘We must dismount here,’ said Jack to me; ‘it is getting too dark for you to go any farther, and the quicker you get back the better. You can come and meet us in the morning.’

A short parley with the attendant coolies ensued; Jack and Mr. Wannay examined their rifles, and bidding me good-night, they hurried on, and I returned homewards. Darker and darker it became, until at last I could not see the path. The men were behind with the other horses, Pegtop's nimble little legs having carried me far in front. Happily the recollection of the buffaloes never occurred to me, but I did feel afraid of a sudden shy from anything the pony might not understand, or of a branch scratching my eyes out before I could avoid it; so thinking two feet better than four on this occasion, I got down and led him the rest of the way. He was quite as glad as I was when the tent, with the light inside, came in view, and pulled so at his bridle I could hardly hold him. Safe back, chocolate ready, and Appoo and Ayah waiting.

‘Misee ride in the morning?’ asked the former before retiring.

‘Yes. Rouse Ayah at half-past five, and let her call me.’ And with this prospect in delightful view, I fell asleep for a time. Only for a time though. For, about two o'clock, the cheerful tones of half a dozen pariahs awoke the night, and me with it. They had stationed themselves outside, for the apparent purpose of serenading. The highest voice took the lead, beginning with a very fairly executed recitative, and rising into a prolonged cadenza, which for length and *breath* would have left a Clara Novello nowhere. Another and another voice took up the strain with a ‘catch’-like precision, until the full band burst forth into a jubilant chorus of yells, like nothing one can fancy but a midnight gong in Pandemonium. This was more than amusing. I listened in hopes of

hearing some coolie of considerate heart and sensitive ear rise and put them to flight. No. The snoring outside went on mirthfully, and so did the howling. I do believe that nothing short of a geyser in full action immediately beneath him, would waken a native before his own hour. At length I succeeded in partially rousing Ayah, who, unrolling herself from her mat, scrambled to her feet with a half-witted grunt. The only words I could mutter were, '*Mai catta podu Appoo sholu!*' (Tell Appoo put dogs!) But how and where 'dogs' were to be 'put,' his judgement should decide. A wonderful hunting, shouting, and scuffling followed; much more than seemed needful for the despatch of a few wild dogs. Then a violent shock to the tent, and a succession of strains, creaks, and jerks, with a confusion of trampling and snorting.

After all, it was nothing but some of the buffaloes helping themselves to the horses' straw, and which, being disturbed by the dogs, ran among the outstretched ropes of the tent, almost upsetting themselves and it in the encounter. I wonder they did not run into it.

Morning came, and as all the natives are early risers, I was awakened in good time. While I had the usual cup of coffee, the horses were saddled, and a basket of refreshments put up for the sportsmen. The light was coming rapidly as we started. Those morning rides through that lovely solitary glen were something never to be forgotten. The fresh crisp scented air seemed to intoxicate one with delight. Beauty in the skies, music in the air, freshness and loveliness on tree and spray and flower—one felt it to be free, pure, untainted nature. The wildness, the solitude, the novelty, all combined to produce an exhilaration with difficulty repressed below extravaganza point. Then up rolls the sun, and the scene is transformed to one wide withering glare for the next nine hours. 'Surely they must have got something,' I thought, 'after their night's watching, or they will be too much disappointed.'

On reaching the tank, I left Pegtop with his keeper, and climbed over the ridge that surrounded it. Nothing to be seen but the rugs a short way off under a tree, and the coolies squatted about chewing betel. Things did not look promising, but perhaps they had sent home whatever they got another way. Soon the two figures appeared, with their guns on their shoulders, slowly sauntering round the tank, very unlike successful sportsmen. It was too true. They had heard wild boar, deer, and elk during the night, and now shewed me their tracks in the mud, but owing to the darkness at the time, they had not got a chance of firing; and being no cockney sportsmen, would not wound without a fair probability of killing their game. So there was nothing for it but to sit down under the tree and drink their chocolate, while amusing themselves and me with a half humorous, half cross recapitulation of the night's vagaries. How tired they did look after their long morning walk, besides; almost too tired to get home. The sun was rapidly mounting, though, and it must be done; so wearily scrambling to their feet, and thence to their saddles, the march home commenced. Very different it was now to two hours ago. We dared not linger, and yet could not go faster than a walk; and trying to pick out the shady spots, and hastening through the hot ones, we reached the tent at last. So very low-spirited were they at breakfast, that it was considered necessary to open one of the precious bottles of 'fizz.'

Mr. Wannay had brought his soda-water machine, the contents of

which, when poured on champagne, made a delicious and reviving drink, innocent of any unpleasant results. It had a rapid and marvellous effect. Nature restored produced a revival of spirits, and hope once more reigned triumphant.

Of course they felt 'all right again. Not a bit the worse for it!' and a cheroot each, smoked in an easy-chair, seemed to confirm the assertion. Books were then produced. I painted inside the tent while they sat under the trees and fancied they read. Murmur, murmur, murmur. It was not reading aloud, as the fragmentary words, always relating to the one absorbing subject, testified. 'Splendid stalking country, if it would but rain.' 'Alive with deer.' 'Must have another night.' 'Those ouranies just the place bound to see bears there.' 'White sand to shew them out.' 'Come any distance for palai berries.' Dangerous, rather, at night, though; spring on their hind legs at you, and slap your eyes out.' 'Won't try the olai again don't see the fun of it they get your scent, and you can't see them all the chances on their side.' 'Shrambo better, perhaps, after all.' Murmur, murmur, murmur, while I painted my flowers and drew my conclusions.

'How would you like to sit at the tank with me to-night?' asked Jack, coming into the tent half an hour afterwards.

'O Jack, it would be too good! But would it not hinder your chances of sport?' I answered.

'Not if you keep quiet. I think you might come. I should like you to see the tank by night, and I want to get something for the men if I can. We are going to the ouranies to-morrow night again.'

'What are those ouranies you talk of so much?'

'The springs in the river bed, where we watched for bears the other night.'

'But, Jack, four nights running to be up is too much. You will get fever and be knocked up.'

'Not I. I can sleep all day. Wannay says he will stroll down to the near tank and try his luck again, but won't stay up to-night. He is gone to have a sleep now.' And so saying, Jack threw himself on his stretcher, and was 'fast' in another minute, leaving me in that state of excitement which novelists declare to be 'more easily imagined than described.' It was altogether more than I had hoped for, and yet it frightened me. But the indulgence was too great to be refused, and I determined to go in for it with all the courage I had.

At half-past four Jack woke up, and shortly afterwards we sat down to an early dinner. Then there were preparations to be made for the night's encampment. The cart, to carry the rugs and the basket of provisions; the guns to clean, and cartridges to choose, and fit, and arrange for use at a moment's notice; so that by the time Jack had got things in order, and we had ridden down to the tank, it was sun-set.

How beautiful it looked in its drowsy restfulness, stretched under the last long golden streams of light. A herd of deer grazed at some distance, their dark antlers just visible above the tall grass; but before Jack could steal within reasonable shot, they were off like a flight of arrows.

'Is this our olai, Jack?' I asked, as we reached a low semicircular wall of twisted branches, inside which the rugs were spread on the sand.

'Yes. How do you like the prospect? Now, the sooner we settle

down the better; and remember above all things, whatever you see or hear, don't make a noise.'

Of course I gave the promise, inwardly hoping I might be able to fulfil it. We were placed with our backs to the jungle, the tall trees bending over our heads, while impudent looking monkeys chattered and swung among the branches. In front of us lay the narrow strip of water, and beyond that, the kulam.

'Jack, what if I really do lose my presence of mind, and cling on to you in a fright?' I asked, half fearing the possibility, half to see what he would say.

No answer, but a compression of the lip and darkening of the eye, that said, plainer than any words: 'If that is your intention, the sooner we go home the better.'

The silent reply made a deeper impression than any amount of warnings could have done, and I resolved, come what would, to keep the unruly member under control.

'This tank is a well-known one for birds,' he remarked, as we settled ourselves among the rugs; 'and if you stay quiet, we shall see some worth looking at.'

Very soon they began to appear, hopping down, first cautiously, then boldly, to their evening baths. Pretty green pigeons with rose-coloured legs, strutted about in flocks. Exquisite little fly-catchers, changeful as a rainbow, paroquets, doves, Ceylon robins, and even birds of paradise with long soft tails, bowed and curtsied, danced and kissed and cooed, fluttered and coquetted, in bird-fashion of the very 'highest circles.' Great brahmin kites, standing two feet high, swept round and round over-head. Hornbills and fluted pelicans stood in the water in crowds, throwing up their beaks every moment, as a glittering fish disappeared into the depths of the pouches beneath; and the chattering, chirping, and screaming, that went on, filled the air with noisy life. As the light faded, the birds gradually disappeared, and the commotion ceased; the only sound to be heard afterwards being the whirring of the cicadas waking up to have their turn. The moon would not rise till two o'clock, so there was at least seven hours of darkness before us; and already the stars were appearing, not with the sparkling lustre of our own northerly latitudes, but with a subdued and veiled light. I do not believe in the traditional splendour of southern star-light. It needs the rarefied air of a winter's night at home, when the thermometer ranges between freezing-point and zero, to shew what stars can do.

Jack wished to keep the middle watch as being the most critical, and therefore set the two men who were with us to watch now while we lay down to sleep. It was not so easy to do that. Novelty and excitement are powerful opponents to rest, and so are ants. Jack gave up trying at last; but I must have succeeded better, for the next thing I was conscious of was a sudden rushing scramble among the dry leaves close to our ears, startling me from a sound sleep. I had just memory enough not to cry out. It was black dark now, and Jack was sitting up whispering to the tracker.

'Only wild cats,' said he under his breath; 'don't be frightened.'

However, the start had effectually roused me, and the feeling that living things actually were around us, was quite sufficient to take away any remaining desire for sleep. It seemed only like fancy before, now it was uncomfortable reality. Two hours more of darkness and stillness

passed, during which the men alternately whispered and slept, while Jack watched. The night was cloudy, and the few stars that were to be seen gleamed weakly through the dense air. I was lying back trying to trace out the branches over-head, and wondering were there snakes among them, when a steady pressure from Jack's hand warned me to keep still. What was coming? The men were whispering fast and eagerly to him.

'Jack, what is it?' I ventured.

'Don't know.'

'Can it be a bear?'

'Can't see; don't think so. Lie still.' And then I heard a low sniffing and shuffling along the sand. Slowly Jack laid hold of his rifle, paused a moment, and levelled it. Breathlessly I watched him, unable to distinguish more than the dim outline of his head and shoulders; and having often heard of the danger of a charge from a wounded bear, I felt terrified, lest he should venture a shot in the darkness. Cautiously his head went down, and his hand stretched for the trigger. A moment more, horrors! and we might have an enraged beast among us in the olai. Is he going to fire or not? No. The rifle is quietly replaced, and to my inexpressible relief, I hear the word 'porcupine!' Oh blessed little porcupine! I touched Jack's elbow to know if I might move, and only then guessed the state of nervous excitement he was in, by the violent start with which he turned round.

'I thought at first it was a young bear,' he said; 'but I would not have fired unless I saw he was coming at us, which he might have done through fright. It is impossible to calculate sizes in this darkness. But if I missed him, I don't know what I should have done with you. The tracker says it was a porcupine, though it looked as black as a bear.'

'But do bears come to this tank?'

'Not often at this time of year. One never can tell. Well, now,' he added, 'let us have something to eat, before the ants devour it;' and opening our basket by the light of a shaded lantern, we made a silent but effectual attack on its contents. Then the light was put out, and we resigned ourselves to the perils of darkness again. Still as death it was. Black 'as the blackest gulf' behind us. Just in front there was a faint glimmer from the water; and beyond, the trees rose in heavy masses hardly distinguishable from the sky. An occasional rustle among the leaves and branches behind, which always turned me cold, or the long loud wail of a deer shedding his horns, were the only sounds of life. And so the dark hours passed, and the first faint glow of moon-rise at length appeared. Oh how welcome it was! Fears and terrors fled as her bright face rose comfortingly through the trees behind.

Jack sat up to 'have a look;' and scarcely had he done so, when I again felt the warning pressure. 'Sit up cautiously,' he whispered, 'and look to the open.'

I did so, and immediately discerned a large dark form steadily advancing towards the water. 'I see it, Jack; what is it?'

'Wild boar,' he whispered, intently watching it through the glass, his eyes scarce above the edge of the olai. Slowly the great thing came along, now stopping to root, now to reconnoitre, but still drawing nearer and nearer, until it reached the water, where, being in deep shade, we could hardly distinguish it.

'I'll have a shot at him. Lie down very cautiously.'

Very carefully I obeyed, and had hardly collapsed behind the olai, when the rifle went off over my head with a splitting ring that seemed to crack the sky. A plunge, a splash, and another bang, and then the sound of hoofs flying away.

'He isn't hit!' exclaimed Jack, springing up.

'He is hit, Master,' replied the men in their own tongue, rightly guessing his words. 'And we shall find him in the grass.'

Out they leaped, and ran to the search. I got out of the olai to watch them find it, and walked about the sand while they ran hither and thither through the grass. 'Surely that must be it,' I thought, listening to strange and horrible sounds, proceeding from the direction of the trees—sounds as of some creature gasping for breath in deadly pain, making one shiver to hear. 'Oh, I wish they could find it, and put an end to its torture.' Up and down they searched, but no boar could be found; and they returned to the olai disappointed, Jack saying he must have missed it. 'He would have roared if he was struck, and charged too, had he caught a glimpse of us,' he added.

'Now, nothing else will come after those shots,' said I. 'They seemed to echo miles away.'

'Pooh! they only think it is thunder and lightning,' replied Jack, laughing. 'They will come quick enough when they are thirsty.'

A few minutes walk on the sand refreshed us, and we once more commenced our watch. It was getting lighter every moment now, and I began to enjoy it greatly, all fears dispersing with the darkness.

'In two hours more it will be daylight, and then the chances are ten to one against getting anything,' said Jack.

One hour passed, in which we whispered and listened and slept by turns. A crocodile splashed and floundered up and down the water-bed in front of us. The frogs and toads croaked and popped about in thousands. Now and then the clear bell of a solitary buck would ring through the loneliness far away, or a barking deer yap out its hoarse note in the distant glade. And once we heard the angry growl of a cheetah deep in the jungle.

Suddenly, the men turned to Jack, eagerly pointing outwards. This time he did not hesitate, but silently gave me the sign to lie still. Flat down I crouched, with my fingers in my ears, for the rifle was already levelled. Off it went. Oh such a roar as followed! Fury, terror, agony, and despair, all in one. I knew it was pig of some kind; but such a sound as that I never thought that pig could make. Up they jumped; and well for us it was that the shot had disabled him. There lay the great creature, rolling on his back in the mud, grinding his teeth with rage, and doing his best to face Jack, who at once ran up to him. A brave brute he was, roaring and fighting to the last; but a minute or two put him out of pain; and it was all the men could do to drag him to the olai, where they stretched him in triumph. It was too dark to see him then, so I waited until morning to have a look at the prize.

'Well, you have got something at last to take back,' said I; for we began to fear this night would be another failure.

'Yes, it is jolly; but I ought to have had the other one too.'

'Perhaps you will get him yet; he may be lying near.'

'I don't think so; he went too fast. And those beasts will run for miles even when hard hit. I only hope I missed him altogether, for I could not get a distinct sight. Do you hear that bird?'

'I do. What a strange cry!' I replied, listening to the words, 'Did he deu it! did he deu it!' articulated as plainly almost as our own lips could do. 'Pity to deu it! pity to deu it! pity to deu it!' repeated the bird, wheeling over and over our heads, and shrieking out its remonstrance with a wild wail that made one feel 'very uncommon,' to use a plain term.

'That is a kind of plover,' said Jack, listening intently; 'and a most troublesome busy-body of a bird it is—always beginning its screaming the very moment one most wishes for silence. Sportsmen hate it.'

'Perhaps the poor animals don't,' I thought.

A short period of sleep followed, and Jack set the men to watch, for which he was rewarded by waking up half an hour after, to find them snoring, and a fine buck quietly walking off after his early bath. Daylight soon appeared, and with it all the sounds of returning life, but none more welcome than the tramp of Coralline's and Pegtop's hoofs coming to take us home.

Appoo had sent some coffee and biscuits, of which we gladly partook; and then the wild boar was with much demonstration heaved on to the cart, and lashed tightly thereto with great satisfaction by the men, who looked longingly forward to a feast of pork. Although he measured five feet one without the tail, and two feet eight to the shoulder, he was not full grown. The last we saw of the fine beast was his body being roasted over a huge fire; and his tusks now lie on the table, measuring slightly over seven inches from root to tip. Such was my first night in an olai, and I think it will be my last.

As usual, we all met at breakfast, and the night's exploits were related. 'Well, Jack,' said I, in my ignorance, 'that first wild boar must have been wounded, and lying somewhere near, for I heard him.'

'Heard him! heard what? Why did you not say so?'

'I forgot at the time; but while you were looking for him in the grass, I heard him groaning and panting somewhere very near. The sound seemed to come from among the trees.'

For a moment Jack stared at me, and then burst out laughing. 'Why, you muff, that was an owl!' he exclaimed. 'I heard what you mean among the trees.' And Mr. Wannay now joined in the merriment against me.

'Well, I sha'n't waste my sympathies again without knowing for what,' I replied. 'Such sounds might deceive more practised ears than mine.'

'Easily,' said Mr. Wannay. 'Some of those large owls do make hideous noises, but the probability is that the boar was a mile off by that time.—But, Ranger,' he continued, turning to Jack, 'we *must* have another night at the ouranies. To-night is our last chance; and if we don't do something worthy of our arms, I shall go back and sell my rifles.'

'I'm ready; though I do confess to feeling a little knocked up. The only half hour I ventured to sleep all last night, I lost a fine buck. However, if we follow our former plans, there is very little time to lose.'

'Yes; it is late enough already. I shall take the near ouranie, and you shall have the other, which I believe to be the better place of the two; and if we start soon, all disturbances will be over before sunset.'

'But what about the men—are you taking any?'

‘I’ve ordered them on to put up the shrambos, but really should not be surprised if they turned back, they were in such a fright.’

At one o’clock all was in readiness, and they went their ways in search of a final triumph. This time I did not feel so anxious, as the shrambos were safe compared to the olai business, and passed the afternoon pleasantly enough, sketching and reading. As evening drew on, however, fatigue began to assert its power so forcibly, that sitting up was useless; and having had an early tea, I went to bed at seven; and from that hour until five next morning, slept, forgetful alike of hopes and fears. Little recked I what was passing all that long night.

‘Five o’clock time—Misee, waken.’ So spake the punctual Appoo, true to his hour, outside the tent door, just as Ayah had picked herself up inside, and begun to shake the dews of sleep from her dusky lashes. ‘Misee ride to kulam?’ he inquired.

‘Yes; I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour. Have Pegtop saddled.’

This morning I meant to have a long sketch at a wonderful old tree, growing at the kulam, while waiting for Jack’s and Mr. Wannay’s return from the ouranies. A huge old trunk it was, sending out great unwieldy arms, too ponderous to grow upwards, and bending downwards instead, striking out roots wherever they touched the ground. They in turn formed fresh trunks of enormous girth, so that one could not tell where the tree began or ended. The best idea that could be formed of it would be to fancy oneself in a forest, surrounded by immense trees all joined together by the branches. It put me in mind of one of Doré’s scenes in the Inferno; but nothing he imagined could surpass in strangeness this freak of nature—the kumbuk or tank tree.

A little before seven I reached the spot; and while the horse-keepers tied the ponies, and sat down to have a chew at the never-failing betel, I began my sketch. Two hours passed, and I had completed a part of the great gnarled knotted trunk and branches, when a distant shout reached our ears, causing the men to start to their feet in readiness for a summons. Soon after, a pushing and scrambling through the jungle, and voices talking in high and eager tones, announced their approach. What a picture they both presented! Jack without hat or coat, his hair tossed back, and streaming with perspiration. Mr. Wannay, white with fatigue, his coat-sleeve half torn out, and scarcely able to stand, but wild with excitement after his night’s sport.

‘Oh, I don’t care for anything after last night!’ he exclaimed. ‘It more than atones for the whole week’s disappointments.’

‘Did you really succeed, then, in getting a bear?’ I asked.

‘Not actually, I am sorry to say. The men refuse to track them up. One man was actually crying with fright. I never saw fellows in such a panic.’

‘But what was it? What did you do?’

‘In the first place, I had to sit in an olai instead of a shrambo—a thing I shall never do again.’

‘Why? Did the men not put up the shrambo, then?’ I asked.

‘They put up mine,’ interposed Jack, ‘and I suspect took good care to make all the row they could, to keep away the bears, for not one came to me.’

‘No doubt of it,’ returned Mr. Wannay. ‘Oh, they are impracticable creatures. In my case they simply gave themselves up for lost, and took no further trouble about it; for when I arrived, there was no shrambo,

and of course I had to get an olai made as a last resource, and take my chance. Not that I believed for a moment that there was any danger; but I have conceived a respect for his ursine worship since last night, that I never entertained before.'

'He was near being chewed up twice,' interrupted Jack, with a regretful look at having lost so proud a chance of getting chewed up himself.

'Yes,' returned Mr. Wannay, laughing. 'I *had* two escapes of my life last night. It was pitchy dark; and the olai set close under that horribly black bit of jungle; but that I didn't mind, as there was the river-bed and white sand in front, from which direction we all expected the bears to come. But to my astonishment, and I confess, slight discomfiture, a great old mother with her cub walked out on us from *behind*, sniffing and groping all round the olai. I knew that once she caught our scent, she would be into us, so I risked a shot at her, and knocked her over. I could just see the black mass lying on the sand, and the cub running up and down, whining; so of course I made sure of *her* skin.'

'Why did you not make sure of her life?' said Jack.

'I *was* sure. She lay without a motion—just as dead as your pig, as I thought. But meantime up walked two more, one after the other, from behind, straight into us; and to make it better, one of the men had thrown a branch of palai berries on the ground close to the olai, which of course attracted them. Well, I began to think this more than I wanted after all, and the men were getting terrified. There was nothing for it but to back stealthily out of the olai, or be wrapped in a deadly embrace next minute. We retreated to the centre of the river-bed, in order to get a clear space around us on the white sand, and there drew up in line awaiting their attack. Not a moment too soon were we prepared, for, having caught our scent, straight at us they came, barking and yapping till within a couple of yards, when one huge brute rose on his hind legs face to face with me. It was just touch and go, which should conquer. I gave him both barrels into the chest as well as I could aim, and rolled him backwards, but before I could snatch up another rifle he had scrambled up again and dashed into the bushes.'

'You may call yourself lucky for hitting him at all,' interrupted Jack. 'If you had missed him in the darkness, it would have been a case of "Home they brought her warrior dead!"'—alluding to Mr. Wannay's favourite song.

'Surely it might,' returned the other, laughing; 'but that was not all we had of it. When we found they actually had retreated, we returned to the olai, and were hardly re-instated there, when another pair issued from the opposite side of the river-bed! Fancy my feelings! I knew by their motions they were up for mischief, for I could distinguish the two dark forms rising upwards, and peering about in our direction. To watch them better I raised my head—hardly perceptibly, as I thought; but instantly they caught sight of me, and charged. This time, however, we had the advantage, being on the raised bank, and could take a better aim. We gave them a ball each as they advanced, which must have struck well, for they tumbled over and over, but, like the other one, escaped into the jungle.'

'A wretched nuisance, to have hit four out of the six, and not get one skin after all!' said Jack.

'Isn't it! Oh, had it only been light enough to have allowed of a deliberate aim, I am pretty sure I should have bagged the four. Nothing I could say would induce the men to track them up this morning, and I was too completely fagged to attempt it. Had the bears seen us distinctly, I believe we should have fared worse. As it was, the chances were pretty equal, for there was but one gun besides my own to help me. Well, I am contented now, for the trip has not been all a failure to me, and I can't describe the excitement of the whole thing. It makes up for everything.'

'Well, I think we had better be moving,' said Jack; 'it will be awfully hot going home.'

'I shall go in the cart,' replied Mr. Wannay, 'for I don't feel up to riding;' and in truth he looked as if his excitement had been enough for him.

What a ride home that was! It was past ten then, so long had we lingered under the old tree, and the sun felt like heated iron on one's head and back. I always wore my hair loose for protection on those morning rides, and now found it the best pugherry I could have devised. In spite of the heat, Jack would walk, to be ready for anything that might start up, and when crossing a close thicket, came on a beautiful deer fast asleep. It was up and away like a flash of lightning; and even had Jack not cared to respect what somebody calls 'the holy helplessness of sleep,' the thick jungle would have precluded the possibility of a sure shot.

Jackalls, peafowl, and jungle-cocks ran past us in numbers, and we heard the great buffaloes snorting and plunging through the thorns; but the heat and glare were too great to allow of one's caring for anything but to reach home and escape sun-stroke.

'Eleven o'clock! Appoo, get breakfast in half an hour, and a good tureen of mulligatawny, if possible, in time.'

At length we had gained the delicious shelter of the tamarind trees, and the above order was given. I knew that soup to be a pet vanity of Appoo's, and also the best pick-me-up in cases of extreme fatigue, so put both arguments together in its favour; and by the time the half hour had expired, we had taken our baths, and then our seats, fully prepared to praise the 'mu-g-ney,' as Appoo pronounced it, and everything else besides.

'What a day yesterday was!' remarked Mr. Wannay; 'I really expected to be in fever before night.'

'How was it you felt it so much?' asked Jack; 'I didn't.'

'You started late. Besides, I walked. Old Kitty was quite too slow, and between the glare to my eyes, and the fearful heat, I made up my mind for sun-stroke. Then to find no shrambo, after my express orders, I was vexed!'

'But wouldn't the men have been glad of one last night for their own safety?' I asked.

'They have fatalistic ideas,' replied Mr. Wannay, 'and think if it is their lot to be killed, no precautions will save them, and *vice-versa*. If they had dared to go through the jungle last night, they would have run away. As it was, they gave themselves up for lost, and yet when driven to it they stood their ground well. I never felt cooler in my life, or took steadier aim, as far as the darkness permitted.'

'That is often the case, I think,' responded Jack. 'Real danger strings up one's nerves, and rather steadies than otherwise.'

‘All the same, I believe in the danger of bear shooting from an olai now at night; the chances are all against you, and if the bears by means of either sight or scent do get the upper paw of you, it matters little whether it be through pluck or cowardice. You may fancy the size of that one that rose at me, when I tell you that the tracker on first perceiving it declared it was an elk, and wanted to run out and knock it on the head with a stick!’

‘Well, you know, a blow on the nose will turn a bear when nothing else can,’ remarked Jack.

‘Ah yes; when you have light to blow his nose for him, I believe it may be done effectually,’ replied Mr. Wannay, half laughing; ‘but in the darkness of last night the experiment might not have succeeded. What a horror those fellows have of wounded bears, to be sure!’

‘And they wouldn’t “seek dead” for you, even by daylight?’

‘Not they. Neither bribes nor commands had the least effect; so I must rest content with the ideal possession of four skins, and the recollection of my night’s sport.’

That day was spent in sleep, as I need hardly say. We all met at a late dinner, after which the usual cheroots and coffee under the trees ended the evening. Not before it was settled, though, that we should have one last ride to the kulam early next morning. Mr. Wannay was to start on the homeward route for Punakari after breakfast, and we were to follow in the afternoon. Long after I had lain down, the voices continued outside—their owners unable to break away from the one ever beloved subject; and with murmurs of bear and shrambo, leopard, olai, and elephant, still in my ears, I fell asleep.

It was nearly quite dark when the first sounds were audible outside next morning. Jack was already dressed and gone out, and Pegtop was neighing a low happy little chuckle to himself over his early breakfast under the trees. Very soon I was ready too; and while Jack and I had our coffee, Mr. Wannay appeared, and the horses were led up. We could hardly see the path as we left the tent. Old Kitty and her rider led the way, her tall white form looking ghostly in the dim light of the clouded moon. Jack and Coralline followed, Pegtop and myself bringing up the rear. The moon was on the wane, but still pretty high, for it was not more than half-past four, and the sky flecked all over with soft white clouds. Not a leaf stirred. Not a bird wakened. We might have fancied ourselves in enchanted land, winding through those lonely labyrinths of glade and thicket, now losing sight of each other through darkening shades, again emerging into the pale moonlight. Merrily enough we chatted until coming near the kulam, when it was necessary to repress all sounds if sport was to be expected. Jack and Mr. Wannay had agreed to dismount and steal over the ridge, while I remained behind some trees, but within sight, until they returned.

It was scarcely dawn when we reached it, and they lost no time in creeping down to the tank under the long grass to get to the open where the deer generally grazed. The birds were beginning to waken one by one, and a soft low rustling and chirping went on among the trees as the light gradually broke. Soon we saw a large deer bounding through the grass to the jungle, but far out of reach, and that was sign enough to me that they would get nothing. Presently they returned, having only met a herd of little deer, so small that they were ashamed to shoot them, but made up for it by having a reg boy’s chevy, hunting

them into the jungle, while the little things tumbled and rolled over one another in their fright.

Mr. Wannay now left for Punakari, having business to attend to on that and the following day. Our journey back, in the course of the day, was *videlicet* of the week before—hot and slow, but very amusing at times. We dined together at the rest-house, and being all well fatigued, retired early, Jack and I to our stretchers in the verandah, Mr. Wannay to his inside. Next morning at day-break the first sounds we heard were those of footsteps, staggering about in a manner that even to our drowsy senses threatened serious grief to somebody's bones. Up and down the room inside, backwards and forwards, stumbling and shuffling, without apparent aim or object, until, with a final lurch against the door-post, they were lost to hearing. At breakfast Mr. Wannay explained the mystery—having only then returned from a long walk—by describing his blind condition on first getting up, and his groping about half asleep to find the door! He had brought back an infantine crocodile about a foot and a half long, as a trophy of his morning's expedition. A wicked looking little beast, with teeth long and sharp enough to make one very cautious of taking a liberty had it been alive, and a coat on his back like plaited-mail. He was a small but perfectly shaped specimen of the ferocious creature held in such terror by the natives, and so very difficult to kill.

So ended one of the most novel and delightful excursions it could fall to anyone's lot to share in. Mr. Wannay returned that day; and the next but one saw our arrival at home in time for a good game of croquet, having most fully appreciated all the enjoyments of a Trip to the Jungle.

HINTS ON READING.

It is a long time since we have had any space for *Hints on Reading*, and books have somewhat accumulated upon us.

First, perhaps, should stand the conclusion of Dr. Neale's wonderful *Comment on the Psalms*, edited and completed by Dr. Littledale, with a marvellous store of patristic and mediæval research, not always perhaps acceptable where the mind is not trained in a mystic mould, but most interesting to those who love to pursue such ideas.

Mr. Craik's *History of the Church* (Rivington) for the first five centuries, supplies a want many of us have felt; and there is also a book put out by Messrs. Seeley and Jackson, called *Soldiers and Servants*, which tells *early* Church history in a capital and popular way, though we should stop short of the mediæval part, where the views are not our own.

Priestly Life in France, (Rivington,) and the *Life of St. Vincent de Paul*, edited by the Rev. R. F. Wilson, (Rivington,) should be read in conjunction. They are wonderful revelations of the spirit of good striving with evil—like coming upon Ruth and Samuel in the midst of the stormy days of the Judges.

Two *Histories of Scotland* should be mentioned—Miss Macarthur's, which is one of the concise series edited by E. A. Freeman, Esq., (Macmillan,) and gives a clear outline from the Caledonians to Queen Victoria; and Miss Kinloch's, which is more of a history of the Scottish Church, beginning with St. Columba, and ending with the last Synod, before the Church of Scotland was effaced by John Knox. It is a careful history, and leads into fields that have been less cultivated than those of English history; and there is no blenching from the fact, that few branches of the Church were as corrupt as that of Scotland before the Reformation. It seems to us that Miss Kinloch does not fully realize the ultimate cause, which appears to have

been partly the remoteness from all direct influences, and partly the adherence, after the example of France, to the Avignon Antipopes, who never even attempted discipline. England was bad enough, but she was nearer the centre, and was influenced by European public opinion; while all the connection Scotland had with the outer world was through the tainted medium of France. Power, among the rude men of the north, almost inevitably meant violence; and though such happy exceptions as the Priors of St. Andrew's can be pointed out, there can be no question that the ferocity and licentiousness of the Scottish clergy naturally provoked the terrible reaction in which their candlestick was for a time removed.

A good short *History of France* has long been a *desideratum*; and a clear and sensible history—rather, however, of the people than of the kings—has been supplied by the Rev. G. W. Kitchin in connection with the Clarendon Press Series. Its maps and tables, shewing the gradual annexation of territory to the crown, are admirable; and it carries us on with an interest of its own, independent of romance or anecdote, to the close of the hundred years war with England.

Miss Hudson's *Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia*, (Isbister,) is a very interesting account of the lady whom the Prussians revere almost like the patron saint and martyr of their kingdom. A great many memoirs have been industriously collected, and the result is a capital series of sketches, sometimes indeed a little too discursive, and sometimes a little wordy, but well worth reading.

The S. P. C. K. has published a pleasantly and reverently written *Narrative of a Pilgrimage through Palestine*, by the Rev. C. A. Smith. We wish sometimes that the author had described the scenes before him more minutely, instead of hurriedly mentioning every Scriptural action that befell in each; but it will be a capital book for Sunday libraries.

Of the recent crop of novels and tales, we would mention with warm praise *Thorpe Regis*, by the Author of 'Unawares,' (Smith and Elder,) which has some delightful Devonshire scenes and pictures. *In the Camargue*, by Emily Bowles, (Smith and Elder,) is a fresh and brilliant piece of the scenery of the flats of Provence; and the true hero of the story, Rambert, is a grand rough-hewn piece of chivalry. He and his faithful ox Oriflamme have gained a fast hold on our memory.

Ashley Priors (Mozley) is a good and somewhat exciting story of an Italian orphan, brought up in an English family, and then recognized by his own relations, who try to n. . . m join the Roman Church. He resists manfully, not on Protestant but Catholic principles. We began by thinking there was too much of a certain style of writing about beautiful children and white-robed choristers; but the story rises out of this after a time, and is chiefly weak in the ungentlemanlike boy, who, if he had really been at Eton, would never have been such a 'snob' as to reproach Laurence with his uncertain origin. It is a far more serious mistake to have baptized an Italian child, evidently of gentle birth, and calling itself Lorenzo. There could have been no reasonable doubt of his baptism, and no right-minded clergyman would have ventured on the repetition.

Mrs. Ewing's *Lob Lie by the Fire* (Bell and Daldy) is one of the very best of that lady's charming stories. The two old sisters and their Gipsy foundling, and his later protector, the tall Highland soldier, are skilled portraits, full of that bright pathetic humour peculiarly Aunt Judy's own.

Mrs. O'Reilly's little square book, *Giles's Minority*, (Bell and Daldy,) is very amusing; though we prefer its larger companion, *Stories they Tell me*, (Wells Gardner,) for its mixture of fun and sweetness.

Of course, we could specify a good many silly and weak books, but we will not do so now; for we had rather only dwell on the cream of our last quarter's reading, to which we will add only one more book, *The Weaver of Naumberg*. (Religious Tract Society.) He is almost the poor wise man who saved the city, but, unlike him of Ecclesiastes, is not left unrewarded.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Declined with thanks.—*New Year's Eve; M. S. B.*

Ursula.—The best English translation of the Niebelungen Lied is by Lettsom. Full information upon these subjects may also be obtained in Ludlow's *Popular Epics of the Middle Ages*.

M. T. B. would be glad to know if any reader can help her to trace the following lines, quoted from memory:—

' God and the world we worship both together,
Draw not our laws to His, but His to ours:
Untrue in both, so prosperous in neither,
The imperfect will brings forth but barren flowers:
Faithless, as all divided interests be;
Strangers to God, fools in humanity;
Too good for great things, and too great for good,
While still "I dare not" waits upon "I would."

Annie.—We hope soon to publish a paper on the Cagots.—Surely, it was Buckingham who was called the Dog, James I. the Sow, in allusion to a dog catching a pig by the ear, as Buckingham was wont to catch up the King for any inadvertency in manners. See Miss Strickland's *Queens*.

Doncaster.—Be quite sure a weak spine is not at the bottom of the bad habits. Walking with a book or pail on the head is very useful to mere awkwardness, and a few lessons in drill or athletic exercises still more so.

I very much want the old numbers of *The Monthly Packet* containing the first twelve chapters of *The Pillars of the House*, and would give half-price for them if in good condition. Address—Miss F., 14, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, London.

F. and A. N. would be very much obliged if any reader could tell them of some Children's Home that would be glad of a tea set.

Eleanor Wilson acknowledges, with grateful thanks, a kind gift of pictures for her picture-screen from *Horncastle*, and another from *Newton Abbot*.—*Yarm, Yorkshire*.

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a box of warm clothing and dolls, from A. B. M., for *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*.

Associate C. B. S.—The lines, 'Tis for Thee we bid the frontal,' are from a poem on Ritual, in *Hymns* by the Rev. W. Bright, D.D., Canon of Christchurch.

Ubique Felix.—I remember seeing in a paper of H. Kingsley's, in a magazine—*Temple Bar*, I think—that 'Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,' &c., was written by Canon Kingsley; but it is not in *Andromeda and Other Poems*, so I cannot say where it is to be found.—*B. C. C.* Also answered by several Correspondents.

Heartie.—'His banner over me was love.' (*Canticles*, ii. 4.)—The eternal gates of Heaven are apparently personified in *The Christian Year* for the Sunday after Ascension Day, perhaps in accordance with Psalm xxiv. 5, 8.

H. S. E. begs to tell *Anna* that 'Mone' is the name of a writer who was (or is) the Editor of a very fine collection of Church hymns from the earliest times. They are chiefly in Latin, but there are some in Greek, Spanish, Italian, &c. The collector's explanatory text being in Dutch or Flemish. *H. S. E.* supposes him to have been a Belgian. He is a well-known authority.

Poets Laureate.—Selden the antiquarian, at the request of Ben Jonson, the then Poet-laureate, drew up an account of the antiquity of the office in 1631. It may be found in the *Treatise to the Titles of Honour*, p. 457, vol. iii., Selden's Works, ed. 1725. It is there said that the custom of giving laurel crowns to poets as an ensign of a degree of mastership in poetry had continued about one hundred and fifty years.—Skelton had the title of Laureate under Henry VIII.; and John Kay dedicates a prose work, *The Siege of Rhodes*, to Edward IV., under the title of his humble Poet-Laureat. It does not appear, however, that the office of Poet-laureate was regularly filled till the time of Spenser, who was introduced at Court by Sir Philip Sidney, (1578-79,) and was made Poet-laureate by Queen Elizabeth, who ordered £100 to be given him. Burleigh objected, and said, 'What! all this for a song?' to which the Queen replied, 'Then give him what is reason.' Burleigh apparently thought nothing was reasonable; for Spenser, after having waited some time and received no reward, presented the following petition to the Queen:—

'I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason.'

which produced the desired effect. Spenser died, 1599, and was succeeded by the poet and historian Daniel, who was also Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen-Consort of James I., with whom he was a favourite: he died in 1619; but Ben Jonson was appointed to the office during his life-time, in 1616. Jonson seems to be the first who received a regular salary of at first 100 marks yearly, which Charles I. increased in 1630 to £100 and a tierce of Canary. He died, 1637. Sir William Davenant, a protégé of Sir Fulke Greville, and a favourite of Queen Henrietta Maria, came next. He was several times imprisoned during the Protectorate, and died in 1688. Dryden followed; but having disqualified himself from Court favour after the Rebellion by turning Papist, he was dismissed from office, and replaced by Thomas Shadwell—the Earl of Dorset, the then Lord Chamberlain, allowing Dryden an equivalent for his salary out of his own private means. Shadwell died, 1692. I do not know who was his immediate successor; but dear old Nahum Tate must have been Laureate shortly after, since he was ejected at the accession of George I. to make room for Rowe, and died in 1716 in the Mint, in extreme poverty. Rowe died, 1718. There is another vacancy, which I am not able to fill up, before Colley Cibber was appointed by George II. I do not think that Pope was ever Laureate; at least, Cibber was elected during his life-time, upon which Pope took occasion to place him in Theobald's place in 'The Empire over Dullness' in *The Dunciade*. Pope died, 1744; Cibber, 1757; Whitehead, (?) 1774; Warton, 1790; Pye, 1813; Southey, 1843; Wordsworth, 1850; Tennyson.—The Laureate's office was to write half-yearly laudatory verses of the reigning sovereign—a practice which, it is said, existed in England alone, and against which Wordsworth remonstrated. Gibbon, who was a contemporary with Warton, had some time previously recommended its disuse, (*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx.); and I believe one poem is now all that is required.—An account of the origin of this office may be found in a little eightpenny school-book, called Buller's *Arithmetical Tables*, published in 1852 by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and I should think very likely in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, Moxon and Co.; but I have neither of these books to refer to at present.—*B. C. C.*—Also answered by *Pelworth, J. S. K.*, an Anonymous Correspondent, and *S. G.*, who says—'From a very early period we have occasional glimpses of an officer attached to the English Court, whose function to some extent corresponded to that of our modern Laureate.' In Domesday Book, one Berdic is described as *Joculator Regis*—*joculator* being the Low Latin form of the Norman *jongleur*. John Kaye is mentioned as King's Versifier in the reign of Edward IV., and is by some considered to have been the first Poet-laureate in the present sense of the word. The term, however, did not make its appearance until the fourteenth century, and was then applied to a person who had taken a particular degree at the University, and also to any supremely excellent poet. Chaucer calls Petrarch 'the laureate poet,' though this may be in reference to the well-known crown of laurel; and both Chaucer and Gower are addressed by King James as 'Superlative as poetes laureate.'

L. P.—The lines beginning, '*I hear the invitation*,' are from an Autumnal Hymn by H. F. Lyte.—*A. L. D.*

F. M. P. would be glad to be told of some very short and spirited stories, fit to be read to rough town girls of very little patience or power of attention.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, thankfully acknowledged:—A Brother and Sister, 5s. X. Y., 1s. 1d.

H. T. had better write to *Miss Munro, Children's Hospital, 1, Cumberland Street, S. W.*

St. Andrew's Waterside Mission.—Received from *E. S. T.*, 8s. 6d.; *A. I.*, 5s.—On St. Andrew's Day, many new friends were added to the Mission by the work being made known through many churches. About £270 were thus added to the funds, several of the offertories being quite unexpected. At Gravesend, special sermons were preached in four different churches, and an appeal made that the town should provide a boat for the Mission, and pay the expenses of the men; the next morning the Honorary Secretary received a note, instructing him to order a boat in every way suited for the purpose, and when complete, the writer would have pleasure in presenting it to the Mission. Since St. Andrew's Day there have been large arrivals of books at the Mission House. The first supply has been sent out to commence the new station in Japan, the chaplain at Yokohama having kindly offered to do his best for the many sailors there. Some of the books sent were specially suitable for the Seaman's Hospital.—JOHN SCARTH, Honorary Secretary, Gravesend.

Mara will be much obliged for some information as to the best way of conducting a class of Communicants.

Miss Meyer, (4, Belvidere Villas, Upper Norwood, S. E.) begs to thank all who have so kindly sent wool to be made up into garments for the poor. Several parcels have been acknowledged through the post; but *M. F.* and *H. S. S.*, and the sender of a parcel from Pembroke, have yet to be thanked. One large package (by train) arrived open at one end, so that possibly the address of the kind sender may have fallen out. *Miss Meyer* cannot be grateful enough for its valuable contents. 'The remains of a little worker's work,' from Dublin, have been made into a warm neck-tie for a little girl.

L. P.—The lines beginning '*Ill that He blesses is our good*,' &c., are from *Faber's Hymn on the Will of God*, published among his *Hymns and Poems*.

The quotation asked for by an Anonymous Correspondent is from a short poem by Waller at the end of his *Poems on Divine Love*.

ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

'When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to endite;
The soul with nobler resolution deckt,
The body stooping does herself erect;
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that unbody'd, can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast

Of fleeting things so certain to be lost,
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time hath
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become [made,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.'

Also answered by several Correspondents.

A. C. will be much obliged if the Editor will kindly tell her where she may find anything about 'Ynyr King of Gwent.'—Ynyr Gwen, a prince of South Wales, flourished at the end of the fifth century. He governed part of Monmouthshire, (Gwent,) and founded the Monastery of Caergwent, which was presided over by St. Tathan. He married Madryn, daughter of Gurthevyn, by whom he had two sons, Ceidio and Iddon, both of whom (as well as their father) are counted as saints. He is said to have founded Abergavenny. (See William's *Eminent Welshmen*, Iolo Morganwg's *Welsh MSS. Ilyfr Du o Caerfyrden*, a poem by Taliessin, descriptive of Ynyr's victories over his enemies, and Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*.)

Olinda.—There are French lessons given to classes by M. Roche at Hyde Park College, 115, Gloucester Terrace.

The Sisters of *St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth*, beg to thank *Gertrude May* for the stamps so kindly sent by her. It is from no less need of funds that the Sisters have written no appeal in *The Monthly Packet* this year, but simply because they think it would be encroaching too much on the kindness of the Editor to ask again for so large a space to be devoted to them. While the prices of the necessities of life continue so high, the distress of the poor in a parish like St. Peter's is, and must be, very great; and help of whatever kind, sent to them, addressed to *The Sister Superior, St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth*, will be most gratefully received.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

THE GREAT TEUTONIC MYTH EMBODIED IN THE NIBELUNGENLIED AND THE VOLSUNG SAGA.

In the Edda we find the story so beautifully described in the German Nibelungenlied and the Danish Volsung Saga, and therefore we must give a slight sketch of the original, in order fully to appreciate the later versions.

Sigurd, the great and noble hero, was the son of Sigmund, a descendant of the god Odin. When a youth, he was placed under a tutor named Reginn, who lived near, with his father, Hrejdmar, and two brothers, Fafner and Audvar, the latter of whom was a dwarf, and used often to change himself into an otter, in order to catch salmon.

One day there came down to the river to fish three gods, Odin, Loki, and Hænir; Loki killed the otter, skinned it, and carried the skin to Hrejdmar. The father, in a rage, ordered Loki to fill it with gold; but the god having none by him, went to the sea, and brought up a pike. This fish, strange to say, was again Audvar, who had not been killed, but only assumed another form; he compounded for his freedom by giving up all his gold, of which he had an abundance. Loki then took the gold to Hrejdmar, but, to destroy its value, laid a curse upon whomsoever possessed it.

The curse soon began to work. Fafner killed his father for the treasure, and changed himself into a dragon in order to guard it more securely; Reginn incited his pupil Sigurd to kill the dragon, intending afterwards to take the treasure from him; but Sigurd discovered his evil intention, slew Reginn, and carried the gold to a distant mountain. All these dreadful things are the consequences of this ill-gotten gold.

The poem of the Edda goes on to say how Sigurd ascends a mountain with a brilliant flame on its summit, and finds Brynhilda sleeping on her armour, encircled by shields. They are represented as the most noble and perfect characters, and they profess speedily a mutual love, and plight their troth. But, alas! a wicked sorceress, Queen Gunhild, gives the young man a love-potion, and he forgets Brynhild, and marries Gudrun, the Queen's daughter. Indeed, he forgets his old lady-love so completely, that he wins his way through magic flames, storms her castle, and hands her over to Gunnar, his wife's brother, for his bride. But it seems, in those far-off days the ladies stood upon their ground as we do upon matters of etiquette—at a curious time too, for it was in bathing that Brynhild and Gudrun had a serious difference as to who had the best right to swim out into the water first. Then Gudrun shews the ring of Andvara, that betrothal ring which poor Brynhild gave to Sigurd, and all is explained; the injured woman, wild with grief and passion, causes her beloved Sigurd to be slain, and then expires upon his funeral pile. Gudrun afterwards marries Etzel, King of the Huns, and it is he who sends an invitation to all his wife's family to a grand banquet, and has them all murdered, in order to revenge the death of his sister Brynhild, and to obtain the treasure of gold.

These are the main facts of the story as told in the Edda; and I learn that the Danish Volsung Saga takes the same version, but not having read it, I must leave it to other pens to describe more accurately.

The beautiful German poem, the Nibelungenlied, brings our thoughts to more modern times. Siegfried (Sigurd) is the son of Siegmund, King of the Netherlands, and woos first the lovely Kriemhild, (Gudrun,) sister to Gunther, King of Burgundy, who has his court at Worms on the Rhine.

Siegfried fights for Gunther against the Saxons, and is then permitted to see Kriemhild, for so closely were the ladies of that time guarded from public gaze, that for a whole year he remained at Worms without seeing the object of his journey. We next hear of him accompanying his host to Ireland, to aid him in gaining the beautiful Queen Brynhild as his bride. Brynhild had sworn that she would not marry one who was her inferior in strength; and it was Siegfried who, wrapped in his invisible cloud-cloak, conquered the fierce Brinhild, and thus enabled Gunther to obtain his wish. On their return to Worms, Siegfried was betrothed to Kriemhild, and in honour of the double alliance the greatest rejoicings were held.

Unhappily, the days, began so joyfully, ended in the greatest sorrow. At one of the tournaments given in honour of the occasion, the two queens, seated together, disputed as to their right of precedence, Brinhild asserting that Siegfried was still the vassal of Gunther. Kriemhild vowed that she would maintain her rank by first

entering the cathedral the following morning; then, in that sacred edifice, she betrayed her husband's confidence, and told Brynhild how she was conquered by Siegfried, confirming her words by shewing the ring and girdle that he had, unknown to her, stolen from her. The rage and fury of poor Brynhild, on hearing this, knew no bounds; nor can we wonder that her only thought, from this time forward, was revenge for the insult that had been done to her. Her cause was taken up by her husband Gunther, and one of his knights named Hagen, and Siegfried was treacherously murdered in the hunting-field. The manner of his death was remarkable. Kriemhild, believing still that all were her friends, yet having a presentiment of coming danger to her dear lord, committed him to the care of Hagen, and as a further security, told him that, when a youth, Siegfried dipped himself in the blood of a dragon which he had killed, and this rendered him invulnerable except in one spot, where a linden leaf had fallen; and she sewed a mark on his doublet over the place. Hagen took advantage of this information, and omitted the wine at the hunting-feast, so the knights were obliged to drink at the brook; whereby Siegfried exposed his vulnerable spot, and was instantly stabbed by his treacherous companion. The sorrow of Kriemhild, the aged Siegmund, and of the whole city, is beautifully described in the *Nibelungenlied*. Hagen, not content with the murder of Siegfried, next obtains possession of the golden treasure, and sinks it in the Rhine for safety; but is punished for his robbery, in that he is never after able to draw it up again.

After seven years of widowhood and mourning for her husband, Kriemhild is prevailed upon to marry Etzel, King of the Huns, and when secure in his affection and that of his people, meditates and carries out her terrible act of revenge for the murder of Siegfried. She entreats Etzel to invite all her kinsmen and friends in the Netherlands to a banquet; and they are all murdered in the confusion arising from her determination to take the life of Hagen. She herself was at last slain by the priest Hildebrand.

This, then, is the story of the *Nibelungenlied*; it gives a most interesting account of the manners of those early times, and shews us how noble and great were their sentiments, in spite of the fearful way in which they revenged themselves upon those who incurred their anger.

M. O. K.

The only means the early Scandinavians had (for Scandinavia was the principal source of all the mythological legends) of preserving and spreading abroad their religion, was through the medium of unwritten songs and traditions. These latter, repeated from mouth to mouth, (sagas they were called,) formed, with the established poems, a sort of Odinic bible, revered and believed in as such by the people, and handed down carefully from generation to generation, till, in the more enlightened period of the eleventh century, they were transcribed and arranged in the form in which we have them now. Of these records of the belief of the ancient Teutons, the fullest are the Icelandic Edda, the Elder Edda, the Volsunga Saga, and the *Nibelungen Lied*. The Elder Edda is a collection of poems of purely pagan origin: the greater part of them relate specially to Odin and the fundamental doctrines of the Odinic mythology; but there is also one which speaks of human life and love in a manner so majestic, that it has obtained world-wide fame. This is the legend of Sigurd, the Volsung, of which the Volsunga Saga is clearly only a later and prose edition. Of the *Nibelungen Lied* we will speak further on; the Icelandic Edda does not come under the reach of the present subject.

Before entering into an analysis of the Volsung legend, it will be best to consider for a moment its construction, as in this lies one of its chief peculiarities, and therefore one of its principal interests.

The first part of the myth contains the history of the conquest of the dragon-guarded treasure by Sigurd, the son of Sigmund, the son of Volsung, the great-grandson of Odin; of the Valkyrie Brunhilde, and of the death of Sigurd. The second comprises all that follows this death, namely, the punishment of its authors, the loss of the treasure, and the culminating scene in the camp of Attila the Hun. These two parts may also be considered as (1) the mythological, and (2) the historical origins of the legend; and each must be analyzed separately, as their nature and import differ materially.

(1) The central point in the legend, the pivot on which the whole story turns, is Sigurd's victory over the dragon, followed by the capture of the treasure; the rest shews only the results of these two acts, for when they were accomplished the die was cast, and the remainder was but the development of the doom. Now, naturally enough, people have sought to discover the meaning of this strange combat, and

what the treasure really was. Some have therefore imagined that it represented some terrible fight in far back ages with an Asiatic nation, having for object the conquest of their gold. Others, again, have thought that it was the tale of the fall of Rome, that the magic hoard meant the amassed riches of that proud city, and that the horrible strange deeds which followed were the mad quarrels of the conquering Teutons. But there is another, higher solution of the myth, which, believing that the treasure meant nothing more than some visible token of a victory over an enemy, consists in conceiving that the history of the hero Sigurd was primitively that of the god Odin himself, or in other words, that Sigurd was a manifestation, a sort of incarnation of that deity, reproducing in his heroic life the divine destiny, in the same way as did the heroes Krishna and Rama, incarnations of Vishnu. And this could easily be, for an idea originally mythological would very naturally, by the effect of time and the ordinary course of things, become lowered into an event of human life. And besides, this notion is very much strengthened by the fact that the name Sigurd (the fate of victory) tallies with several of Odin's appellations, such, for instance, as 'the father of victory,' or 'the victorious one,' &c., while the name Nifflunga, (the murderers of Sigurd,) from its containing the root *niff*, is closely allied to the words mist and darkness, which, in Scandinavian mythology, are used to represent the powers of evil, the antagonists of the powers of good, and consequently of light, brightness, and of Odin's symbol the sun.

(2) Of the historical portion of the legend more will be said presently; enough to say here that many of its facts are strictly true, although very much distorted and confused. Of course the chronological order of the events is utterly wrong—such, for instance, as making Theodoric the Goth lieutenant of Attila, whereas he was not even born till two years after the death of the Hun; but this is easily accounted for, for the Volsunga Saga is only a collection of traditions, and tradition pays no attention to distances of either time or place.

And now, having given a slight sketch of the idea conveyed by the legend, of its construction, and of its possible interpretation, we will proceed to analyze it briefly, dividing it in two parts as before, in order to mark the point where the fusion of the historical with the mythological begins.

(1) After Sigurd has killed the dragon, and possessed himself of the treasure, he sets off on a long journey, in the course of which he comes across the Valkyrie Brunhilde lying sleeping in a mountain palace surrounded by a magic flame, and falls desperately in love with her. After an interesting *dénouement*, she tells him she returns his passion, and they both swear that they will be married shortly. But at the end of three days Sigurd has to go away, and continues his journey till he reaches a country governed by the Nifflunga, Gunar and Hogni. There, by a magic draught given him by a wily witch, he is made to forget Brunhilde, and instead marries the Nifflunga's sister Gudruna.

(It should be noticed here, that the treasure and the deceitful prince, in the Volsunga Saga and in the Niebelungen Lied, are both denominated by the same name, *Nifflunga* or *Niebelunga*, shewing plainly, by the term being used indifferently for either, that both were intended to represent the powers of darkness and evil.)

Shortly after this, Gunar is seized with a desire for Brunhilde, and obtains her hand by changing shapes with Sigurd. But when, directly after their marriage, the Valkyrie discovers the trick played on her, she becomes filled with hatred for her former lover, and goading on her husband with bitter words, incites him to murder the unsuspecting Sigurd, which accordingly he does, and thus the treasure falls into the hands of the Nifflunga, upon whom it brings its usual accompaniment of death, for no sooner is Sigurd dead, than Brunhilde, seized with remorse, stabs herself, and sinks bleeding by the hero's corpse.

On this part of the myth there is no need that we should speak. As we have said before, it is only another way of depicting the war between the two powers; at present the dark force is victorious, but how long it will remain so will be seen directly. It is, however, well to notice that it is a woman's love and jealousy which is the cause of the dreadful fighting that succeeds; the Northerns had their Helen and their Troy, only their Hector died before the battle began.

(2) Soon after Sigurd's murder, his widow espouses the brother of Brunhilde, Atli the Hun. (A most curious confusion is this! only to be accounted for by imagining that, as Atli was a common Slavonian name, the simple Saga-teller thought to fasten this disjointed piece to the legend more firmly on to the other, by establishing a relationship between the two stern characters.) Now this Atli, who is identical with Attila, hates the Nifflung prince, both for having murdered Sigurd and caused

the death of Brunhilde, and therefore takes the first opportunity of enticing them to his court, in order to make away with them. A stand-up fight ensues, in which the two brothers perform wonders, but they are finally subdued; Hogni is slain, and Gunar, because he will not reveal the hiding-place of the treasure, is thrown into a pit filled with serpents. But the tale of horrors does not end here; for Gudruna now is filled with vengeance, and killing her own children gives their hearts to their father to eat, disguised in a pot of honey, then telling him what she has done, plunges a knife into him, and finally setting fire to the whole building, burns all that are in it. The next we hear of Gudruna is that she has married again to a King Jonakr. By him she has three children, but fate pursues them all. Odin himself at this point intervenes, and punishes the mother's crimes by causing all her children to die violent deaths. At last Gudruna herself dies, and thus ends the Volsunga Saga.

The whole of this latter part is a confusion of mythical ideas and historical facts, the latter preponderating. Although the chronology is wholly wrong, the general character of the events is well preserved, better indeed than in the Niebelungen, which is strange, since 'the plague of God' made inroads into Germany, whereas he never put his foot in Scandinavia. There is little need to explain why Attila came to be mixed up with the fabulous heroes of the North; the reason is obvious. The memory of his name, in which was combined so much of terror and power, remained deeply imprinted in the minds of the Northern nations. In his warlike spirit the Hun equalled fully the heroic personages of mythology, and in course of time he became confounded with them, till, being converted into almost an ideal character, he figured quite naturally by the side of Sigurd. G. M. S.

Answered also by URSULA very well.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CARRIAGES.

ARACINE thinks that if any of her eighty Spiders had looked into the carriage question, it would have been found very curious and interesting; and she therefore jots down a few specimens of the points easily arrived at by the simple aid of a dictionary.

Passing over the classical chariots to those of modern times, it seems that the Latin *Carrus* gave birth to the Italian *caroccio*, where the standard was carried; whence *carosse* and *carriage*. *Vehiculum*, in like manner, became *voiture*. *Carrus* became *char*, whence *charrette* and *châriot*, the last of which was used in translations from the classics; and when Queen Elizabeth's grandeur went beyond the whirlycote, that had succeeded the horse-litter, her car was termed a chariot.

Next after, or maybe contemporary, should be mentioned the *Waggon*, the true Teutonic word from *wagen*, to wag or move on. As soon as roads were practicable, waggons travelled carrying passengers, and were used in England as the chief public means of conveyance for long journeys, nearly up to the end of the eighteenth century. The conveyance thus apostrophized—

'Barba, barba, alas, how swift ye flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in,'

has never come to England, though *waggon* is the term in America for a quick conveyance. As to *waggonets*, they must have been named by a barbarian, insensible of the impropriety of tacking a French diminutive to a Teutonic word.

Couch is sometimes said to come from the Latin *concha*, a shell; sometimes from the Hungarian town of Kutsch. We suspect the first is right, as the first coaches, magnificent painted articles, were often modelled on the form of a shell. Beginning in the fifteenth century, the state-coach is still in existence, and though the class of vehicle is all but extinct, the terms coachman and coach-house still survive. The second half of the last century saw the coach applied to the conveyance of letters and passengers; *malle*, a trunk, giving the word *mail*, applied to the coach charged with the post, with the red-coated guard and many-caped coachman, the licensed jester of the road, and the four spirited horses, which fast young men loved to drive.

Hackney coaches are said to be named from hackney, a hired horse, *haguenée* in French. Their equivalent *fiacre*, is called from Fiaghra or Fiacre, the Irish hermit, whose shrine at Meaux formed the goal of the pilgrimages from Paris performed in the vehicles which took this name. The French family carriage of enormous capacity, was called, from the place of its invention, a *Berline*, as the Sedan chair was from Sedan.

In England, *chariot* was revived for a family carriage, less large and heavy than the coach, and which continued a staple commodity for people of fair means throughout the posting days. Small single-horse chariots were affected by doctors, and called pill-boxes, before—after an abortive attempt at a Clarence named after William IV.—Lord Brougham invented the vehicle called by his name.

Diligence expressed the speed and swiftness which the coach was to take in France. *Fly* seems to have been the name of an individual stage, and adopted by others till it descended to hired carriages, and overthrew the hackney coach.

The *cabriolet* was, we believe, once a goat carriage, and became the English *cab*. The *hansom* is from the inventor.

The *chaise* is a chair on wheels; and the *Landau* is so called from the place of its invention; while *britska* is a Polish name for an open carriage. *Barouche* is the French form of *baroccio*, the light Neapolitan carriage called from the Latin *bivotus*, a two-wheeled car.

The *phaeton* was at first tall and perilous, and therefore called after the rash son of Apollo. The *curricie* was from *curriculum*, the Latin term for the race-course; the *tandem* takes the Latin adverb, at length, to express the position of the horses. All these classical names are a sign of the wealth and liberty of English academical youth.

The humbler *gig* is from an old Teutonic word *gigen*, to tremble or shake. The *sociable* and *vis à vis* explain themselves; and a clever lady once called an Irish 'outside car' an Irish *vis à vis*. A *buggy* is probably a corruption of an Indian word, and a *drag* and a *trap* are mere slang.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

Write the Life of St. Chrysostom.

The Story of Thalaba.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Will any of our readers tell us how to distinguish 'my MS.,' when stamps are sent without naming the MS., and there is no address upon it? Do our contributors think we have but one MS. at a time?

Declined with thanks.—*A Waking Dream.*

G. P.—Accepted with thanks.

Mannec informs L. P. that her first quotation is from a poem by H. F. Lyte, entitled 'Drawing near Home,' to be found in a volume of poetry called *Pietas Poetica*, published by Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

E. K. M. sends L. P. the rest of the hymn she quotes, but she cannot tell who is the author.

'I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will'

M. T. informs August that Souvestre's *Scènes de la Chouannerie* is most interesting, and well worth reading.

M. T. will be much obliged to anyone who will tell her whether De Quincey's account of *The Spanish Military Nun* is substantially true; also, whether there is any other history of that wonderful personage to be had.

Lucia.—No space at present.

Will any readers kindly send some pictures—coloured, if possible—for scrap-books for hospitals, &c., to *Poyntington Rectory, Sherborne*. Also, rules which have been found to answer in carrying on a Coal Club in a very poor parish. Any hints will be thankfully received at the same address.

Acknowledged with thanks, for *The Daisy Chain Cot*:—S. E. A., 5s.; M. J. K., 5s.; D. I. K., 5s.; Sibyl and Grace, £1; Four Little Victims, 1s.; Giles Brandon, £1 for the Church Extension Breakfast and Dinner Fund. Post-office Orders for *The Daisy Chain Cot* should be made payable at the General Post Office.

H. S. H. returns her grateful thanks to *Mary, H. J., K. P., F. H., Wantage, M. L.,* and others, who so kindly have sent picture-scrap for the little sick ones. If at any time they favour her with any more, will they kindly address them to *H. S. H., 24, Clifton Road, Brighton.*

The Sisters of *St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth,* beg to acknowledge £1 in Postage-stamps from *A. B.,* and 5s. from *Beta,* for both of which they are very grateful.

A Lady is very anxious to establish a Parochial Lending-library in a densely populated district where it is extremely difficult to get funds for the purpose, and would be very grateful for any contributions of suitable books or magazines. Parcels to be addressed to *Rev. A. G. O'Brien, St. George's, Barrow-in-Furness.*

Sir,—May I again appeal in your Magazine for help to enable us to keep open our 'Infant Nursery'? It has been in full work more than two years, and during that time has proved a great blessing to the mothers in this *very poor* neighbourhood, (Shoreditch.) Owing to the high price of coals and food, we are compelled to ask for donations or small subscriptions to get over the next three months. Post-office Orders made payable to *Ann Benton, Post Office, Curtain Road, Shoreditch,* or stamps, will be thankfully received; also, gifts of clothing. Ladies willing to devote themselves to nursing or parochial work will be welcomed, as our work has increased during the past year.—Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully, ANN, Mother Superior, Sisterhood of St. Etheldreda.

In answer to *F. and A. N.,* I beg to recommend the *Children's Convalescent Home, (Broadstairs,)* where some of the poorest and most sickly of our London children are received. They are well taught, and kindly cared for, and supplied with good wholesome food, sea air, and sea bathing. They are kept for a month at a time, in many cases even longer. The *Tea Set* offered by *F. and A. N.* would, I am sure, be useful there. And I would ask them to send it to the 'Sisters of the Church,' who have the care of the Home. Address—*Sister Emily, 29, Kilburn Park Road, London, N. W.* In these days, when so many opportunities of giving to Christ's little ones meet us on every side, we all feel privileged to ask of one another; so if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* would like to know of one more good work in which *they* too may help, (at the cost of some new effort of self-denial, known only to themselves and the Good Shepherd, to whom these 'little ones' are so dear,) I would ask them, during the coming Lent, to remember this 'Convalescent Home,' and when Easter comes, to send the fruit of their self-denial to *Sister Emily.*—HENRIETTA.

H.—No satisfactory answer to the origin of Christmas-boxes can, we believe, be found. One suggestion, made by John Dunton in *The Athenian Oracle,* is that a box was kept by the poor to collect money, in order that a Mass might be said for them at Christmas-time.

What is the origin of the North-country expressions, when anything is burnt, that 'it is bishoped,' or 'the bishop has put his foot in'?—EAGLET.

We are called upon about once in six months to answer who was the lady in Tennyson's poem who clasped her murdered father's head. We really are ashamed of our readers for having so little knowledge of one of the best men in English history, as not to have heard of Sir Thomas More and Margaret Roper. These answers are intended to relate to curious matters not easily discovered, not for people to expose their ignorance by asking what a little ordinary knowledge of history and literature should make plain.

A Sunday School Teacher.—The *Teachings for the Little Ones* have not been published separately

- *Mannec.*—No reason is given in Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* for the 16th of July being allotted to the Visitation. Probably it was simply as a convenient time for the festival.

The Sisters of *St. Saviour's Priory* beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the parcel from *M. Lindsay*.

Acknowledged, with many thanks, by *The Sisters of the Poor*, a packet of clothes from *Jessie* and *Margaret*, and a hamper of clothes from *K*.

Will anyone send me six books in the little old series of *Buds and Blossoms* for the same in the large new series, as I wish to complete the set. The numbers being—'Rover and his Friends,' 'Little Frank,' 'The Blackberry Gathering,' 'The Fisherman's Children,' 'The Child's Search for Fairies,' and 'The Story of a Daisy.' Address—*Miss C. A. Veasey, Bridge House, Huntingdon*.

St. Stephen's Home, Lewisham.—The Sister Superior begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, a donation of £2, and a parcel of clothes for the poor, as well as several expressions of interest in the work, and offers of situations for servants. She wishes also to mention that an opportunity has arisen for taking the adjoining house, and making a home for some old people, if funds can be procured. Help in this part of the work will be thankfully received.


A. A. B. would be much obliged to any Correspondent who could tell her where the following lines occur:—

'I give my heart to thee,
Oh, do give thine to me,
And we'll lock them up together,
And throw away the key.'

She is not sure if her quotation is quite correct.

ARACHNE'S DECISION.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

 The opinion of the public has verified ARACHNE's as to the superiority of the four. Each has a favourite, but the majority prefer 'THE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS;' and of those who do not place it first, almost all place it second. Therefore, the First Prize has been awarded to it; but 'THE SHADY SIDE OF THE WALL' was so close upon it in merit, that it has received a Second Prize. 'RESCUED,' 'THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTY-FIRST,' and 'THE LIGHT OF THE SUN,' are also much liked by all.

May the new Proverbs, 'Least said, soonest mended,' or 'Speech is silvern, silence golden,' be as well answered in the current year! A Prize will, as before, be given to the best story; and such others as will form a suitable Christmas Number will appear. The Tales must be sent in by the 1st of July, with Name and Address fully written on them, and Stamps for return.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

A CLOUD—ITS DIFFERENT FORMS

DRAGON-FLY and **JANIE**, the best; **ASPHALTITES**, **G. M. S.**, **PUSSY-CAT**, and **A. C. B.**, good. Answered also by **M. O. K.**, **GEMMA**, **AUGUST**, **E. H.**, **MAY-POLE**, **LORISTON**, **M. F. R.**, **A. G. P.**, **A. C. R.**

CLOUDS are some of the aqueous vapour suspended in the atmosphere, made locally visible by a fall of temperature.

The sky is the part of creation in which nature has done more to please and teach man than in any other of her works. Picture after picture, glory after glory, is revealed to us there in the clouds, which form the great beauty of the sky. Conventional art too often represents the sky as a flat blue surface, relieved here or there it may be by some masses of grey or white, which are supposed to represent clouds. But in reality, the blue ether over our heads affords a better example of perspective than the most extensive landscape.

The atmosphere may be considered as divided into three spaces, in each of which we find clouds of a different order. The character of these clouds is determined by the height at which they are formed. The cloud of the highest region is called the Cirrus. The chief characteristics of these clouds have been divided by a well-known writer upon modern art into five principal classes; to wit—(1) symmetry, (2) sharpness of edge, (3) number, (4) purity of colour, (5) variety. They are generally arranged in some definite order, most often in long lines of silvery vapour floating across the azure sky; these lines turn towards the wind, and are commonly called mare's-tails. The clouds of the Cirrus order never touch even the highest mountains of Europe, and are never formed at a height of less than fifteen thousand feet above the earth.

The middle division of the atmosphere is the region of the Stratus. This is the least interesting order of clouds, though in it also we may find great variety of form, the clouds of this region often touching the forms of those above and below them. The clouds most characteristic of this region are masses of white and broken vapour, undefined in colour and form. When this vapour collects into larger masses, it is rounded and heavy, shaded with dull grey, and without any appearance of energy.

In the third and lowest division of the atmosphere we find the rain-cloud, or Cumulus. The clouds of this region differ in appearance from those of the Cirrus or of the Stratus. The tone of the colouring, too, is modified by the change of atmosphere, the shadow tints being warmer than those of the upper clouds. They have no definite form, being sometimes a dark heavy thunder-cloud, and sometimes no more than a thin mist. Haze caused by heat, mist, and mirage, all belong to this region. The mirage which is seen in the desert and at sea, is the reflection cast on a cloud of objects at a very great distance. When the images reflected are inverted, the Italians call it the *Fata Morgana*.

However insensible people may be to the beauties of Nature, there are few who are so dull as not to be affected, to some degree, by the changes of the sky above them. Its influence on national character, and on the mind of untaught man, are easily to be traced in the earliest literature. How often, for example, we find clouds mentioned in the Bible. Who can look on a rising column of cloud without thinking of the pillar which guided the children of Israel through the Wilderness? Or again, who can gaze on the glorious clouds which surround the sun at its rising or setting, without involuntarily thinking of the clouds which will surround the 'Sun of Righteousness' at His second coming? Clouds are also often used in the Bible as emblems. A cloud, we are told, is an emblem of instability; and again, clouds without rain are compared to profession without practice.

The wonderful effect that clouds had on the minds of men, before they understood anything of the phenomena of Nature, is clearly traceable in the cognate mythological legends of different nations, wherein the clouds are personified; and which are all based, if we accept the poetical interpretation of them, on the relation of the sun to the clouds. Clouds were the enemies which the sun met in his daily

course through the heavens. For instance; the story of Niobe and her lovely children are the clouds flushed with the light of the morning, which soon are scattered before the face of the rising sun. The cattle of Phœbus, which Hermes drives before him, are the bright clouds driven before a morning breeze across the sky. When Herakles offers up his great sacrifice, he puts on a mantle with which Deianeira hopes to win back his love. This mantle figures the clouds which surround the sun as it sinks in the west. Penelope's web is the sunset cloud which fades away at eve, but is again seen at the dawn. In the Vedic hymns, the bright daughters of the dawn drive the fleecy clouds to pasture in the broad heaven. The Sphinx is the creature who shuts up the waters in the dark thunder-cloud.

Small fleecy clouds, such as are seen on fine days in summer, are called in Dresden 'Raphael's angels,' because in Raphael's celebrated picture of the 'Madonna della Sedia' all the tiny fleecy clouds are little cherubs.

There are many curious proverbs relating to clouds. It is a saying among sailors that

'Mare's-tails and mackarel sky
Shews the weather will be hot and dry;
But mackarel sky and mare's tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.'

and again, this French proverb—

'Ciel pommelé, et femme fardée :
Ne sont pas de longue durée.'

How differently different classes of people look at the clouds! While a painter sees only the exquisite form and colour of a sunset cloud, a farmer looks at it with an eye to the fate of his crops, and a sailor with a view to discerning the probable turn of the wind. What the clouds are to a poet may be best guessed from the words of Coleridge:—

'Oh! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek astant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveller go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!'

DRAGON-FLY.

The average distance of clouds from the earth is as follows. The Cirrus, from 15,000 to 2400 feet; the Cumulus, 5000 feet; the Nimbus, 1000 feet, though it often descends to within a very few hundred feet of the earth. In thickness they vary from 1600 to 3400 feet; and all are more or less charged with electricity, which however exhibits its greatest tension in thunder-storms. G. M. S.

Old English word for Cumulus, 'Stacken-cloud.'—MAY-POLK.

A cloud consists of watery vapour, drawn by the power of the sun's heat out of the earth. This vapour ascends, as long as it is lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, through it, until it reaches that height at which the vapour and the atmosphere are of the same specific gravity; at this point the particles of vapour coalesce, and form clouds of more or less thickness. ASPHALTITES.

Some Spiders give four orders of simple clouds, and three of compound. The highest, the Cirrus, from the Latin, signifying a lock of hair or curl; the Stratus, or layers; Cumulus, or heaped; Nimbus, or rain-cloud. These again form the Cirro-stratus, the Cirro-cumulus, and the Cumulo-stratus.

JANIE says the Cirrus resemble feathers, or loose hair, and portend fine weather.

Cumulus clouds are like great sugar-loaves, volumes of smoke, or mountains towering over mountains. When they are fleecy, and sail against the wind, they indicate rain; but when their outline is very hard, and they come up with the wind, they foretell fine weather.

Stratus are those creeping mists which come up at sunset from low damp places, and which, tinged with the setting rays of the sun, constitute those glorious effects which few artists except Turner and Cuyp have imitated with the slightest success.

The Cirro-cumulus are Cirrus clouds springing from a massy centre, or huge masses edged with long streaks; these clouds portend drought or dry hot weather.

The Cirro-stratus are composed of numerous portions of vapour, interlaced with each other after the manner of the scales of a fish, which has given them the name of a 'mackerel sky.' These clouds indicate rain or wind.

The Cumulo-stratus, which always foretell a change of weather, are the most romantic of all, and assume all manner of fantastic forms—rocks, towers, fishes, and animals of every description.

All the clouds from which rain falls are called Nimbus, from the Latin word for 'clouds which bring a storm.' They are easily distinguished by their want of a clearly defined outline. Their colour is usually a deep grey, shaded off into transparency.

Before a cloud falls in rain, the vapour of which it is composed grows thicker and thicker, until it becomes drops of water; being then too heavy to be supported by the air, it falls in rain. Sometimes severe cold attacks it at this time, and then the drops of water turn to pellets of ice, which we call hail. When a cloud freezes while the vapour is condensing but before it is quite become water, it turns into a snow-cloud. The small crystalized particles of snow are of many different forms. Dr. Scoresby collected ninety-five varieties in the Arctic Regions. A. C. B.

CONJUGATION OF VERBS 'TO LIE,' 'TO LAY,' 'TO EAT,' 'TO DARE,' 'TO WEND,' ETC.

Answered by MONEY-SPINNER, A. C. B., WALL-FLOWER.

Arthur. Well, Julia, what are the Spider Questions this month? I suppose that is what you are studying.

Julia. Oh! there's a grammatical one, that I don't think I shall answer; it's too childish.

Arthur. Let's see! What, about those verbs? I'm sure you had better answer that. It will do you a world of good if you mind it.

Julia. What do you mean? I'm sure I don't misuse them.

Arthur. Don't you? that's all! You didn't say just now you hoped the snow would *lay* till after Christmas!

Julia. That's not misusing the verb.

Arthur. What is it, then? What is the snow to *lay*?

Florence. The dust?

Julia. Itself. *Lay* is not an active verb.

Arthur. Whew! I thought girls learnt English Grammar.

Florence. You should answer her as the judge did the barrister who would go on using the verb wrongly: '*Lie*, Mr. So-and-So; hens *lay*!'

Julia. So they do!

Arthur. To be sure! but what do they *lay*?

Julia. Eggs. Well! but I am sure it is not always active. Mamma advised Fanny to *lie* down for her head-ache; and she said, 'I *lay* down after luncheon, and it did me no good.'

Arthur. That example has nothing to do with the subject under discussion.

Julia. Why?

Arthur. Ask Polly; I believe she knows more about it than you do.

Julia. Very likely. She has just learnt all the verbs, and has them at her tongue's end, and I have had time to forget.

Arthur. More shame for you!—Come, Polly! conjugate the verb 'to lay.'

Polly. To *lay*, *laying*, *laid*: Present, *I lay*; Past, *I laid*.

Arthur. Be quiet, Julia!—Now, to *lie*.

Polly. To *lie*, *lying*, *lain*: Present, *I lie*; Past, *I lay*.

Julia. I told you so! It's not wrong to say, 'I *lay* down.'

Arthur. That depends. Why is 'I *lay* down after luncheon' right, and 'Won't you *lay* down on the sofa?' wrong, Polly?

Polly. Because one is the past tense of *to lie*, which is a neuter verb; and the other is using the active verb *to lay* as a neuter one.

Julia. Oh, she's been crammed into a regular little note-book! None but school-girls would be so particular.

Arthur. It seems *all* school-girls are not! but if that's your theory, it was rather rash to start with the statement that you *never* misuse them.'

Florence. Especially when Papa so often reproves her!

Julia. I'm sure nobody ever uses *eat* wrongly.

Polly. Why, it was only to-day at dinner that Papa scolded Tony for saying, 'Herbert has *eat* up all the walnuts!'

Arthur. That's right, Polly; what ought he to have said?

Polly. *Eaten*—that is the past participle; and the present tense is *I eat*, and the past, *I—I—*

Julia. *Have eaten.*

Florence. *Ate*; and *eat* too, isn't it, Arthur?

Arthur. I suppose so. What does Johnson say?

Julia. Hurrah! Now you are all at sea!

Arthur. We do not make positive assertions, so as to have to *eat* our words.

Polly. (looking in the Dictionary.) *Ate* or *eat*.

Arthur. Yes, then either is right. What next, Julia?

Julia. I sha'n't say any more. You catch one up so, one durstn't open one's lips.

Florence. Really, Julia, you are making mistakes on purpose!

Julia. I made no mistake then.

Arthur. I dare you to conjugate the verb!

Polly. I can do it! *To dare, daring, dared; I dare, I dared.*

Florence. Now Polly is wrong—at least, in the sense Julia used it. *I dared* is active—'I dared him to do it.' You must say '*I durst*' for the neuter verb.

Julia. Then why did you find fault with me for saying 'One durstn't!'

Florence. Because that is the past tense. You ought to have said 'One dares not.'

Arthur. Or, to be more elegant, 'I dare not!'

Julia. Really, you are *that* particular! I shall shut up.

Arthur. I thought the Spider Questions were on purpose to make you look things up and be accurate.

Julia. Well, what next? *To wend?* that's never used now.

Arthur. One tense is.

Florence. *Went?* but that's part of 'to go.'

Arthur. But it must come from *to wend*; and, you see, Johnson says it does.

Florence. But why is 'He wended his way' wrong? does it mean that you ought to say, 'He went his way'? I should have thought the two things were quite different.

Arthur. 'Wending his way' gives one a notion of sauntering along in a take-it-easy way, with his hands in his pockets.

Julia. Then that's why it's a barbarism; because that's such a barbarous thing to do.

Florence. Nonsense! I really want to make out. You see, 'Back then to Athens did the lovers wend,' is Shakespeare; and why should 'He wended his way' be different from that?

Julia. It must have something to do with the German '*Wenden*.'

Florence. Then it would mean turning about; that might do for Arthur's theory. What other dictionaries have we?

(A grand search follows through all the grammars and dictionaries that can be found in the house; but these are unfortunately but few, and nothing satisfactory can be discovered.)

Florence. (A fortnight later.) There is that Spider Question not done yet! and it must be sent in to-morrow.

Julia. How can anybody have time to do anything at Christmas?

Florence. We missed last month, and I don't want to miss again.

Julia. But we have nothing to say.

Florence. Oh yes, we have—a little; and if we do it as well as we can, perhaps some other good Spider will explain the difficulty.

Julia. Well, you must do it; I've had enough of verbs!

Florence. Then I shall write down our discussion about it. (Which resolution Florence carries out, notwithstanding Julia's remonstrances; and here is the result.)

MONEY-SPINNER.

Arachne. My dear friends, you are a little deluded by that same barbarous use, which you find in sham old English, not real. The translators of the Bible were content to say 'went his way;' but modern antiquaries think that because there is a verb *to wend*, and the past participle is *wended*, that the præterite is also *wended*. Whereas the fact is, that the verbs *to go* and *to wend* have, as it were, grown into one. The old *yode* has been discarded, and only Scotch retains *gaed* in the præterite, and *went* has been adopted from *wend* instead. *Wended* is given by Adams, as WALL-FLOWER observes; but as participle, not præterite.

Florence. So 'To Athens did the lovers wend,' would not be 'They wended to Athens,' but 'they went.'

Arachne. Exactly so. Nor are either you or NEMO quite right about the verb *to dare*. There are two verbs—*durst*, a neuter, and *dare*, an active.

Julia. Then *I durst not* is right after all!

Arachne. Quite as right as *I burst* or *I thrust*, which have præterites exactly resembling them. But NEMO has very correctly hit off the inconceivable blunder of making *dare* instead of *dared* the past of *to dare*. The EDITOR *did* correct one such phrase in 'Rescued,' and regrets having missed a second. But the EDITOR can only find that 'Dr. Morland lay down' every night, which he might quite correctly do. He might even *lay* down his cares, so long as he said he *laid* them down; not that 'he *lay* them down,' as I have seen some writers do, who tried to be correct without the grammar. As to SISTER AGATHA, her *laid* and *prayed* are indefensible; and the EDITOR meant to have altered the line, but missed it in haste; and she owns that she thought syntax came before prosody.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Classify the Aryan languages.

Describe the view from your window. N.B.—A dull view, well described, will have quite as good a chance as a beautiful one.

ARACHNE has received stamps from A LITTLE SPIDER, JANIE, ILONA, LORISTON, AUGUST, G. M. S., MAY-POLK, A. C. B., J. J. C. M., MONEY-SPINNER, WALL-FLOWER, TWO ANONYMOUS SPIDERS, MRS. BRUCE, A SPINSTER, WEASEL AND CAMILLA, M. S., M. C. T., E. K. M., SYDNEY.

. The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

J. J. C. M.—Received too late.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Will any Correspondent kindly tell us by what instinct we are to know 'my manuscript,' when it is sent for by no other designation, and when there is no author's name upon three or four others? In spite of our reiterated notice, people will persist in believing that editors' offices contain but one letter and one MS. at a time!

Declined with thanks.—*Enid*.

Acknowledged with thanks, for *The Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Gough House, Chelsea, S.W.*:—Children's Clothes, Scrap-book, and Puzzle, from *N*.

St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, Gravesend.—Acknowledged with thanks:—*E. W.*, a package of books; *Ventnor*, 2s. 6d.—The aggregate of collections at churches on St. Andrew's Day exceeds £320, and more books have come in than were ever received before. In six weeks, three thousand volumes have arrived, besides magazines, &c. The Mission has sent a second supply of books to the Gold Coast, and a quantity to the Hospital at Kingston, Jamaica, besides being able to supply the ships leaving the Thames.—*JOHN SCARTH*, Honorary Secretary.

A Scotchwoman.—A comparison between persons at the opposite ends of the scale of cultivation is a mere absurdity. No man despises an effective and sensible woman in her proper place. It is personal silliness and selfishness in his mother, sister, or wife, that degrades the sex in his eyes. While woman holds the place the Apostle assigns her, she will secure man's respect and her own.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, acknowledged with thanks:—Fred and Ella, 4s.; Two Spinsters, 10s.

Martina.—You may depend on *The Book of Praise* for giving the original version.

A.—Photographs of the late Bishop Patteson may be procured from *Miss Patteson, Weston, St. Mary Church, Torquay*.

Can anyone tell *J. C. C.* where to find the following lines:—

Those who have nothing left to hope
Have nothing left to fear.

Death is a gate of dreariness and pain,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Fear not, then, Death's disrobing hand;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour—
Death is no foe to virtue.

Death has so many gates to let out life.

(This, I have been told, is in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, but I have sought there in vain for it.)

Kissing your white hand,
Mistress, I take leave.

F. C. C.—Look at the end of the February Number.

E. W. B. S. answers a query of some months ago, on the remainder of Mary of Scotland's poem, by sending the translation by Cleveland Coxe.

O Blessed Redeemer, I've trusted in Thee;
O Saviour, my Jesu, now liberate me!
In horrible prison
And gloom have arisen
My sighs, O my Jesu, incessant to Thee;
But oh! on my sorrow
Has brightened no morrow,
Yet hear me, my Jesu, and liberate me!

O Blessed Redeemer, I've trusted in Thee,
And still will I trust Thee to liberate me!
And so, while I languish,
I cry in my anguish,
Adoring, imploring, and bending the knee;
In sorrow and tremor,
O Blessed Redeemer,
Smile on me from Heaven, and liberate me!

The Sisters of *St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth*, return thanks to *Two Spinsters* for 5s. in stamps, and also to *M.* for 2s. In reply to the latter, they beg to state that Post-office Orders should be made payable to *S. Frances, Plymouth*.

Can any of your Correspondents kindly inform as to what may be in all likelihood the least possible cost of a small Mission Church for a remote village, to accommodate possibly two hundred persons? Any additional hints will be acceptable.—*M. C.*—We should say not less than £800, certainly.—*ED.*

A Correspondent is very anxious to find a Home where a poor little girl, who has lost both arms in a railway accident, could be received for a weekly payment. Communications should be addressed to *Miss Arnstein, 29, St. Chrysostom Street, Liverpool*.

Eaglet.—'Bishoped,' or 'The bishop has set his foot in it.' This is a common saying in many parts of England when milk or porridge has been burnt while being cooked. Grose, in his *Provincial Dictionary*, (1790,) gives the following reason. 'When a bishop in former times passed through a village, every one ran out to receive his blessing, and during their absence the milk was burnt. Hence the bishop was the innocent cause of the disaster.' Most people appear to have accepted this explanation, perhaps for want of a better.—In Major Moor's *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, (1828,) under the head of 'Bishop Barnabee, or Lady-Bird,' it is said that among Tusser's ten unwelcome guests in the dairy, he enumerates (p. 142) 'the Bishop-that-burneth,' in an ambiguous sentence which his commentator (Helman?) does not render at all clear. Major Moor says, 'I never heard of this calumniated insect being an unwelcome guest in the dairy; but Bishop Barney or Barnabee, and Bishop-that-burneth, seem, in the absence of explanation, to be nearly related in sound at any rate.' As Tusser was born about 1515, and his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* was first published in 1587, this quotation proves the ancient date of this saying. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (vol. i., p. 87) does not, however, agree with Major Moor, but says the true interpretation of Tusser's words is to be obtained by comparison with the following distich:—

Blesse Cislei (good mistress) that bishop doth ban
For burning the milk of Hir cheese to the pan.

from his *Five Hundred Points*, in *Tusser Redivivus*, quoted in Hazlitt's *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii., p. 339. (1870.) The reference here, as well as in the words quoted by Major Moor, is evidently to the proverb relating to burnt milk, broth, &c., 'The Bishop has put his foot in it,' which is considered by Sir H. Ellis, a former editor of *Brand*, to have had its origin in those times when bishops were much in the habit of burning heretics. He confirms this interpretation by the following curious passage from Tyndale's *Obedience of a Crysten Man*, 1528, folio, p. 109:—'If the potech (pottage?) be burnt, or the meat over-rosted, we saye, The Byshope hath put his foot in the potte, or, The Byshope hath played the coke; because the Byshopes burn who they list, and whosoever displeaseth them.' Tyndale had certainly good reason to dread the power of 'the byshopes,' considering his own fate! There is also a second note given in *Brand*, with the same explanation as that given by Grose.—*B. C. C.* Also *A. Theodosia Green*.

On Dialect.—The author of this paper is perhaps not aware that the Welsh word for 'make haste' is not spelt 'brysie,' but 'brusha.'—WINNIPEG.

Can anyone recommend an Institution where a boy, the son of poor labouring parents, would be received? He is twelve years old, and is almost dumb, but not deaf; deficient in intellect, but not entirely wanting in intelligence, and has learnt to say a few words at school. He is healthy and well-grown, but has a shuffling walk; is mischievous at times, and excitable at changes of the moon. Reference to *E. D., Woodlands Vicarage, Hungerford.*

Perhaps *H.* may be interested in hearing that it was formerly the custom for apprentices to carry round small earthenware boxes, with a slit in them, to the houses of friends and patrons, just before Christmas, for contributions. On Christmas Day or the day after, the boxes were broken open, and the apprentices spent the contents in some kind of merry-making between Christmas Day and Twelfth Day. Such, at least, was the explanation given to me by a friend many years ago, when I asked the meaning of the term 'Christmas Box.'—A LONDONER.

A. H., a lady living in Kensington, would be glad to know of some Convalescent Hospital or Children's Home, where she could be usefully employed for part of one or two days a week, in reading or amusing the patients. The neighbourhood of her home preferred.

The Secretary of *The Church Extension Association, 27, Kilburn Park Road, N.W.*, acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of a tea-service, for the use of the Convalescent Home at Broadstairs.

Could you or any of your Correspondents kindly inform me where I could obtain, for the payment of the postage or carriage, and a small sum for the borrowing, Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*, especially those containing the letters of the Earl of Middleton? I do not know whether they are in his *History of England*. I am afraid I could scarcely get this book from a circulating library.—A. C. B. (Boscoe.)

The Mother of *St. Etheldreda's Sisterhood* acknowledges, with sincere thanks, the receipt of the following sums for their *Infant Nursery, 20, Boot Street, Hoxton, N.*:—From Giles Brandon, Esq., £5; from Two Spinsters, 10s.

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges, with many thanks, the following contributions to *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—J. E., £2 2s.; Ivanovna, 2s. 6d.; Psalm cvii. 8, 2s. 6d.; H. C. B., £1; Brother Jack, 2s. 6d.; Two Spinsters, 5s.

I have a quantity of pattern pieces of various woollen materials, suitable for patch-work quilts, and shall be glad to give them to anyone to whom they would be useful. Address—*Miss L. Spence, Springhurst, Bickley, Kent.*

M. G. informs *L. P.* and *E. K. M.* that the quotation—

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet; &c.

is from a hymn, of twenty verses, by the Rev. Dr. Faber, beginning,

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God!

O. P. remembers reading (she thinks in *The Monthly Packet*, although unable to find the notice) of training given to the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth in the knowledge of the Bible, to enable them to apply it wisely in their work among the poor. Should their Manual be published, *O. P.* would be much obliged if the Editor, or anyone acquainted with the book, would give her its title. Address—*Miss Pennington, Thickthorn, Kenilworth.*

Will anyone tell me if the following is a genuinely old carol; and if so, to what part of England it belongs? I met with it in a book published by the S. P. C. K., called *Rina Cliffe*, where it is given as old, but I cannot feel quite certain about it. There are eleven lines, and it begins:—

I love Jesus, because he first loved me;
In Bethlehem they found him, and in a stable laid.

and ends—

Shout, shout, the victory! the glorious work is done!
The pearly gates stand open that all may enter in.

The first part of each line is repeated three times over when it is sung.—What is the best collection of old Christmas carols?—QUEEN BESS.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

THE LIFE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

Best answered by LORISTON, whose answer is given. JENNY WREN is highly commended; S. G., F. M. C., and MONEY-SPINNER, are also very good. Answered also by G. M. S., PUSSY-CAT, A. C. R., LADY-FERN, PISA, BERYL, A SPINSTER, MARIAN, URSULA, V. E. C., MAY-POLE, MAY-BLOSSOM. Too late by FUZZY BUZZY, and I. M. B.

JOHN, surnamed Chrysostom, or 'golden-mouthed,' one of the greatest of that noble band of men to whom has been given the glorious title of 'Fathers of the Church,' was born in the city of Antioch, A.D. 347. His father, Secundus, an officer of some note on the staff of the Master-General of the Roman army, died in the same year, leaving his infant son, with one sister, not yet two years old, to the care of their mother, Anthusa.

Both parents appear to have professed Christianity; yet in accordance with a custom, which was not unusual in that age, the privilege of infant baptism was denied to Chrysostom, and the influences which surrounded his childhood and early youth were those of the heathen world around. He was educated for the law under the guidance of Libanius, a friend of Julian the Apostate; and he subsequently received lessons in philosophy from a Platonist, by name Androgathius.

But at the age of eighteen, 'Considering,' says Socrates, 'the wearisomeness and unfair subtlety of the forensic life,' he turned from the abstruse reasoning of his master, and determined to apply himself to the study of the Divine doctrines and worship of Christianity. His immediate preparation for the priesthood was, however, delayed by the remonstrances of his mother, who earnestly besought her son not to separate himself so far from her as his present plans seemed to indicate. Yielding to her entreaties, Chrysostom remained at Antioch, receiving the counsel and patronage of the Patriarch Miletius for the space of three years, when he was baptized and ordained reader. This period was employed by him in the study of the sacred writings, in a kind of modified asceticism, and in persuading many of his companions to follow his example to renounce the world, and to embrace the austerities of a religious life.

But the time arrived when, after the death of his mother, Chrysostom felt that the labours and discipline of the city were no longer enough for him. He therefore withdrew into the neighbouring mountains, where he remained four years in company with an aged Syrian monk, and two years in entire seclusion. Here he devoted himself, in pious study and meditation, to the composition of various works of religion and morality. His mortifications and self-denial were excessive, and after a time they seriously affected his health, and rendered it necessary for him to return to Antioch.

Few, who read the life of this great saint, can fail to be struck by this long period of comparative inaction which preceded a life of fearless work for God; and doubtless the spring of that devoted zeal and ceaseless activity, which have rendered St. Chrysostom a blessing to every generation of the Christian Church, may be found in those quiet years of holy contemplation and meditation.

Two years after his return to Antioch, Chrysostom was ordained deacon by Miletius; but it was not until the year 384 that he was persuaded to receive the office of priest at the hands of Flavian, who had succeeded to the Bishopric of Antioch.

At this time Antioch was, in a temporal sense, a flourishing Church, 'maintaining three thousand widows and virgins, maimed persons, prisoners, and ministers of the Altar.' But a state of prosperity is too often a state of danger; and the peculiar vices of peace and plenty appear to have reached a great height in Antioch and Constantinople. The discipline of the Church had become lax, and the greatest sinners presented themselves unrebuked at the Holy Communion. The luxury in dress was extreme; Christians of all ranks delighted in pomp and display, vying with each other in wealth and magnificence; and oaths and blasphemy were continually to be heard in the streets. Firmly and resolutely Chrysostom endeavoured to stem the current of evil, and day by day his marvellous eloquence attracted

thousands to listen to his words. Yet at first his efforts bore but little fruit. Like the great Apostle, in whose footsteps he loved to tread, he reasoned 'of righteousness, temperance, and judgement to come,' whilst his auditors left the church wondering at the talent of the man, and neglecting the message of his God.

But in the third year of his ministry, an opportunity arose, which opened many a heart, that had hitherto only revelled in the beauty of his language, to the teaching of the preacher. An increase of taxation occasioned a violent state of indignation in Antioch, which amongst the lower classes found expression in tumultuous riots. The Prefect's palace was attacked, the public baths defaced, and finally the statues of the Emperor and Empress were thrown down, and dragged through the streets. With great difficulty the sedition was quelled. Then fear took the place of madness, and the people lamented and trembled in anticipation of the severe penalties of the law. In their dire distress they bethought themselves of the intercession of the Church, and Flavian set out for Rome to crave pardon and immunity from the Emperor. During the time of fearful suspense which ensued, the citizens found their greatest comfort in the discourses of the priest of the 'golden mouth,' as he preached without ceasing, consoling those who were sinking under the present distress, strengthening the hearts which were ready to fail in the extremity of danger, and calling upon all to renounce those sins which had thus provoked the wrath of God. These sermons, twenty-one in number, which were delivered at this period of distress, have ever received the highest tribute of admiration from the Christian Church, embodying as they do the holy devotion of the saint, the learned reasoning of the divine, and the stirring eloquence of the orator. The twenty-first, and last, was preached on Easter Sunday, after the return of Flavian, when the troubles of the city happily terminated. 'Blessed be God!' is once more the cry of the Saint; 'let us always give thanks to God, Who loveth marvellously!'

But the end of these troubles brought no cessation of the labours of Chrysostom; for the entire period of twelve years, which were spent by him in Antioch, was employed in one continual struggle with the world of sin around him, in the exercise of his eloquence in the service of his Master, and in the arrangement and expression of those beautiful thoughts, which are to this day the treasured inheritance of the universal Church of Christ. His works are very numerous, consisting of seven hundred homilies, orations, doctrinal treatises, and of two hundred and forty-two epistles.

In the year 398, Chrysostom was consecrated Bishop of Constantinople. His first act, after becoming Bishop, was to bestow the whole of his patrimonial inheritance upon the poor, and to found a hospital with the revenues of his See. He then commenced his labours at Constantinople with the same energy and success which had characterized his work at Antioch. Thousands flocked to hear his words, the church was crowded to excess, and Chrysostom became the idol of the people. But his outspoken boldness in rebuking vice and reforming abuses soon raised a storm of opposition and persecution. He was continually at war with statesmen, courtiers, and secular clergy; and in his efforts to reform ecclesiastical discipline, he deposed no less than thirteen bishops of Phrygia. Amongst the bitterest of his enemies was the Empress Eudoxia; and it is supposed that her enmity was the primary cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. However this may be, it is certain that she patronized a confederation formed by the deposed Bishops, and headed by Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, which assembled a Synod at Chalcedon for the purpose of trying the conduct of Chrysostom. At this meeting, forty trivial accusations were preferred against him, which, as he refused to acknowledge the authority of the Council and to make a defence, were subscribed to by all the bishops; and it was resolved that he should be deposed. He was accordingly arrested, and conveyed to Nicea. But when the people heard of the banishment of their favourite orator, their fury knew no bounds. An alarming insurrection arose, which rolled on in a tempest of agitated fury to the very gates of the palace; and even Eudoxia besought the Emperor to recall Chrysostom, for already the blood of the followers of Theophilus was flowing in the streets. Her petition was granted; and after two days, the Bishop was brought back in triumph to Constantinople.

But the peace was of short duration; for very soon after this event, a statue of the Empress was unveiled near the great Christian church, and public games were celebrated in her honour. With courage yet undaunted, Chrysostom preached fearlessly against the ceremony, which awoke a second outburst of resentment. Another Synod was called, and he was transported to Cucusus, in the Mountains of Taurus. He bore his misfortunes with great fortitude, glorying in the sufferings

of a Confessor, and working diligently for the conversion of the simple people by whom he was surrounded.

But the malice of his enemies was not yet appeased; and in 407, they determined to remove him to a more desolate tract on the borders of the Euxine, whither he was compelled to travel on foot, exposed to the rays of a burning sun. A fever ensued; and on his arrival at Comana, he felt that the end was at hand. They carried him into the Oratory of St. Basil, a fitting chamber of death for the departing Saint, and, at his desire, arrayed him in a white surplice, the emblem of the righteousness of Christ. There, in the sanctity of that holy place, he who had fought so nobly for his Lord, in the days of obedience and of authority, of contemplation and activity, of prosperity and adversity, entered into his rest, A.D. 407. LORISTON.

THE STORY OF THALABA. (BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

Best given by CHELSEA CHINA. It is also nicely done by OPAL, M. O. K., NEMO, and SYRPHUS. F. A. V., received too late.

IN the Book of Destiny, the sorcerer Race—those men and women who had sold their souls to the Evil One, and by virtue of their hell-baptism had obtained magical powers—had read that from the race of Hodeirah their destined Destroyer should come. Okba, who read in the stars of a yet closer enmity, was appointed to cut them off, one and all. Thalaba, the Destroyer, was preserved; and when Azrael struck down by his side his mother, and Aswad, the man from whose example he was taught the madness of defying the Most High, the Death Angel bid him live to avenge his father, to work a great work, and to ‘remember destiny had marked him from mankind.

In the Domdaniel caverns, surrounded by unimaginable horrors, the ‘sorcerer brood’ discover by the brightness of the flame dependent on his life that the Destroyer still lives, and vow to do their worst to kill or at least to tempt and defile him. This strife between good and evil, this special struggle of the powers of darkness for a soul marked out for great things, is the story of Thalaba.

He passes a peaceful boyhood in the Arabian deserts, in the tents of Moath and his daughter Oneiza. The evil Abdaldar there finds him, but is struck dead by the simoon, which spares Thalaba prostrate in prayer. Thalaba puts on Abdalda’s magic ring, saying,

‘Be its power
Good, let it serve the righteous; if for evil,
God and my trust in Him shall hallow it.’

It raises the spirit, who brought him his father’s bow, and tells him that Okba was his father’s murderer; and then ‘How happily the days of Thalaba went by!’ But even peace and love cannot keep the boy from longing for the destined mission, and he goes joyfully forth, summoned by the noon-day darkness, the sign foretold by a writing on a locust’s wings. The spirit of his mother blesses him; and on his way to Babylon, he meets an old man, who ‘rationalizes’ on the fallen angels, Haruth and Maruth, and their punishment. Failing to get the ring from Thalaba’s finger, and unable to touch him while he wears it, the disguised sorcerer tries to induce him to use it to obtain water in the desert. Thalaba refuses, and wins his first victory by his trust in the God who has three times miraculously preserved him. On he goes to seek the fallen angels, who are expiating their guilt in a fearful bituminous cavern in the ruins of Babylon, and who can communicate both good and evil knowledge. Here the sorcerers, endeavouring to lead Thalaba astray, bring him safe past the enchanted entrance; but when taunted by Mohareb, a sorcerer, with owing his safety to the enchanted ring, he throws it away, casts Mohareb into the bottomless gulf, and hears from the penitent angels that the only talisman for him is *Faith*. Thus, with the shield of Faith, saved from death, victorious over the temptation to aid his good cause by evil helpers, Thalaba goes his way. He had turned aside from the knowledge of evil, and now is assailed by the temptations of the flesh in a visible and earthly Paradise. The thought of Oneiza gives him strength to resist; and as he rushes away from the dangerous spot, he saves her from the attack of one of the inhabitants, and finding that she has been carried off from her father, and is in imminent danger, confronts the sorcerer lord of this paradise of sin.

Pure of heart and life, by Faith he realizes that unseen Heaven of which this is a horrid parody, and with a young tree strikes the sorcerer dead; while Oneiza, with Hodeirah's bow, kills a great bird in whose life is bound up the existence of this evil spot, which perishes in an earthquake, and Thalaba and Oneiza are received with honour by the Sultan of the land.

The pains of hunger, the fear of death, the desire of unlawful knowledge, the lusts of the flesh, the kingdoms of this world, have all been conquered in Thalaba's own person; yet the sorcerers flourish, his father is unavenged, his Destiny unfulfilled—unfulfilled, nay, forgotten for Oneiza's sake. The Destroyer lays down his arms for the peaceful joys of wedlock; but Heaven does not forget 'the pains austere' to which he is destined, and 'from the bridal chamber comes Azrael, the Angel of Death.'

From the despairing grief that robs him of all energy, Thalaba is delivered by the faith of old Moath, the fiendish image of Oneiza counselling despair is destroyed, and her spirit urges him onward. He goes to seek the Simorg, the 'wise bird of ages;' and in a cave in the land of ice, Maimuna, a woman with young blue eyes, but hoary hair, binds him in a magical chain, and with Khawla, her sister witch, carries him off to the island where Mohareb, who would have taught him to seek magical knowledge of the angels Haruth and Maruth, reigns in sinful splendour. Here the witches read in the stars that the fates of Thalaba and Mohareb hang on one thread; Mohareb therefore puts the magic ring on the chained hand of Thalaba, and so preserves him from Khawla's spells. 'Blindly the wicked work the righteous will of Heaven.' Maimuna, in sudden repentance, unbinds the chain, and dies in the act of delivering Thalaba.

In a magical palace Thalaba finds Laila, an innocent girl, who greets him, and shews him all the wonders of sorcery. Frightened at finding that her idols attack him though the ring preserves him, she calls her father, and Thalaba beholds Okba, Hodeirah's murderer. Now, is it personal revenge or hatred of evil that actuates him? His life or Laila's, so spoke the oracle; hence Okba's enmity—

"One must depart from hence,
Laila or Thalaba;
She dies for thee, or thou for her,
It must be life for life."

Not even the Destroyer dare harm the innocent. Heaven cannot call him to a sinful act. He waits Okba's stroke, Laila rushes between, and is sacrificed; but Thalaba has conquered the last temptation of one consecrated to a great work—to consider all means lawful that further the appointed end.

Guided by Laila's spirit in the form of a green bird, Thalaba goes his way, and at her instance puts off the last stain of personal revenge. He will, if it may be, spare her father, who murdered his. His wonderful voyage in a boat rowed by a damsel, ends at a cavern's mouth. He casts off the magic ring, trusting in God only, and down, down, through darkness, smoke, and flame, he descends to the Domdaniel caverns. Round the great idol of human flesh, the fiends and sorcerers assemble. Thalaba knows that in their destruction he strikes his own death-blow. He spares Okba, and bids him repent—nay, asks repentance for him as the one boon he seeks of Heaven—

"But for thyself, prefer the prayer;
The treasure-house of Heaven is open to thy will."
"Prophet of God," then answered Thalaba,
"I am alone on earth;
Thou knowest the secret wishes of my heart,
Do with me as thou wilt, thy will is best."

Pure from every stain of sin, victorious over the world, the flesh, and the devil, Thalaba plunges his sword into the Idol's heart, and with the universal destruction, Oneiza's spirit welcomes him to Paradise.

Such is the story of Thalaba—such and so lofty is the aim of this much neglected poem. Those to whose childhood the Domdaniel caverns, the Arabian tents, the Mohammedan imagery, were familiar as Hamlet's ghost, Macbeth's witches—nay, as Jack's Giants, and Red-riding-hood's wolf—wonder at the neglect of their generation. But should the metre seem heavy, the surroundings quaint, and the story long to strangers, let them have patience for the sake of its beautiful and wonderful lessons; or let them read first the Curse of Kehama, where a more exciting story is told in indisputably beautiful verse. Surely Robert Southey should not be left unread and unknown.

CHELSEA CHINA.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Compare Scott's novels of 'Quentin Durward' and 'Anne of Geierstein' with history.

Collect the various associations—Scriptural, astronomical, classical, and poetical—of the Constellation of the Pleiades.

ARACHNE has received Stamps from F. M. C., JENNY WREN, SYRPHUS, URSULA, BERYL, OPAL, LADY-FERN, HARE-BELL, L. S. R., F. M. L., LINDEN, HUMBLE BEE, ISABEL (the Life of St. Chrysostom and the Stamps sent before were not received.)

* * The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

ARACHNE thanks C. F. H. for correcting the oversight that named the Madonna della Sedia the Madonna di San Sisto.

MONEY-SPINNER is unhappily right in saying that Dr. Morland *laid down* in p. 89. He only *lay down* in p. 87, and ARACHNE went off with that satisfaction. ARACHNE thinks Adams's Grammar a safer authority on language than these rather elderly dictionaries. The infinitive of *durst* is certainly disused, but the present may be used as a neuter; and in fact, its preterite *durst* is often employed as if it were the past of *to dare*. *Dare, dared*, is the active verb, but *dare* is often used as a neuter in the present, and not incorrectly; but the past neuter must never be *durst*.

F. M. L.—Johnson's Dictionary is a hundred years old, and knowledge has much advanced since his time.—The Questions are meant to help in investigating interesting subjects; and where nothing is gained, ARACHNE cannot see any *unfairness* in elucidating with bits of information.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Will any of our readers tell us how to distinguish 'my MS.' when stamps are sent without naming the MS., and there is no address upon it? Do our contributors think we have but one MS. at a time?

Declined with thanks.—*Accipiter*; X. Y. Z.

F. M. W. wishes to know where to find the verses beginning—

Speak, oh! speak to her in kindness,
And thy child will turn to thee.

Cherry Underwood wishes for a reference to the Latin hymn, '*Through Rome's infuriate city.*'

Rudly.—The *Year's Botany* has not yet been re-published.—Thanks for the stamps. *The Daisy Chain Cot* is a bed in the Hospital for Children, 1, Cumberland Street, Belgrave Square, which is supported by the contributions of readers of *The Monthly Packet*. We believe the present inmate is a little boy, who has long suffered from hip-disease.

Beatrice, having read with much interest the paper on *Christian Art* in the January Number of *The Monthly Packet*, ventures to remonstrate on the omission of all mention of the eastern doors of the Baptistery at Florence, called there *par excellence* 'Porta di Ghiberti,' and of which, according to some writers, it was that Michael Angelo said that they were 'worthy to be the gates of Paradise.' Beatrice has spent hours in examining the details of the different doors of the Baptistery, and to her it appears that the eastern doors are the most striking of the three. There are ten compartments, containing *fourteen* subjects of Old Testament history: for several compartments have two subjects—as the Creation and the Expulsion from Paradise in the first; Abraham with the three Angels, and Abraham offering up Isaac, in another—the grouping so arranged as to form one picture. There is a border completely round the doors, with figures and heads, and the same sort of frame-work as to the other gates, of foliage, fruit, and birds, in groups of exquisite design, and most delicate execution. Beatrice brought away photographs of all the doors of the Baptistery; and with their help she can recall to her memory such lovely groups of corn with partridges, doves on a cluster of figs, squirrels on nuts, an owl on a branch of pine with the cones. They have helped her to appreciate more intensely the works of God which must have inspired the artist. Surely, when Ghiberti designed those gates, he was not, as A. C. Owen says, 'hastening the Art of his age to depths of error and falsehood.'

C. Torriam.—There is a very good pocket edition of Spier's Dictionary.

I have received so many applications for my woollen pieces, that I am unable to reply to them all by letter. I have made a selection to the best of my ability, and regret that I am obliged to disappoint others.—*Miss L. Spence, Springhurst, Bickley.*

Could you or any of your Correspondents kindly inform me whether a Geography of England, beginning—

North at top, South at bottom,
The map is placed best,
The right hand is East
And the left hand is West.

—is to be met with in print now, and if so, where I could obtain it. I remember its being used in a school for little boys more than twenty years ago.—*J. F. W. B.*

O. will be much obliged to anyone who could give her the name of the author of a short hymn beginning with these words:—

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

Also, can anyone tell me of any quotation or poem about the crocus flower?—Who is the publisher of an edition of the Prayer Book, which has a short explanation at the end of each of the Psalms? The copy I have is about thirty years old, but has no title-page. Address—*O., Goodrest, Malvern.*

Can anyone tell me who is the author of these lines:—

Home to the Angel Land,
Home, where no shadows fall,
Home to the golden strand,
Home to the Monarch's Hall;
Home from all risk of harm,
Home to the land of rest,
Home to his Father's Arm,
Home to his Saviour's Breast.

I heard them quoted in a Mission sermon, therefore I do not know if I have given them quite correctly. If the poem is not too long, I should be very much obliged if anyone would copy it out, and send it to me. Address—*Miss Bradford, Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

E. S. L. would be very glad of any information about St. Hierithia. The church at Chittlehampton, North Devon, is dedicated to her, but very little is known there about her. Who was she? when did she live? and are any other churches in England dedicated to her?

F. M. P. asks, in the January Number, to be told of some good spirited stories to read to rough town girls. I think she would find *Tales for Mission Rooms*, 2s. 6d., (S. P. C. K.) such as she requires. They were written by a Lady Superintendant of Mission Rooms, who felt the same want expressed by *F. M. P.*—*H. B.*

N. H. thankfully accepts the kind offer of *Theodora Phranza*, which appeared in the October Number, and regrets having been unavoidably prevented from accepting it sooner. *N. H.* will be very happy to lend any book that she possesses in return. She will be much obliged if the owner of *Theodora Phranza* will be kind enough to send it to the following address—*N. H., Whitnash Rectory, Leamington.*

Can anyone give me the meaning and probable derivation of the word *rēlands*? The syllables are pronounced almost like separate words, with a slight stress on the first. It seems, so far as could be gathered, to be used synonymously with 'bewitched.'—*E. P. G.*

A Lady acknowledges with grateful thanks a large parcel of books, and also three books sent by post, for the *St. George's Lending Library, Barrow-in-Furness.*

Can you or any of your Correspondents kindly give me the names of any French tales or novels that are interesting and unobjectionable—such, in fact, as may be circulated amongst young people. I should also be glad to have the names of any authors, whose books may be relied on in this respect, exclusive of Madame Craven, Jules Verne, and Erckmann Chatrian.—*F. L. J.*

Can any Correspondent tell *Laura* where to find the following verse:—

Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

The Mother Superior of *The Sisterhood of St. Etheldreda* acknowledges with thanks, for the Infant Nursery:—5s. in stamps from *Warrington*; 2s. from *Balldiccombe*.

E. H. will be obliged to anyone who can tell her who is the author, and where to find the two following quotations:—

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour,
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance discretion which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
And spite of pride, in erring reason spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

Also—

The paths that lead us to God's Throne
Are worn by children's feet.

Could any reader inform *M. R.* where the following quotation may be found. She fears it is not quite correctly given.

To-day is so much like yesterday, that they might be taken for twin-sisters.

Also—

On thorns did stand one, blushing shame,
The other white despair.

E. K. M. informs *Queen Bess* that the carol she mentions was frequently used in Yorkshire about thirty years ago by the Wealeys and Primitive Methodists; the tune being remarkably sweet, it was found to attract people when sung at the open-air meetings. *E. K. M.* thinks, however, that *Queen Bess* is a little mistaken in asserting it to be only twelve stanzas long, as *E. K. M.* (though by no means knowing the whole of it) has more than that in her possession. She has never heard of its being used in any other county save Yorkshire.

Miss Hunt recommends to *J. E. H.*, M. Guizot's *History of France*, translated into English, and published by Sampson Low; also, the Rev. G. Kitchin's *History of France*, published by the Clarendon Press.

Lily is anxious to procure a small early edition of *The Christian Year*. Will anyone possessing such a copy, and disposed to part with it, write, stating size, edition, and price required, to *L., Care of Mr. Miller, Bookseller, Norwich?*—Will any reader be so kind as to lend me Madame Craven's *Fleurange* (the original, not a translation)? I will take the greatest care of it, return it as soon as read, and pay the postage (registered book-post).

Acknowledged with thanks, for *The Daisy Chain Col*:—A Post-office Order for 12s. from *Seuga*.

M. C.—A photograph has been sent us of St. James's Mission Church, Winford, Bristol, built for a little more than £800. The frame-work and part of the sittings were obtained from Messrs. Hardwick, Brudford Street, Birmingham.

A letter is awaiting *A. H.*, if she will send her address.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE ARYAN LANGUAGES.

Best classified by MAY-POLE.

THE Aryan, Indo-European, or Indo-Germanic languages, which include almost all the languages spoken in Europe to this day, besides many which exist only in literature, originally sprang from one primitive language spoken by the inhabitants of the central plains of Asia to the north-east of the Himalaya mountains, near the supposed site of the city of Karakorum. These people were the Aryans proper, who, as a separate race, became extinct before the historic period, and whose very existence can only be ascertained by tracing back the languages of the nations which sprang from them to a primitive source. The origin of the name is probably to be found in the Sanskrit word *ārya*, meaning *noble*. The Aryans dispersed, moving westward into Europe, and the successive waves of the nation pushing on one after another are known as first the Celts, then the Greeks, Romans, and Teutons. The primitive language became totally extinct, being represented by various dialects which have a certain relationship to each other, and may all be derived from one parent stock. They may be generally divided into three great classes:—

I. The first division includes Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, and Latin, with the modern dialects derived from them. Sanskrit can be traced back further than any other of the Aryan languages, as it is believed to have been the spoken language of India before the time of Alexander. Since then it has existed as a dead language in the literature of the country, and to this day dialects closely resembling it are spoken by the various Hindu tribes. Closely allied to Sanskrit is the ancient Zend language, in which the Zend-avesta, the sacred book of the Zoroastrians or Fire-worshippers, was written. The Persian, Armenic, Kurdic, and perhaps Gipsy languages are all more or less nearly related to the ancient Sanskrit.

Greek is very like Sanskrit, and the resemblance may be traced in the inflexions of verbs, as well as in many other cases. For as in the Sanskrit the first, second, and third persons terminated in *mi*, *si*, and *ti*, the same terminations linger in some of the Greek verbs, and incompletely in many others both Greek and Latin. The oldest Aryan people in Europe, the Lithuanians, still maintain the old form of the verb in *mi*. These and all other terminations in the Aryan languages were originally separate words, generally pronouns or prepositions, which had a meaning of their own, but being strung together so as to alter or inflect some other word, they lost their original meaning, and became part of the word they were attached to. A trace of this *agglutinative* process may be discovered in our own language; thus the one Latin word *amavero* is expressed in English by three verbs following each other, *shall have loved*; and the very word *loved* is an abbreviation of *love did*. Latin is totally independent of Greek; and though the ancient literary remains of the latter language are more numerous, the Latin is the more ancient language of the two. For in many cases the Latin words more nearly resemble the Sanskrit than do the Greek. The various languages which have sprung from the Latin are French, Provençal, Romanisch, Wallachian, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The *Basque* language, spoken in the south of France and north of Spain, is totally distinct from the Aryan languages, and is probably a remnant of the original language of Europe before the Aryan invasions.

II. The great family of the Teutonic languages includes Gothic, High German, Low German, and Scandinavian. Gothic can be traced back further than any other

of the Teutonic dialects, for it has been preserved in a translation of the Bible made by Ulfilas, Bishop of the Goths, in the fourth century. Like all the other Aryan languages, it has some affinity with the oldest representative of those languages, the Sanskrit, and consequently also with Greek and Latin. Indeed, many words in the different languages are almost precisely similar.

The New High German is the literary language of Germany, and has been since the time of Luther; the *Nibelungen Lied* and other poems of the same date were written in the Old High German.

The Low German is the source of the English, Dutch, and Friesian languages; and the Scandinavian comprises Old Norse or Icelandic, and the modern languages of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with probably also the Lowland Scotch.

III. The third great class includes the Celtic and the Slavonic languages.

The Celts were the first of the Aryans who invaded Europe, and being pushed on westward by the advancing tribes, their language lingers only in the extreme west and north-west of Europe. It is found in the various dialects of the Welsh, the Breton, the Irish, the Gaelic, and the Manx, but in an impure condition, from the introduction of Latin, and sometimes Greek or German words. A token of the presence of the Celts in Asia Minor is found in the name of the province *Galatia, Kelta*.

The Slavonic languages are Russian, Polish, and Bohemian. Lithuanian more closely resembles the Sanskrit than any other of the spoken languages of Europe.

The Aryan languages all bear a certain relationship to each other, and appear to have been derived from one primitive language. This may be seen by following particular words in the different dialects back to a root from which they have all sprung, though their origin and connection can hardly be recognized in their existing condition, on account of the modifications and variations they have undergone. There are ascertained laws by which the different words may be traced back to an original root; the letters in one dialect being always represented by other letters in another dialect. That which is known as 'Grimm's Law' is the best and simplest to take.*

'If the same roots or the same words exist in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Slavonic, Lithuanian, Gothic, and High German, then wherever the Hindus and the Greeks pronounce an aspirate, the Goths and Low Germans generally, the Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, Frisians, &c., pronounce the corresponding soft-check, the Old High Germans the corresponding hard-check. We thus arrive at the first formula:—

I. Greek and Sanskrit	KH	TH	PH
Gothic, &c. (Low German) . .	G	D	B
Old High German	K	T	P

. For example, the Sanskrit word for *goose* is *hansa*, in Low German *gans*, in Old High German *kans*; the Sanskrit *dhrish*, to dare, is in Gothic *ga-daursan*, in Old High German *tarran*; the Sanskrit *bhratri*, brother, is in Low German *brôthar*, in Old High German *pruoder*.

Secondly: if in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, &c., we find a soft-check, then we find a corresponding hard-check in Gothic, a corresponding breath in Old High German. This gives us the second formula:—

II. Sanskrit, &c.	G	D	B
Gothic	K	T	P
Old High German	CH	Z	F (Ph)

For example, the Sanskrit *jñā*, to know, is in Gothic *kan*, in Old High German *chan*; the Sanskrit *durān*, ten, is in Gothic *taihun*, in Old High German *zēhan*.

* Hefenstein's Comparative Grammar of the Teutonic Languages.

Thirdly: when the six first-named languages shew a hard consonant, the Gothic shews the corresponding breath, Old High German the corresponding soft-check. In Old High German, however, the law holds good with regard to the dental series only, while in the guttural and labial series the Old High German documents generally exhibit *k* and *f* instead of the corresponding medial *g* and *b*. This gives us the third formula:—

III. Sanskrit	K	T	P
Gothic	H (G, F)	Th (D)	F (B)
Old High German	H (G, F)	D	F (B, V)

For example, the Sanskrit *kapālu*, head, is in Gothic *haubith*, in Old High German *houpit*; the Sanskrit *trayaś*, three, is in Gothic *threis*, in Old High German *dri*; the Sanskrit *pitri*, father, is in Gothic *fadar*, in Old High German *vutar*.'

MAY-POLE.

A tree, very nicely drawn, was also sent. It could not be inserted, besides that it is too like one already published; and the address sent with it is not sufficient for its return.

BERYL begins well, but goes off into what does not belong to the subject. The others are ARYANS, ARANEUS OXONIENSIS, BLUE-BOTTLE FLY, JANIE, PUSSY-CAT, A. C. B., E. D., M. O. K., TOWN MIDGE, AGELENA BRUNNEA, LORISTON, SPINSTER—all careful and creditable.

DESCRIPTION OF VIEW FROM A WINDOW.

What shall ARACHNE say to the Fenestrelle, except that it is pleasant to look with so many eyes at views which have given so much pleasure. Perhaps among so many pleasant descriptions, the decision must be resolved into that as to who has made the most of her window; and this seems on the whole to be GREY SQUIRREL.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

VIEWS from my window! Ah! I know them well,
 Since for more weeks than now I care to tell
 They have been all that I have seen abroad.
 Close by my bed my window is, and stored
 Thro' these long days my memory is with sights
 Seen through its panes, calm days and starry nights.
 The sun's first gleam, the moon's expiring rays,
 And all that winter or that summer days
 Give the observant eye, tho' small its range,
 Which needful marks kind nature's slightest change.
 Yet 'tis not wondrous, for the city's roar
 Is heard not many paces from my door.
 My window only overlooks a square;
 No mountain, lake, or ruin, find I there—
 Only a little church with tiny spire,
 Whence six carved angels reverently aspire,
 With folded hands and wings, as if in stone
 Perpetually to represent the tone.
 Of Prayer and Praise, that floats towards me faint,
 E'en thro' my window, as if loving Saint
 Had sent o'er my sick-bed a note from Heaven,
 To join my feeble praises sadly given.

Sometimes against the sky the spire is dark ;
Sometimes the sunset's rosy hue I mark,
Flushing its cream tones, like a maiden's cheek,
Who for the first time hears her lover speak ;
Or cold like snow against dark thunder-cloud,
It seems to pale almost, as if the loud
And dreaded summer storm it *knew* might tear
The angels from it, and at once lay bare
The sacred chancel or the narrow stair.
Around the church a tidy garden blooms,
Which ne'er has been a place of sacred tombs—
As in these crowded towns, we now must break
The tie that bound us, for the living's sake—
We may not now pass by each dear-loved grave,
And almost hear the prayers that we would crave
Rise ever with our own to bless and save ;
And through this garden space I see those come,
Who morn and eve, as to a Father's home,
Tribute to pay for joy divinely given,
To whisper sorrow to a pitying Heaven,
Enter the church with load of joy or cares,
And my soul joins, altho' unheard, their prayers.
The varying flowers that mark the changing year,
(Guarded by planes, whose tapering branches bear
The tasselled fruit, so dear to childish eyes,)
Each after each before my sight arise.
But best of all, when April's early glow
Calls forth the glory of that rosy snow
The almond bears, when rises to my room
The faint sweet spring-like feeling and perfume.
The two blue tom-tits, fearless and at ease,
Filt in and out the branches of the trees,
Chased by the sparrow, sooty London's bird,
By whom my yellow crocus is preferred
To all the dainties that my hand can strew,
To tempt him just to leave me for my view
The golden blooms that, few and far between,
Reward my care upon the grass-plat green.
Such is the view my London windows shew.
I may not speak now of the clouds that glow
In all their varying beauty in the sky ;
I can but thank my God, who dwells on high,
That from all windows in this mighty town,
From cottage, mountain, moor, or sea, or down,
His clouds are seen alike by each and all :
More glorious than aught else the worthy pall
Of His high heaven. Mountain and lake for some
Their beauties shew ; some o'er the earth may roam
In search of loveliness ; for sick and poor
God sent the clouds, that close beside each door
We may look up (tho' sin and sorrow stain
This soiling earth) through weariness and pain,
And see the sign above divinely given,
Beauty and Joy and Rest are all in Heaven.—GREY SQUIRREL.

BETH has also written hers in verse.

Two Spiders, who both sign E. E. S., are likewise so charming, that ARACHNE hesitated long over them. HUMBLE-BEN (also a city view) is very good. LONDON SPIDER, M. C. T., L. S. R., are also town views. WILFORD and BLACK DIAMOND give the colliery. H. G.'s moonlight is likewise pretty.

Of country views, OPAL deserves the first praise, then LADY-FERN, then PORTIA, URSULA, OWL, POOR LITTLE SPIDER (a beautiful view); CICALA and J. M. B. give foreign views.

The others are—J. C., ENAG, good; LINCOLN, T. T. C. M., LETHE, MIA, BERYL, DAME GOLDEN-HEART, BRUCE'S SPIDER, F. A. V., WINIFRED, RECLUSE, C. S. C., M. C. T., SPINSTER, S. H. W. F., SURSUM, COBWEB, C. A. E., JENNY-WREN, T. M. L., ISABEL, TITANEA, A. C. B., C. G., E. R., HARE-BELL, A. C. R., COCK OF THE WOODS, A YOUNG SPIDER, FOX-GLOVE, A. E. B. O., FOREST MIDGE, C. B., A. M. T., ESPERANCE, BOGIE, C. T., YOUNG THISTLE, J., MARIAN, MARGARET, WALL-FLOWER, T. J. M., IVY, LITTLE SPIDER, SCYLLA, PRÆCOX, A. J. E., LORISTON, A. C. B., LUCY, LUCIA, G. E. M., YOUNG THISTLE II., JENNY-WREN II., A. C. R., E. R., A. E. R., M. T. A.

It is very pleasant to see the quiet enjoyment these simple home views have given.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

Illustrate and explain the proverb—'Charity begins at home.'

Write the history of Heidelberg.

ARACHNE has received stamps from A. J. E., YOUNG THISTLE, ANNIE, FOREST MIDGE, AGELENA BRUNNEA, LONDON SPIDER, J. M. B., GREY SQUIRREL, MARIAN, MARGARET, E. E. S., PORTIA, BLUE-BOTTLE FLY, BRUCE'S SPIDER, TOWN MIDGE, OWL, M. T. A. (six stamps.)

. The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined with thanks.—*Lizzie.*

A Lady, having *The Monthly Packets* for 1867 and 1866 (unbound) to dispose of, will be very glad to exchange them for any Numbers between July, 1857, and July, 1860. Address—*Miss Burton, Blackfriars House, Perth.*

Will anyone exchange the Numbers of *The Monthly Packet* containing the first sixteen chapters of '*The Young Stepmother*,' for as many numbers of *The Churchman's Companion* in 1854, and to 1857?—*M. H.*

S. N. asks the exact authority for the saying, 'See how these Christians love one another.'—It is to be found in *Tertullian's Apology*.

The Sisters of *St. Etheldreda's Sisterhood* acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of 5s. from *F. J. C. Camborne*, for *The Infant Nursery*.

Is your excellent contributor on *Dialect* sure that the word *platty*—as she understands it—which she explains as *uneven*, is not really *planty*, i. e. *plenty*, a common vulgarism for *plentiful*?—*GEORGE BAILEY, M. A.*

Would a wooden Mission Chapel do for *M. C.*? She could hear of such chapels from the architect who designed them, G. T. Robinson, Esq., 14, Milverton Crescent, Leamington, either to hold 125, 150, 210, &c., persons, as required, which are erected in about a month, at the cost of £1 a sitting, £125, £150, £210, &c., and give, I have heard, satisfaction. The lithographs are ecclesiastical in appearance.—*H.*

In a back number of *The Monthly Packet*, someone offered to give some old books for a children's library. If at the present time there is any reader who has some story-books to give away, they would be most thankfully received at Highgate, for a library for the school boys and girls. Would the giver please send them to *Miss Edith Cooper, Glustonbury House, North Hill, Highgate, N.*

In your March Number, one of your Correspondents corrects the spelling of a Welsh word by a more gross error. *Brusha* is utterly alien to Welsh orthography; *sh* never occurs in any Welsh word. Anyone not a Welsh scholar, who can meet with a Welsh and English Prayer-book, can look at the first suffrages, and see that the Welsh word for 'hasten' or 'make speed' is *brysia*. The pronunciation for an English reader may be expressed by *boushia*; but in Welsh orthography, the sound *sh* is expressed by *si*. *Y* is always a vowel, and is pronounced as *u* in 'but' or 'brush;' while *u* is pronounced like the *ee* in 'been,' something between the French *u* and the English short *i* in 'bid' or 'did.'

E. S. L.—*St. Hieretha* (or *Urith*) was a Confessor and Martyr. (A. D. 1171.) She was born at *Hoford* (or *Stowford*) in Devon, and was buried at *Chittlehampton*, in the same county. She was canonized, and the church was consequently dedicated to her. *Leland*, (who died 1552,) and whose information is considered extremely important and accurate, being 'the foundation to all that have ever since treated of our national antiquities,' (*vid. Lowndes*) says that '*Chittlehampton* in time past hath been notable for that *Hieretha* . . . was here interred. . . . She was esteemed to be of such sanctity, that you may read of many miracles ascribed to her holiness in his book that penned her life. . . . The hamlet of *Stowforde* did some time belong to the Duchy of Lancaster. "In this place was *Hieretha*, patronesse of *Chittlehampton*, borne, who, as the legende of her life makes mention, suffered the next year after *Thomas Becket*, in the reign of King *Henry II.*, in which the history, and names of her parents, are set down." (*Leland's Itinerary*, edited by *Thomas Hearne*, first edition, nine volumes, 8vo. 1710.)—There is (I believe) no other church dedicated to this saint. She is mentioned in the Calendar of the Anglican Church (*Parker*, 1851); but the reference there is only to *Leland*, and there are no further particulars than those which I have already given. *Camden* in *The Britannia* merely says that '*Hierytha* is kalendard among the she saints.'—*B. C. C.*

F. L. J. is recommended to read *Le Cadet de Colobrières*, by *Madame Reybaud*; *La Mare au Diable*, by *George Sand*; *Picciola*, by *B. Saintine*; *La Tulipe Noire*, by *A. Dumas*. Most of *E. Souvestre* is safe. *Le Foyer Breton* is a pretty collection of folk-lore. *Lamartine's Voyage en Orient* is rather good.—*R. F. L.*

M. R. is informed by *E. B.* that she will find the lines she not quite correctly quotes in No. XCIX. of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*—see the Shilling Edition in *The Chandos Classics*. They should stand thus:—

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair.

Also answered by *M. E. S.*

Cherry Underwood.—‘Through Rome’s infuriate city,’ is a version made by Dr. Littledale of a hymn by Charles Coffin in the Paris Breviary, beginning, ‘*Urbem Romuleum*,’ for St. John Port Latin, May 6th. It is 250 in *The People’s Hymnal*.

Miss Bradford, Harrow-on-the-Hill.—‘Home to the Angel Land,’ is part of Hymn 582 in *The People’s Hymnal*. It begins, ‘When my tongue no more can utter.’ It is a version by Mr. Baring-Gould, from the Danish of E. E. Naur.

In answer to *O.*, the following poem is sent by *B. C. C.*:—

Winter is past. The heart of nature warms,
Beneath the wreck of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring’s earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, drift, or sky, or sun.
The snowdrop bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter’s crest;
The violet gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue,
The spend-thrift crocus bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.

From *Astræa*, by Oliver Holmes.—*Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes*, published by Routledge about 1855, page 87. The whole poem is a long one, of nearly 858 lines, I should think; but there is nothing further about the crocus in it.

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of 10s. from *Mrs. Allen*, for *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, thankfully acknowledged:—*S.*, 5s.; *Ethel Sophy’s* tiny Easter Offering, 8s.

J. F. W. B.—The Author of *Geography in Versæ* (Sharpe, 15, Skinner Street) has sent us a copy for you, which shall be forwarded on the receipt of your address.

Miss Bradford begs to thank the many kind persons who have supplied her with the hymn.

L. S. H.—The nine choirs of Angels are Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Princes, Archangels, Angels. We refer you to Bishop Forbes on the *Te Deum*.

E. H. will find the lines, commencing with ‘Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,’ in Pope’s *Essay on Man*.—*Frisky*. Also *S. B.*, *M. L.*, *M. S. F.*

Frisky will be much obliged if someone will kindly tell her when Christmas Day was first kept?

F. M. W.—‘Oh! speak to her in kindness,’ Song from *The Queen’s Boudoir*. The words by Charles Jefferys, the music by Stephen Glover. (London, Jefferys and Nelson, 21, Soho Square.)—*An Old Subscriber*.

Dora would be much obliged if any reader could tell her anything about a Knitting Society for the benefit of the poor, which she knows exists; she believes the members pay 5s. a year, are bound to knit twenty minutes a day, and may have as much wool as they can knit. *Dora* would be glad of any further particulars, and to know how she can get admitted.

Can anyone tell *Nemo* who is the author of the following lines, and where the whole poem is to be found?—

To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet all reach the Home of the Undeiled—
One by one!

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life’s deep dream.

It is not advisable to put in *Nemo’s* other question, as such sometimes lead to answers from swindlers.

(Continued on Last Page (Page 8) of Spider Subjects.)

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

'QUENTIN DURWARD' AND 'ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN' COMPARED WITH HISTORY.

Answered by M. O. K., BERYL, and WALL-FLOWER.

ARACHNE is afraid her Spiders do not read Scott as much as would be well to form their taste, and raise their tone of appreciation of what is good and high-minded, or there would have been more than four answers to this question. M. O. K.'s is good, but its length excludes it; and WALL-FLOWER's, as more manageable, must stand, with a few corrections, which apply for the most part to both the others. WALL-FLOWER is not quite right in saying that Scott adheres closely to history. He is a master in the art of making an impression, so that his characters and scenes become so life-like as to illuminate history; but he professed to mass events together, and alter their periods so as to produce the effect he desired, without binding himself by historical rule.

THE scene of both these novels is laid in a most interesting period of French history; 'Anne of Geierstein' commencing a few years after the conclusion of *Quentin Durward*. Louis's attempt to reduce the power of Burgundy by any means, fair or foul, furnish an interesting plot to the earlier novel. Isabelle of Croye, her flight, *Quentin Durward*, and all that concerns these two, is fictitious; but the rising at Liège, instigated by Louis XI., and the murder of the Bishop, are historical facts. For the purpose of his story, Sir Walter Scott has antedated the latter event fifteen years; it did not really take place at the rising in 1468, when the Bishop was only taken prisoner, but during another revolt in 1482. The news arrived while the King and the Duke were engaged in a conference at Peronne, for the purpose of preventing a war. The Duke was frantic; and Louis was imprisoned, and in danger of his life. Sir Walter Scott follows history closely at this point, except that, by placing the murder of the Bishop at this date, he gives additional ground for Burgundy's rage. Sir Walter Scott's account of Louis's conduct at Peronne, his conference with Philip de Comines, De Comines' admiration of his sagacity, and interference to save his life, are substantially the same as history gives; and he also makes use of a story told of the Emperor Tiberius and his astrologer, to shew up Louis's superstition. An astrologer of Louis's once made a somewhat similar answer when asked to predict the day of his own death—viz. that it would take place some short time before the King's: but it was not Martius Gahotti, the one to whom Sir Walter Scott attributes it. The conditions of Louis's release are the same in 'Quentin Durward' as in history; and the only difference as to the siege of Liège is, that Sir Walter Scott makes the night sally an arranged thing by William de la Marck, in hopes of getting the French on his side, whereas it was a despairing effort on the part of the inhabitants. It does not appear either that there was any attempt to counterfeit the French soldiers. That they all became mixed up together is certain; but it was rather the result of the confusion, than any premeditation. William de la Marck was not killed in the battle of the following day, as in 'Quentin Durward,' but was put to death by the Emperor Maximilian in 1485.

The picture which Sir Walter Scott gives of the Swiss in 1474, in 'Anne of Geierstein,' is substantially true; the exactions of the Duke of Burgundy and his agents, and the promises of Louis to pay them well for rising against him, are matters of history. I am not so sure of the deputation to Charles; though Peter (Sir Walter calls him Archibald) de Hagenbach was certainly murdered, and the Swiss had some hand in it. Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic account of the Secret Tribunal, a terrible reality at this date, though it was not answerable for the death of the Duke of Burgundy, as will be seen.—That part of this novel which deals with Margaret of Anjou is entirely wrong as to dates, though her character is, as usual, a very photograph for accuracy. Provence was ceded to Louis of France as part of her ransom from her English prison, and consequently was not an open question at this time. Margaret was in retirement at Provence; but she did not die till 1482, some years after the Duke of Burgundy.—Edward IV. of England certainly expected to form an alliance with Charles; but when he arrived, he found Charles fighting against the Swiss and the Duke of Lorraine, as given by Sir Walter

Scott. The account of the battles of Granson, Morat, and Nancy, are strictly historical to the minutest detail, though the death of Charles occurred in a different manner to that told by Sir Walter Scott. It was no emissary from the terrible Vehmische Tribunal, who took his life, but a soldier, who, finding him thrown from his horse, killed him for the sake of plunder, not knowing who he was. WALL-FLOWER.

ARACHNE would recommend her Spiders to read that most interesting biography, Kirk's 'Charles the Bold.' This shews the Duke in his true light, as a grave, melancholy, highly-polished, and courteous gentleman, by no means the boor he is represented in both the novels, though he had a violent temper, and broke out at times in anger. His treatment of Louis at Peronne, under great provocation, was his first and only dishonourable action; and Scott has failed of one great point of interest in not shewing the workings of his mind. Kirk shews, too, that the war with the Swiss was the result of machinations on Louis's part, and of his secret bribery of the citizens, and that Charles had done his utmost to avert it. The Swiss envoys had no reason to complain of their treatment at Dijon; and the murder of Hagenbach took place some time later.

The Christian name of the Count de Vandémont was René, not Ferry; and the two De Veres, father and son, were both named Aubrey. The sale of the succession to Lorraine is true, and King René is an allowable portrait, though a little caricatured; but Margaret does not appear to have had any share in the transaction; and in truth, she was brought in more as a grand tragic figure than with much historical verity. But the piteous betrayal and death of Charles the Bold are perfectly described, the only license taken being the introduction of the Vehmische and of Albert of Geierstein. Few books contain more charming historical pictures, or more interesting scenes, than do these fresh and forcible tales of that great struggle between craft and strength, which was the great tragedy of the later middle ages.—A fourth Answer arrived too late.

VARIOUS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CONSTELLATION OF THE PLEIADES.

P. and PISA, best; BLACK DIAMOND, F. A. V., OPAL, M. C. T., WILFRED, G. M. S., F. U. R., are also very good; LOBISTON, good, but wants compressing; FRISKY's, very nicely arranged. C. G. mistakes the Pleiades for the Hyades, another group. The other answers are BOGIE, who mentions a poem of Jean Ingelow's, CAMELLIA, HONEY-BEE, PENELOPE, QUICKWOOD, JENNY-WREN, EDITH, PLANTAGENET, PUSSY-CAT, and another too late.

'O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'

ON moonless evenings, when the heavens are clear, groups of stars may be seen which seem to be compressed together, and have a misty cloud-like appearance. Astronomers call these Clusters and Nebulae, and class them as follows:—

- (1) Irregular groups, visible more or less to the naked eye.
- (2) Clusters, resolvable into separate stars with the aid of the telescope.
- (3) Nebulae, for the most part irresolvable.

The cluster of the Pleiades, in the shoulder of the constellation of Taurus, is the one best known, and belongs to the first of these classes; it may, indeed, be called itself a miniature constellation, and the number of stars in it has been the subject of much discussion. Long before the Christian era, the ancients were divided in their opinions, some counting seven, some six stars in the Pleiades, hence Ovid's oft-quoted line:

'Quae septem dicæ, sex tamen esse solent.'

But these stars have so much brilliancy for their size, that the unassisted eye often becomes dazzled, and can make no certain count; still the fortunate owner of a good eye will always catch the gentler ray of the 'lost Pleiad.' Through the telescope, from fifty to sixty stars may be observed; and the interest of the group has been much increased by the discovery of a nebula by Temple at Venice, in 1859, also observed by Schmidt at Athens in 1861, supposed to be variable. There are few persons who cannot see six stars, and many more will count seven without any difficulty. The Astronomical Register for June 1863, contains a map of the Pleiades, as seen by the unassisted eye, by a member of the family of Professor Airy, shewing no less than twelve stars in the group; and Kepler mentions that the German astronomer Mästlin, (1524,) of whom he was the friend and pupil, could distinctly

see fourteen stars in the group without any glasses. In our own time, M. Mädler has been disposed to assign the local centre in space round which the sun and stars revolve to be in this group; and though other astronomers consider this improbable, it may be the forerunner of further discoveries.

The practice of giving names to the stars is supposed to have originated with the Chaldeans, and many are the appellations that have been bestowed on this beautiful cluster; the Greeks called them Pleiades, from πλεῖν, *navigare*, to sail: as being terrible to mariners from the winds and storms that so frequently rise with them. The Latins called them Vergiliæ, from *Ver*, spring, from their rising about the vernal equinox; Theon, father of the celebrated 'Hypatia,' called them a 'bunch of grapes;' Aratus, who lived B.C. 270, says they were called the 'seven paths' or 'courses;' Manlius or Mallius, a Roman poet in the time of Augustus, clusters them as 'glomerabile sidus;' the Arabs call them 'Ath-thuragya,' or the 'little ones;' the French designate them 'Poussinière;' the Germans, 'Gluck-henne;' the Italians, 'Le gallinelle;' the Spaniards, the 'Cabrillas' or little Nanny-goats; while several schools called them the 'Brood-hen,' as being representative of a hen and chickens.

Their separate names are as follows:—*Merope*, said to be the 'lost Pleiad;' *Alcyone*, the 'lucida' of the Pleiades, a fine star, greenish yellow and pale white, called by the Arabians 'Jauza,' the walnut, and 'Neyyir,' bright; *Celeno*; *Electra*; *Taygeta*; *Asterope*; and *Maia*.

An imaginary line through the Wain of the Great Bear, passing Capella, leads to the Pleiades; or from the southward, a line from Sirius carried over Orion's Belt, meets them.

In classic lore, these stars bear the name of Atlantides, being the daughters of Atlas and Plëiōne, and many a fanciful legend belongs to them. They were said to have made away with themselves from grief at the death of their sisters, the Hyades, and were then placed as stars on the back of Taurus, a constellation in the Zodiac. All had immortal suitors, but one fair Pleiad marrying a mortal, is still dim amidst her celestial sisters. They were also said to be the virgin companions of Diana, and in company with their mother Plëiōne, being pursued by the handsome giant Orion in the fertile plains of Bœotia, they cried to the gods, were changed into *doves*, and placed among the stars. Among the ancients, although rains and storms were prevalent at the heliacal rising of these seven stars, it was considered a favourable time for setting out on a voyage, and from the custom of letting fly a pigeon on the occasion for auspices, some learned men have thought the name 'Pleiades' or 'doves' was given them.

There is in the British Museum a manuscript of Cicero's translation of Aratus's *Astronomical Poems*, (the one quoted by St. Paul in *Acts*, xvii. 28, 'As certain of your own poets have said;') and here they are well represented by female heads with names inscribed, (*Merope*, *Alcyone*, *Electra*, *Taygeta*, *Asterope*, and *Maia*.) Hesiod, who lived B.C. 907, speaks of the 'Seven virgins of Atlas born.' So it may not be amiss to suppose that Atlas, who frequented high places to observe the heavenly bodies, named these after his daughters. It may here be mentioned, that Mahomet devotes the eighty-sixth chapter of the Koran to 'a star of piercing brightness,' thought by some to refer to the 'lucida' of the Pleiades, grounded on the allusion made to its being the star that 'bringeth back the rain.'

In the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, the name of Pleiades was given to seven celebrated poets who lived at that period; their names were Lycophron, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Apollonius, Philicus, and Homerus the younger.

In imitation of the Greeks, the celebrated Pierre de Ronsard, A.D. 1584, formed a Pleiades of French poets, consisting of Daurat, Ronsard, du Bellay, Belleau, Baif, Tyard, and Jodelle.

After the same fashion, some of their authors contemplated a new Pleiades of Latin poets of the last century, but could not agree about the names that should compose it, much less on him who should be the 'lucida Pleiadum.'

It has already been mentioned that Ovid speaks of these stars in his verses; and Hesiod, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era, has a poem on the Pleiades in the opening of his second book of 'Works and Days:' it has been translated by Cooke as follows:—

'There is a time when forty days they lie
And forty nights, concealed from human eye,
But in the course of the revolving year,
When the swain sharp the scythe, again appear.'

Homer speaks of them in the *Odyssey* (Lib. V. verse 270); it is given in Pope's translation in English verse—

'And now rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;
Placed at the helm, he sat and marked the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes;
There viewed the Pleiada, and the Northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam.'

Coming on to writers nearer the present day than the old Grecian poet, it would not be well to omit naming the prose-poem, if so it may be called, of Spanish literature, the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, first printed in 1605. The story of how 'Wooden Peg' was mounted by the high-minded knight and his reluctant squire will be familiar to many; and how Sancho narrates to the Duchess that 'Between the top of my cap and the main sky there was not a span and a half. And, Heaven bless us forsooth! what a hugeous great place it is! and we happened to travel that road where the seven *she-goat stars* were,' adding, 'so soon as I spied them, what does me but sneaks down very soberly from behind my master, and played and leaped about for three quarters of an hour with the pretty *nanny goats*, who are as sweet and fine as so many marigolds, and honest Wooden Peg stirred not one step the while.' 'And while Sancho employed himself with the goats,' asked the Duke, 'how was Don Quixote employed?' 'Truly,' answered the knight, 'I am sensible all things were altered from their natural course; therefore what Sancho says seems less strange to me; . . . but that we came so near heaven as he says is altogether incredible, because we must then have passed quite through the fiery region which lies between the sphere of the moon and the upper region of the air; now it was impossible for us to reach that part where are the Pleiades, or the *Seven goats* as Sancho calls them, without being consumed in the elemental fire; and therefore since we escaped those flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and Sancho either lies or dreams.'

Following the date of the Spanish author, the English Milton published his *Paradise Lost*, 1665. In the seventh book of this poem, Raphael relates to Adam the creation of the world, and at verse 370 are these lines—

'First in his East the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude, through Heaven's high road. The grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced
Shedding sweet influence.'

So also in Book X., which treats of alterations made in the heavens and the elements, (verse 671.)—

'Some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road,
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab.'

'O ye Stars of Heaven!' At these words the years in hundreds and thousands fold back like a screen, and there are the dewy plains, the clear still evenings, the lamps in the firmament of heaven; and the wondrous country is outspread, where the Almighty put utterances into the lips of simple folk, or Himself condescended to speak to man. These are the words of Amos, 'who was among the herd-men of Tekoa,' in his lament over Israel: 'Ye who turn judgement to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth.' 'Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: . . . the Lord is His name.' (*Amos*, v. 8.) From the land of Uz come the words of Job—testifying of the power of God, he says, 'Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades,' (*Job*, ix. 9.) and in chap. xxxviii. it is written, 'The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said:

'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?'

There is an earlier rendering of this passage, in which the stars are called by Hebrew names; it is as follows:

'Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimah?
Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou open?
Canst thou draw forth Mazzaroth in his season?
Or Aish and his sons canst thou guide?'

Chimah denotes Taurus with the Pleiades, *Chesil* is Scorpio, *Mazzaroth* is Sterius in

the 'chambers of the south,' *Aish* the Greater Bear, the Hebrew word meaning 'bier,' the four well-known stars forming the bier, the three in the tail signifying the children following a funeral. Parkhurst, in his Lexicon, thinks the Greek names that are put to the Hebrew originals as in the authorized version is only fancy. Barnes, in notes on Job, thinks Kimah, or Chimah, comes from a root which means a 'heap,' and was for that reason given to the Pleiades; *Kesil*, from a root meaning 'strong,' he conjectures to mean the 'strong man' Orion.

In the Commentaries of St. Augustine, there is a passage where he affirms that under the Pleiades and Orion, God comprehends all the rest of the stars, by a figure of speech, putting a part for the whole, his argument being: 'The all-powerful Deity regulates the seasons, and no mortal can intermeddle with them, or presume to scan the ordinances of heaven.' P.

PISA says:—The Persian poets compare them to a bouquet of choice jewels. One of the most beautiful descriptions of this kind is given by our own Poet-laureate:—

Many a night I saw the Pleiads
Rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glimmer like a swarm of fire-flies
Tangled in a silver braid.

Locksley Hall.

To the natives of Australia, the seven sister Pleiades seem to be a group of girls playing to a corroboree, just as they say that the stars in Orion's belt and scabbard are young men dancing to it.

The Lapps call them the Company of Virgins. The North American Indians, believing, like the Esquimaux and the natives of Australia, that the stars were in olden times men and animals till they went up into the sky, named them the Dancers. This name is gracefully brought out by Milton in his 'Paradise Lost,' (Book vii.) when he describes the sun and its course:—

The gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced.

The North Germans have a curious sacred tradition of the origin of the Pleiades, which is as follows:—'Our Lord, passing one day by a baker's shop, whence the fumes of new bread issued, sent one of His disciples in to beg a loaf. The baker himself refused; but his wife, who with her six daughters was standing at a little distance, gave Him a loaf secretly. For this good deed they were placed in heaven as seven stars; but the baker was turned into a cuckoo, which proclaimed the spring from St. Tiburtius (April 14th) till St. John, (June 24th,) during which time the Pleiades were visible. Thus the cuckoo bears a dun-coloured plumage, appearing as if sprinkled with flour.' PISA.

The following poem, 'The Lost Pleiad,' is by Mrs. Hemans, on Byron's line in 'Beppo':—

Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below.
And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmark'd! thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!
Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence;
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.
They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
The shepherd greets them on his mountain free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for thee.
Could'st thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptre riven?
 Bow'd be our hearts to think on what we are,
 When from its height afar
 A world sinks thus, and yon majestic heaven
 Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star!—F. A. V.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

What curious adventures have the Regalia of different countries undergone?
 Describe and explain the process of multiplying 4265 by 8902.

ARACHNE has received Stamps from M. O. K., QUICKWOOD, PENelope, P., F. U. R., LUCILLA, E. WRIGHT.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—(Continued.)

St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, Gravesend.—Best thanks to M. D. for thirty-one books. Our receipts of books have lately averaged above one thousand volumes a month, besides magazines in considerable quantities; but as the mission has now stations at other places where sailors resort, and where there are hospitals for seamen, we should be glad of as many more good magazines and such like literature as friends will send. Emigrants, too, are crowding upon us—nineteen thousand have sailed hence for New Zealand alone since last June, and many thousands for Queensland and other places; therefore our stock of books and magazines suitable for them is greatly taxed; still, like the widow's cruse, it has never been exhausted.—We have had some very remarkable Services on board ship lately. At one time, no less than twenty-two children were baptized in one emigrant ship; and within about a fortnight, in various vessels, more than fifty were baptized, the parents expressing not only their gratitude, but their deep regret at previous neglect. In several cases, whole families were baptized; they had come from over-peopled parishes near London. The Church has a duty to do to the very last; and by doing it here, we are privileged to gather up the fragments that remain, and endeavour to take care that nothing is lost. In time we hope to have stations at the ports of arrival abroad, and so let the Church welcome there be heard as well as the blessing at parting in the old land.—JOHN SCARTH, Honorary Secretary.

I am making a grown-up scrap-book for lending among the sick, but have not pictures enough to finish; I should be very much obliged if anybody would send me some either coloured or plain, size about seventeen inches by thirteen. Address—Miss C. Flower, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, London, W.

F. E. G. would be very much obliged to anyone who could enlighten her as to the authors of the following hymns in the Appendix of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*:—850, 280, 353, 334.

F. W. will be much obliged if anyone can tell her where these lines come from:—

Fairest type of pure in heart!
 From thy chrysalis awaking—
 Image bright and counterpart
 Of a risen Saint thou art—
 Upward mounting, fetters breaking.

They are quoted in *In Madera Papilionis*.

Will some of the Correspondents kindly inform Ethel of the meaning of the term 'Padalon'? It occurs in Macaulay's *Colloquies on Society*, in this sentence: 'His scheme of philosophy is a mere day-dream, a poetical creation, like the Domdaniel caverns, the Swerga, or Padalon.'—Ethel is referred to *The Curse of Kehama*.

Miss Sunderland is very anxious to see 'The Defence of Guinevere, and Other Poems,' by William Morris, author of *The Earthly Paradise*. The book is out of print now, and if any reader could lend it for a short time, Miss Sunderland will be greatly obliged. If a copy is to be sold, she would gladly buy it. Address—Miss Sunderland, Swarthdale, Ulverstone, Lancashire.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

The following French tales or novels may be safely recommended to *F. L. J.*:—*L'Oncle Matthias*, by Ollivier; *La Fille du Forestier*, also, I think, by Ollivier; *La Prédicante des Cévennes*, Jean Jarousseau, *Rosa*, by Madame de Pressensé; *Sibylle*, by the Author of 'Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre, *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*; *Le Tailleur de Pierre*, by Lamartine; *Maitre Pierre*, by Edmond About; *Trois Sermons sous Louis XV.*, by Bungener. *Ulrich le Fermier* and *Ulrich le Paysan*, translated from the (Swiss) German of Gotthelf. *Pierre Paul Rubens*, published at Brussels. It is almost superfluous to mention *Les Derniers Paysans*, *Le Foyer Breton*, and *Le Coin du Feu*, by E. Souvestre, or the works of Madame de Gasparin, which are well known. I believe that the writings of the Ollivier family are always pretty and unobjectionable. They are usually published at Lausanne or Geneva. Swiss stories, as a rule, have a much better tone about them than those of France. Töpfer's *Nouvelles Genevoises* is also amusing.—*E. H.* —*M. L.* also recommends the French translation of Henri Conscience's *Tales of Flemish Life*, which are very popular in Belgium, and which Belgian friends affirm give accurate pictures of the country and of the manners of the peasantry. Answered also by *A. D.* and *Harriette*.

S. B. asks for books fit for a young girl.—Madame Guizot's and Madame de Witt's both are excellent for the purpose.

The first of *E. H.*'s quotations, from which she has omitted the fine line which completes the couplet—

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

is to be found in the First Book of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Whilst giving this information, the writer cannot help expressing surprise at the ignorance of the great English poets of Queen Anne's day, which prevails in the present generation. Pope alone has given to our language innumerable passages that pass current, like coin from which the mint-mark has been effaced; and few, if any, care to trace them to their source. Every page of that one poem, the *Essay on Man*, supplies some familiar phrase, and the *Essay on Criticism* is equally redundant; yet who now prizes the beautifully flowing verse in which they are embedded?—*M. L.*

For the Children in *The Victoria Hospital, Gough House, Queen's Road, Chelsea*, the receipt of some toys is thankfully acknowledged.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, acknowledged with thanks:—Three Devon National School Boys, 3s.

St. Mary's Mission Home, 89, Deane Street, Soho, W.—The Sister in Charge thankfully acknowledges 2s. 6d. from *F.*, received for Sick Children's Dinners in Soho.

The Secretary of *The Royal Hospital for Incurables* begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the under-mentioned contributions to the funds of that charity:—*S.* and *M. M. P.*, 5s.; A Young Servant's Savings during Lent, 1s.

For *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—Pictures for Scrap-book; *Rev. J. A. Allen*, 5s.; *G. W.*, 2s.

The Sisters of *St. Peter's Mission House* offer their sincere thanks to *I. B.* for a Cheque for £5, and also to *Gertrude May* for Stamps.

The Rev. W. H. Langborne, of *St. Augustine's Mission, Greenfields, Stepney*, entreats for books or old magazines suited for a parochial library. The address is *Coynant House, Globe Road, E.*

For *St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston*, gratefully acknowledged:—Gertrude May, 1s. in December, and 1s. now.

The Sisters of *St. Thomas, Oxford*, having sent their Parish Library to Bishop Webb at Bloomfontein, South Africa, will be very grateful for any contributions in books, periodicals, or money, towards its re-establishment. The collection included eighty-five volumes of *The Monthly Packet* and *Churchman's Companion*. Parcels and letters to be addressed to *The Superior, Osney House, St. Thomas, Oxford*.

Miss H., *Skellow Grange, Doncaster*, will be much obliged to anyone who will tell her of any Home or Hospital where a well-bound scrap-book, full of pictures, not only for children, will be acceptable.

Can anyone tell *L. M. B.* in what poem the following line occurs—'The days that are no more.' She is under the impression it is a refrain.—Probably from the song—'Tears, idle tears.'

Will any reader be so kind as to lend me the last volume of the story called *Too Quickly Judged*, which I am very anxious to finish. I will take great care of it, and pay the postage. The last chapter I have is in 1864. My address is *Mrs. R. E. Warner, Snitterby Rectory, Kirton Lindsey*.

E. R. L. will be much obliged if any member of a good monthly Essay Society will send her the rules of it. She wishes to join one in which stories and poetry on stated subjects are occasionally allowed, and there is a good and regular criticism. She would send specimen essay. Address—*The Rectory, Chigwell Row, Essex*.

Is there in England any institution for self-culture, where a lady can occasionally spend a month in study, and have the advantage of hearing lectures, and receiving lessons in accomplishments at a moderate cost?—INAGUA.

Dorothea.—*Play and Earnest* is a story about children, but not a childish story—not only for children, but in a more youthful style than *A Maiden of Our Own Day*.

In reply to *O.*, relative to the Crocus, I send the following, from Virgil—

pascuntur et arbutus passium
Et glaucas salices casiumque crocumque rubentum,
Et pinguem liliū et ferrugineos hyacinthos.

translated by Martyn—'They fed also at large, on arbutus and hoary willows, and cassia, and glowing saffron, and fat limes, and deep-coloured hyacinths.' (N.B.—The *they* refers to bees.) I met with a little poem to the Crocus not long since, but unfortunately can neither recollect it nor the author. In that very old-fashioned book of childhood's days, *Original Poems*, these lines occur—

And welcome crocuses shoot up,
With guled spike and golden cup.
Oh! I some meadows know
Beside our good old town,
Where millions of them grow,
Just like a purple down.
They come—but why, there's none to tell,
Only we love to see them well.

and a note explains, 'There is a beautiful spontaneous growth of the purple crocus every spring in the meadows of Nottingham, the valley of the Trent.'—A. H.

Sent by *X. A. H.*:—

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to Nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up and my roots shall run
down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head—
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth shall emerge,
A happy and beautiful crocus.

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder that one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow,
Patient to-day through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

H. F. GOULD.

F. W. will find the stanza to which she alludes in a little poem entitled '*Ad Pupilionem*,' at p. 85 of the *Lyra Devoniensis*—a small volume of poems, which was published by Macmillan and Co. in 1868.—*VESPA*.

Members are invited to join a Society for the encouragement of foreign reading. They must pledge themselves to read for six hours a week in some foreign language. Prizes are given. A copy of rules and full particulars may be obtained on application to *Miss E. Jupp*, 4, *The Paragon, Blackheath, S. E.*

M. C. P. is very anxious to procure *The Monthly Packet* for 1869, second-hand, containing the beginning of '*Sketches from Hungarian History*,' either bound or unbound, and will gladly pay or give something (books) in exchange. Address—*Havenden House, Princes Risboro*'.

M. L., in answer to *Dora*, refers her to *Miss Gillett*, St. Catherine's, Guildford, who will furnish the necessary particulars of the Knitting Society.

M. S. will be much obliged if the Editor, or any readers who have had any experience of factory towns, would send her any suggestions as to Working Classes, or any rules of Friendly Societies for factory girls. Address—*Mrs. Sandys, Kilmersdon, Bath*.

M. H. asks if anyone will kindly tell her who wrote the lines—

Sitting (?) 'by the poisoned springs of life,
Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.'

K. G. begs to inform *F. E. G.* that *Mr. W. C. Dix* is the author of Hymn 350 in the Appendix of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. The Rev. *W. Bright* is the author of Hymns 280 and 358.

Miss Flower returns most grateful thanks to *E. C. L. B.*, *Miss C.*, *M. M.*, *E. K.*, and others, who have so kindly sent her pictures. She thinks they will be glad to know that the book is finished.

Will someone, who has passed a university examination, kindly inform me how to proceed in arranging a course of study with that object. I should like a list of the subjects selected for examination, together with the class-books recommended for each—especially those for Theology, which, I think, has a place among them. Any information upon the subject will be most gratefully received by *A Young Churchwoman*.

The writer of the '*Dawn of the Renaissance*' begs to say, in answer to *Beatrice*, that the limits of the chapter prevented any further description of Ghiberti's works; and that the eastern doors, not representing Christian history or tradition, did not necessarily come within the range of the article, the object of which was to shew under what influences the Renaissance movement gradually spread over Christian Art. It was, however, an accidental omission, which the writer noticed too late to remedy it, that no mention at all was made of the eastern doors. *Beatrice* is probably right in thinking that Michael Angelo's words were spoken after seeing the new doors; but he might or might not have intended the words to refer exclusively to them; and it does not seem a matter of much consequence, except as regards the fact of the omission. The doors described in the chapter were those which made Ghiberti's name as a great sculptor; and it was in consequence of the wonder and admiration which they excited throughout Italy, that he obtained, about fifteen years afterwards, the second commission. The writer believes that a beautiful cast of the latter doors is in the Kensington Museum, and therefore a description seems the less necessary. *Beatrice* must remember that the writer is a chronicler of Christian Art, as such; and that the moral and spiritual influence on his age, which a great artist exercises, is not necessarily connected with those powers of design and execution, without which he would not be a great artist. The false principles of Renaissance decorative design were, however, as a matter of fact, in the end as fatal to that branch of art, as the spirit of the Renaissance was to Christian Art in general.

I am in the habit of lending books to the cottagers of our parish, and now all that I have which are suitable are exhausted; I have *The Parish Magazine* from 1860 to 1869, and *The Children's Prize* from 1863 to 1871, &c., and two volumes only of *Good Stories*, (which are very popular,) and others. If anyone has any simple books that she does not want, which are within the comprehension of the working men, I should be very much obliged if she would write to *A. B.*, Post-office, Newport, Salop.

St. Stephen's Home, Lewisham.—The Sister Superior has received a cheque for £5 from *I. B.*, for which she returns her grateful thanks. By the kindness of a friend, who has given the rent for a year, the additional house, referred to in *The Monthly Packet* for February, is now almost ready for use. After much deliberation, it has been decided to devote the extra space thus afforded to the reception of domestic servants, who need temporary rest and nursing, experience having shewn that this is a greater need than the reception of incurables. During the past twelve months, ten such cases have been received, though there was only room for one at a time. A moderate sum per week is charged for board, varying with the necessities of the case. Those who know how often serious illness is prevented by timely rest and care, are earnestly requested to lend a helping hand in providing it for those who, in very many cases, have no means of obtaining it without such help. Any gifts towards the cost of furnishing will be most thankfully received. A bedstead and bedding complete costs £3, and an extra £1 will cover the remaining expense for bedroom furniture for each person. An easy-chair or couch would be very acceptable, or any simple strong furniture for the sitting-room.

Frisky.—St. Telephorus (Pope A. D. 128–139) is supposed by the generality of ancient authorities to be the first who appointed the 25th of December to be kept as the anniversary of the Birth of our Lord, but the point is involved in much obscurity; the decretal epistles say that he ordered Divine Service to be celebrated, and an angelical hymn sung, the night before the Nativity. We again find traces of this festival being kept in the second century, about the time of the Emperor Commodus; (180.) and also during the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian, (284–304,) who, finding a number of the Christians in Nicomedia, where he then held his court, had assembled to celebrate the Nativity, commanded the church-doors where they were met to be shut and fired, so that they were all destroyed.—St. John Chrysostom, (ob. 407) in a letter on the subject of Christmas Day, (*Homil en Diem Nativ. D. N. I. Christi.*) states that at the instance of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, (ob. 385) St. Julius (Pope 337–352) procured a strict inquiry to be made as to the day of our Saviour's Nativity, which being found to be December 25th, that day was set apart; therefore Julius I. has the credit of transferring the celebration of Christ's birth from January 6th to December 25th; but Mosheim (Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I., p. 370, Fourth Century) considers this very questionable. St. Chrysostom says that in the primitive time, Christmas and the Epiphany were celebrated at one and the same feast, probably from the belief that the rising of the Star in the East and the Birth of Christ were simultaneous. The separation took place at the Council of Nice. (A. D. 325.)—It would appear that the Eastern Church kept Christmas on January 6th, and the Western Church, December 25th; but at the time of St. Chrysostom, the Oriental Christians agreed to keep the same day as that observed by the Western Church.—St. Augustine says that it was the current tradition that Christ was born on the 8th of the Kalends of January. It is therefore thought by many, that as this Saint flourished fifty years later than Julius I., he would hardly have mentioned common tradition if the Pope had fixed dogmatically on that day.—Of more modern writers, Archbishop Usher thinks that the Nativity was probably at the Feast of Tabernacles; while Dr. Hales and Scaliger are inclined to fix it at the Passover. Sir Isaac Newton, in his Commentary upon the Prophecies of Daniel, has a chapter of the times of the Birth and Passiou of our Lord, (Part I., chap. ii., p. 144,) in which he accounts for the choice of December 25th, the winter solstice, by shewing that not only the Feast of the Nativity, but most others, were originally fixed at cardinal points of the year; and that the first Christian calendars, having been so arranged by mathematicians at pleasure, without any ground in traditions, the Christians afterwards took up with what they found in the calendars.—I am sorry that I cannot furnish *Frisky* with all my authorities, as I should like to do; but I copy from my own note-book, where I was foolish enough to trust to memory for the references. I think that she would find a good deal of information upon the subject in *Notes and Queries*, (Vol. III., First Series,) where much the same question was asked; also in Chambers's *Book of Days*. (Vol. II. December 25th.) There is a little pamphlet, called *Christmas, its History and Antiquities*, published by Slater, London, 1850. I have not seen it myself, but I think that perhaps *Frisky* might find it useful. The price is certainly not more than 1s. 6d.—*B. C. C.*

(Continued on Last Page (Page 8) of Spider Subjects.)

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Beautifully answered by GRAY SQUIRREL, and it is a great pity that there is not room for it. Considerations of space make us take the next best, by HOME-SPUN.

"CHARITY begins at home!" I wish you would remember that, Bess.' And the door shut with a decided click behind Aunt Kimbra.

Bess stood looking red and indignant, twiddling her purse for a minute, until she burst out with, 'Aunt Kimbra delights to thwart one; 'tis my own money, and—'

'Don't you think, Bess,' said Aunt Horatia very quietly, 'that obedience may be charity?'

'I do not know; there are so many kinds of charity.'

'Are there? Explain them.'

'No, Auntie; you tell me.'

'Well—St. Paul tells us, "Charity doth not behave itself unseemly," and your Aunt Kimbra says you are to recollect that it begins at home. Is it begun? have you it sufficiently yourself to carry it abroad, think you?'

'I do not understand what you mean, Auntie.'

'Not that charity begins at home? What is charity? You said there were many kinds; but Bess, I think these two lines explain it best—'

"All gorgeous hues are in the pure white beam,
All Christian graces in one drop of love."

therefore we must have it "Till we too faintly shine," and reflect its many hues, must not we?'

'Yes; but I do not see what this has to do with my desire to help those Craddocks.'

'Just this. First, your aunt thinks them not deserving of money help. Second, you put aside alms, but if you give them away wilfully, injudiciously, you are both disobedient and dishonest, for you are robbing the righteous poor—that is not charity.'

A silence, broken by the entrance of an old gentleman, whose greeting was, 'What's the matter, Queen Bess?'

'Aunt Horatia has been explaining "Charity begins at home," for me.'

'Ay!'

'Very imperfectly though, and only to bear on our case. You illustrate it for us, Daddy dear!'

'By telling tales of my neighbours, eh! for I did say it over to myself once or twice yesterday, and thought of Bacon's words also, "Beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern;" or how "in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain." I went to call on an old friend at E——. I looked into the drawing-room, and I thought, "Chaos is come again;" I found no one, so I peeped into the sitting-room—bedlam there! such a heap of noisy unkempt children, to be sure! in the study there was N——, absorbed and a little dusty; he asked me to stay luncheon—their dinner—such a mess, everything was either under or over done; it made him cross for my sake; I knew Mrs. N—— was hurt, for she had been busy as usual in the parish, doing its work, leaving her own. Next I called at Sidbury. A perfect contrast there to poor N——'s. My Lady was charming, as usual, brimful of management, her lassies all busy at something or other good and useful, for charities at home or abroad. "How is your grandmother?" I asked Anne. "Oh, pretty well; but we have been so busy working for the Timbuctoo bazaar, we have not seen much of her." I thought I would look in at her nest, so ran down before leaving; there was the dear old soul. "Tired, so tired! If I were a poor body, the girls would come and read to me sometimes; but they have no time, poor dears." I said your proverb with emphasis, Queen Bess; and thought of it yet once more, when coming home it grew so dark, the cottage candles were quite a help to guide the way—simple lights burnt to give light in the homes, yet their rays spread out, directing even strangers on their way. I thought it was somehow a good figure of the Charity that begins at home.'

'Do you understand it now, Bess?' asked Aunt Horatia.

'Yes, I think so. Charity is our duty to our neighbour, whom we must love as ourself, therefore the nearest duties must be fulfilled first before we can hope to carry it with good effect to outside claims.'

HOME-SPUN.

MONEY-SPINNER and **AGNES** are likewise excellent. **OPAL**, very good; **MAY-POLE**, good; **RAMBLER**, too full of 'home;' **SYRPHUS**, pretty well; **SPINNING-JENNY**, **LITTLE SPIDER**, **L. S. R.**, **HELEN**, **A. C. R.**, **J. J. C. M.**, **ELEANOR**, **AGAPE**, **P. Y. D.**, **ANNIE**, **GEMMA**, **EFFIE**, **S. O. H.**; **ISABEL**, **LORISTON**, good, but too long a story.

HISTORY OF HEIDELBERG.

O Heidelberg, Du, Feine,
Du Stadt an Ehre reich;
Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein Andere kommt Dir gleich.

THE etymology of the name Heidelberg has been diversely explained. It is usually attributed to the Heidelbeeren (whortleberries) which grow wild in great abundance all over the mountain on which the Castle is built. Some persons, however, maintain that it is a contraction of the Heiligenberg, a mountain directly facing the town, on the opposite bank of the Neckar. The former explanation is probably the correct one.

A history of Heidelberg must be, during many centuries, a history of the castle to which the town owes its existence, and without which, even had it existed, it could never have been more than an insignificant village. Its position on the bank of a river, always dangerous, and frequently impossible of navigation, shut in on almost every side by hills, is extremely unfavourable to commercial development. The Castle, there can be no doubt, was originally built by the Romans, with a view to holding in check the constantly encroaching tribes of Franks settled in the valley of the Neckar; and the first German occupant known to history was Conrad von Hohenstaufen, brother to the Emperor Frederick I., who came into possession of it about 1150. In his family it remained for three generations; but no trace at present remains to mark his influence on the time, and nothing survives of him but the name. In 1214, the family of Wittelsbach, Count Palatine of the Rhine, one of the seven Electors, and Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire, succeeded the family of Hohenstaufen. In 1278, the greater part of the town then standing was destroyed by fire.

Such isolated incidents as these, disjointed, divided from each other by the lapse of years, are well-nigh all that remain to us of the past life of the little town hidden away among the hills of the Odenwald. Until Rudolf I. received the Castle from the hands of the Emperor Albrecht, in 1301, it was probably little used as a residence. The Counts Palatine, to whom it belonged, were some of the most powerful men in the Empire, ever foremost in Imperial affairs, and with castles more commodious than the old fortress, to which no shout of battles, no murmur of courts, could penetrate. Rudolf I., however, when he came into possession of the desolate little town, of which scarcely one house was uninjured, devoted much time and pains to the improvement of his lands. Portions of the Castle yet standing, attest the vigour with which he carried on his alterations; spending his time among his people, and leaving at his death a prosperous town, and a portion, at least, of that castle which has been the delight and admiration of succeeding ages. His successor, Ruprecht, first gave the town a separate individual existence, by founding the University, in 1386. Several of the German universities were founded about this time, owing to the dispersion of the students at Prague, then the principal one, consequent on the martyrdom of John Huss, which had greatly excited the indignation of his former pupils. The benefits conferred by Ruprecht did not stop here. He founded, and himself laid the first stone of, the beautiful Church of the Holy Ghost, afterwards the cause of such bitter struggles between the people and their feudal lord. His son, Ruprecht II., took great interest in his father's works, enlarged the town, demolishing the walls, which had divided it from the neighbouring village of Bergheim, and enclosing the whole in new and stronger fortifications. The town and university continued to prosper. The great beauty of the situation, and the protection afforded by the powerful lord of the Castle, may have helped to draw strangers to it; and the University gradually established for itself a reputation, especially in the study of jurisprudence, which it has well maintained up to the present day.

Ludwig IV. leaving an infant heir, the government devolved upon his brother, Frederick, called the Victorious. He was a man of great capacity, and having

obtained possession of the late Elector's lands, was nowise disposed to yield them up at his nephew's majority. He abstained from forming a legal marriage, and lived in a morganatic union with Clara von Detten, from which sprang the princely House of Löwenstein. He built what is now called the Rent Tower, whose walls, eighteen feet thick, were split with one tremendous blast of gunpowder by the French under Melac. He died, and left the Palatinate to the nephew whom he had supplanted. Under Ludwig V., one of the fearful storms by which Heidelberg is frequently visited, destroyed the castle of Geisberg, in the immediate neighbourhood, and seriously injured the town and castle of Heidelberg.

The religious disputes which were shaking Germany to the very heart, could not remain long unknown to one of its universities. Otto Heinrich, who succeeded in 1502, was the first of the Electors Palatine who followed the Reformed religion; and his successors—Ludwig, and Frederick II.—adhered to the Roman Catholic faith. Frederick III. may be considered as the founder of the Calvinistic Church of the Palatinate. Brought up at the courts of the Emperor Charles V., and of the Bishop of Liège, it is needless to say he was in his youth a strict Catholic; but the ideas of the new Reformers first interested, then charmed him, and on his marriage with a Protestant princess of Brandenburg, he publicly embraced Lutheranism. At this time Heidelberg was torn by a dispute between certain professors who leaned towards the Swiss form of Protestantism, and Tilemann Hesshus, the Lutheran General-Superintendent of the Church. Frederick endeavoured, quite vainly, to modify the violence of Hesshus, and finally appealed to Melancthon to settle the dispute. Melancthon drew up a judgement, which virtually confirmed the Helvetic opinions already gaining ground in the Palatinate; and Frederick summoned a conference to meet at Heidelberg in 1560, consisting of the principal theologians interested in the question. Under their influence he introduced many reforms, and established a consistory, which sat at Heidelberg. The 'Heidelberg Catechism,' drawn up by Olevianus and Ursinus, superseded the Lutheran in that part of Germany. Several convents in the neighbourhood were destroyed, and Protestant churches built on their sites. The Electors who followed Frederick all interested themselves warmly in Church affairs, and all followed the Reformed (as opposed to the Lutheran) doctrines.

Frederick V., who succeeded his father in 1610, married, three years later, the Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I. Under him, the court held at Heidelberg became conspicuous for its brilliancy and the magnificence of its appointments. Beautiful English gardens were laid out in honour of the Princess Elizabeth; new buildings were added to the Castle, and elaborately decorated. The misfortunes which overtook the Elector later, belong rather to a history of the Palatinate; his dominions, given to the Duke of Bavaria by the Emperor, were afterwards restored to his son, Charles Louis, second of his thirteen children, the most remarkable of whom was the celebrated Prince Rupert.

The last reigning member of the House of Limmern was Karl, (1680.) the marriage of whose sister Elizabeth with the Duke of Orleans gave rise to the disastrous war which followed his death. The Catholic House of Neuborg succeeded, but their claim was disputed by the Duke of Orleans. In 1688, the French drove Philip von Neuborg from his dominions, seized and destroyed the Castle, and inflicted on the town the horrors of a foreign possession, until the 2nd of March, 1689, when they went away, having destroyed houses, murdered unoffending citizens, and marked their stay by even more than the usual cruelties of a victorious French army.

Johann, son and successor of Philip, was forced to make Dusseldorf his residence; and in his reign, in 1693, a yet worse invasion of the French took place, under Melac. From March till September, a series of horrible barbarities reduced the inhabitants of Heidelberg to a condition of utter despair. Racked by unspeakable tortures which made death welcome, their houses destroyed, their wives and daughters in the hands of an army which has never known how to respect womanhood, it is no wonder if for three years the town lay as if struck by paralysis, and no effort was made to repair the almost irreparable evil. Incredible as it may seem, only one house now stands in the town, which survived this disastrous year; but if those destroyed resembled the one left, they have been but poorly replaced by the comparatively new buildings which now compose the town. Space will not allow any detailed account of the beautiful old Gasthof zum Ritter, but it is well worthy the attention of any travellers who happen to pass through the town.

The Peace of Ryswick, in 1797, restored a sense of security to the German towns,